THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

15
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APR

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM

THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVENS'S LAST EDITION,

WITH

A SELECTION OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING

ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL;
TAMING OF THE SHREW;
WINTER'S TALE;
COMEDY OF ERRORS;
MACBETH.

LONDON:

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1797.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
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APR

ALL'S WELL,

THAT

ENDS WELL.*

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* The ſtory of *All's Well that ends Well*, or, as I ſuppoſe it to have been ſometimes called, *Love's Labour Wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakſpeare from Painter's *Giletta of Narbon*, in the Firſt Vol. of the *Palace of Pleaſure*, 4to. 1566, p. 88. FARMER.

Shakſpeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumſtances in the graver parts of the piece. The comic buſineſs appears to be entirely of his own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I imagine, was written in 1598. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED. [2]

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu,[3] *an old Lord.*
Parolles,[4] *a follower of* Bertram.
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
Steward, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
Clown, }
A Page.

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *a gentlewoman protected by the Counteſs.*
An old widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta,[5] } *Neighbours and friends to the widow.*
Mariana, }

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c. French *and* Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, *and partly in* Tuſcany.

[2] The perſons were firſt enumerated by Mr. Rowe.

[3] *Lafeu,*] We ſhould read—*Lefeu* STEEVENS.

[4] *Parolles,*] I ſuppoſe we ſhould write this name—*Paroles*, i. e. a creature made up of empty words. STEEVENS.

[5] *Violenta* only enters once, and then ſhe neither ſpeaks, nor is ſpoken to. This name appears to be borrowed from an old metrical hiſtory, entitled *Didaco and Violenta*, 1576. STEEVENS.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, *the Counteſs of* Rouſillon, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *in mourning.*

Count. In delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I muſt attend his majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward,[a] evermore in ſubjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the king a huſband, madam;—you, ſir, a father: He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you; whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his phyſicians, madam; under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

[a] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almoſt forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the King's *wards*. Whether the ſame practice prevailed in France, it is of no great uſe to enquire, for Shakſpeare gives to all nations the manner of England. JOHNSON.

Howell's fifteenth letter acquaints us that the province of Normandy was ſubject to wardſhips, and no other part of France beſides; but the ſuppoſition of the contrary furniſhed Shakſpeare with a reaſon why the King compelled Rouſillon to marry Helen. TOLLET.

The prerogative of a *wardſhip* is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be ſuppoſed to be incorporated with the conſtitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a paſſage 'tis![3]) whoſe ſkill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's ſake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, ſir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately ſpoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His ſole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes: her diſpoſitions ſhe inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,[4] there commendations go with pity, they are virtues

[3] Imitated from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, (then tranſlated,) where Menedemus ſays:

" —— Filium unicum adoleſcentulum
" *Habeo.* Ah, quid dixi? *habere* me? imo
" —— *habui*, Chreme,
" Nunc *habeam* necne incertum eſt." BLACKSTONE.

Paſſage is *any thing that paſſes.* So we now ſay, a *paſſage* of an *author*, and we ſaid about a century ago, the *paſſages* of a *reign.* When the *counteſs* mentions Helena's loſs of a father, ſhe recollects her own loſs of a huſband, and ſtops to obſerve how heavily that word *bad* paſſes through her mind. JOHNSON.

[4] By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; in the ſame ſenſe that the Italians ſay, *qualità virtuoſa*; and not *moral* ones. On this account it is, ſhe ſays, that, in *an ill mind*, theſe *virtuous qualities are virtues and traitors too*: i. e. the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedneſs than it could have done without them. WARBURTON.

Virtue, and *virtuous*, as I am told, ſtill keep this ſignification in the north, and mean *ingenuity* and *ingenious*. STEEVENS.

tues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs;[5] ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in.[6] The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart; but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood[7] from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.[8]

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.[9]

[5] *Her virtues are the better for their ſimpleneſs*, that is, her excellencies are the better becauſe they are artleſs and open, without fraud, without deſign. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not ſhown the full extent of Shakſpeare's maſterly obſervation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too.* Eſtimable and uſeful qualities, joined with an evil diſpoſition, give that evil diſpoſition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the ſharpers of his time, obſerves, that ſome of them are men of ſuch elegance and knowledge, that *a young man who falls into their way, is* betrayed *as much by his judgement as his paſſions.* JOHNSON.

[6] To *ſeaſon* has here a culinary ſenſe; *to preſerve by ſalting.* MALONE.

[7] i. e. all appearance of life. STEEVENS.

[8] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here, that ſhe does not wiſh ſhould be underſtood by the counteſs. Her *affected* ſorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief for the lowneſs of her ſituation, which ſhe feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. MALONE.

The ſorrow that Helen affected, was for her father; that which ſhe really felt, was for Bertram's departure. This line ſhould be particularly attended to, as it tends to explain ſome ſubſequent paſſages which have hitherto been miſunderſtood. M. MASON.

[9] *Laſeu* ſays, *exceſſive grief is the enemy of the living:* the counteſs replies, *If the living be an enemy to grief, the exceſs ſoon makes it mortal:* that is, *If the living do not indulge grief, grief deſtroys itſelf by its own exceſs.* By the word *mortal* I underſtand *that which dies*; and Dr. Warburton [who reads—*be* not *enemy*—] *that which deſtroys.* I think that my interpretation gives a ſentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge. JOHNSON.

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, Bertram! and ſucceed thy father
In manners, as in ſhape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh,[2] and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier; good my lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bleſs him!—Farewell Bertram.

[*Exit* Counteſs.

Ber. The beſt wiſhes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [*To* HELENA.] be ſervants to you![3] Be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* LAFEU.

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;[4]

And

[2] That may help thee with more and better qualifications. JOHNSON.

[3] That is, may you be miſtreſs of your *wiſhes*, and have power to bring them to effect. JOHNSON.

[4] This paſſage has been paſſed over in ſilence by all the commentators, yet it is evidently defective. The only meaning that the ſpeech of Lafeu will bear, as it now ſtands, is this:—"That Helena, who was a young girl, ought to keep up the credit which her father had eſtabliſhed, who was the beſt phyſician of the age; and ſhe by her anſwer, *O, were that all!* ſeems to admit that it would be no difficult matter for her to do ſo." The abſurdity of this is evident; and the words will admit of no other interpretation. Some alteration therefore is neceſſary; and that which I propoſe is, to read *upbold*, inſtead of *muſt bold*, and then the meaning will be this: "Lafeu, obſerving that Helena had ſhed a torrent of tears, which he and the Counteſs both aſcribe to her grief for her father, ſays, that ſhe *upholds* the credit of her father, on this principle, that the ſureſt proof that can be given of the merit of a perſon deceaſed, are the lamentations of thoſe who ſurvive him. But Helena, who knows her own heart, wiſhes that ſhe had no other cauſe of grief, except the loſs of her father, whom ſhe thinks no more of." M. MASON.

And theſe great tears [5] grace his remembrance more,
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.[6]
The ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;[7] heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour:[8]

[5] The tears which the King and Counteſs ſhed for him. JOHNSON.

Johnſon ſuppoſes that by *theſe great tears*, Helena means the tears which the King and the Counteſs ſhed for her father; but it does not appear that either of thoſe great perſons had ſhed tears for him, though they ſpoke of him with regret. By *theſe great tears*, Helena does not mean the tears of great people, but the big and copious tears ſhe then ſhed herſelf, which were cauſed in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lafeu and the Counteſs, to the loſs of her father; and from this miſapprehenſion of theirs, graced his remembrance more than thoſe ſhe actually ſhed for him. What ſhe calls *gracing his remembrance*, is what Lafeu had ſtyled before, *upholding his credit*, the two paſſages tending to explain each other.——It is ſcarcely neceſſary to make this grammatical obſervation—That if Helena had alluded to any tears ſuppoſed to have been ſhed by the King, ſhe would have ſaid *thoſe* tears, not *theſe*, as the latter pronoun muſt neceſſarily refer to ſomething preſent at the time. M. MASON.

[6] I cannot be united with him and move in the ſame *ſphere*, but *muſt be comforted* at a diſtance by the *radiance* that ſhoots *on all ſides* from him. JOHNSON.

[7] A *table* was in our author's time a term for a *picture*, in which ſenſe it is uſed here. *Tableau*, Fr. MALONE.

Table here only ſignifies the *board* on which any picture was painted. Helena would not have talked of drawing Bertram's *picture* in her *heart's picture*; but conſiders her heart as the *tablet* or ſurface on which his reſemblance was to be pourtrayed. STEEVENS.

[8] So, in *King John*: "he hath a *trick* of Cœur de Lion's face." *Trick* ſeems to be ſome peculiarity or feature. JOHNSON.

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.[1]

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.[2]

Par. No.

Hel. And no.[3]

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have ſome ſtain of ſoldier[4] in you; let me aſk you a queſtion: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par.

Trick is an expreſſion taken from *drawing*, and is ſo explained in *King John*, Act I. ſc. i. The preſent inſtance explains itſelf:

——— *to ſit and* draw
His arched brows, &c.
——— *and* trick *of his ſweet favour.*

Trick, however, on the preſent occaſion, may mean neither *tracing* nor *outline*, but *peculiarity*. STEEVENS.

Tricking is uſed by heralds for the delineation and colouring of arms, &c. MALONE.

[1] *Cold* for naked; as *ſuperfluous* for over-cloathed. This makes the propriety of the antitheſis. WARBURTON.

[2] Perhaps here is ſome alluſion deſigned to *Monarcho*, a ridiculous fantaſtical character of the age of Shakſpeare. Concerning this perſon, ſee the notes on *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[3] I am no more a queen than you are a monarch, or *Monarcho*. MALONE.

[4] *Stain* for colour. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humble-bee*. WARBURTON.

It does not appear from either of theſe expreſſions, that Parolles was entirely dreſt in red. Shakſpeare writes only *ſome ſtain of ſoldier*, meaning in one ſenſe, that he had *red breeches on*, (which is ſufficiently evident from calling him afterwards *red-tail'd humble-bee*,) and in another, that he was *a diſgrace to ſoldiery*. *Stain* is uſed in an adverſe ſenſe by Shak-

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none; man, ſitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will be quicklier blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe;[5] and there was never virgin got, till virginity was firſt loſt. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He, that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf;[6] and ſhould be buried in highways, out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and

ſpeare, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "—— nor any man an attaint, but he carries *ſome ſtain* of it."

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves on this occaſion that "though a *red* coat is now the mark of a ſoldier in the Britiſh ſervice, it was not ſo in the days of Shakſpeare, when we had no ſtanding army, and the uſe of armour ſtill prevailed." To this I reply, that the colour *red* has always been annexed to ſoldierſhip. Chaucer, in his *Knight's Tale*, v. 1749, has "*Mars* de *rede*," and Boccace has given *Mars* the ſame epithet in the opening of his Theſeida: "—— O *rubicondo* Marte." STEEVENS.

Stain rather for what we now ſay *tincture*, ſome qualities, at leaſt ſuperficial, of a ſoldier. JOHNSON.

[5] I believe we ſhould read, *national*. TYRWHITT.

Rational increaſe may mean the regular increaſe by which rational beings are propagated. STEEVENS.

[6] i. e. he that hangs himſelf, and a virgin, are in this circumſtance alike; they are both *ſelf-deſtroyers*. MALONE.

ſo dies with feeding his own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt inhibited ſin [6] in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot chooſe but loſe by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itſelf ten,[7] which is a goodly increaſe; and the principal itſelf not much the worſe: Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, ſir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.[8] 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying; the longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion; richly ſuited, but unſuitable: juſt like

[6] ——— inhibited *ſin* —] i. e. forbidden. STEEVENS.

[7] The old copy reads—"within ten years it will make itſelf *two*." The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer, It was alſo ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens, who likewiſe propoſed to read—"within *two* years it will make itſelf *two*." Mr. Tollet would read—"within ten years it will make itſelf *twelve*."

I formerly propoſed to read—"Out with it: within ten *months* it will make itſelf two." Part with it, and within ten months' time it will double itſelf; i. e. it will produce a child.

I now mention this conjecture (in which I once had ſome confidence) only for the purpoſe of acknowledging my error. I had not ſufficiently attended to a former paſſage in this ſcene,—"Virginity, by being once loſt, may be *ten* times found," i. e. may produce *ten* virgins. Thoſe words likewiſe are ſpoken by Parolles, and add ſuch deciſive ſupport to Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation, that I have not heſitated to adopt it. The text, as exhibited in the old copy, is undoubtedly corrupt. It has already been obſerved, that many paſſages in theſe plays in which numbers are introduced, are printed incorrectly. MALONE.

There is no reaſon for altering the text. A well-known obſervation of the noble earl, to whom the horſes of the preſent generation owe the length of their tails, contains the true explanation of this paſſage. HENLEY.

I cannot help repeating on this occaſion, Juſtice Shallow's remark: "Give me pardon, ſir,—if you come with news, I take it there is but two ways;—*either to utter them, or to conceal them.*" With this noble earl's notorious remark, I am quite unacquainted. But perhaps the critick (with a flippancy in which he has ſometimes indulged himſelf at my expence) will reply, like Piſtol, "Why then lament therefore;" or obſerve, like Hamlet, that "a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear." STEEVENS.

[8] Parolles, in anſwer to the queſtion, "How one ſhall loſe virginity to her own liking?" plays upon the word *liking*, and ſays, *ſhe muſt do ill, for* virginity, to be ſo loſt, *muſt like him that likes not* virginity. JOHNSON.

like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not now ;[9] Your date is better [2] in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear; Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.[3]

There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,

[9] Thus the old copy, and rightly. Shakſpeare often uſes the active for the paſſive. The modern editors read, "which *we* wear not now." TYRWHITT.

[2] Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both age, and a candied *fruit* much uſed in our author's time. STEEVENS.

[3] *Not my virginity yet.*] This whole ſpeech is abrupt, unconnected, and obſcure. Dr. Warburton thinks much of it ſuppoſititious. I would be glad to think ſo of the whole, for a commentator naturally wiſhes to reject what he cannot underſtand. Something, which ſhould connect Helena's words with thoſe of Parolles, ſeems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt by reading:

Not my virginity yet.—You're for the court,
There ſhall your maſter, &c.

Some ſuch clauſe has, I think, dropped out, but ſtill the firſt words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going away after his harangue, ſaid, *will you any thing with me?* to which Helen may reply.——I know not what to do with the paſſage. JOHNSON.

I do not perceive ſo great a want of connection as my predeceſſors have apprehended; nor is that connection always to be ſought for, in ſo careleſs a writer as ours, from the thought immediately preceding the reply of the ſpeaker. Parolles has been laughing at the unprofitableneſs of virginity, eſpecially when it grows ancient, and compares it to withered fruit. Helena properly enough replies, that hers is not yet in that ſtate; but that in the enjoyment of her, his maſter ſhould find the gratification of all his moſt romantic wiſhes. What Dr. Warburton ſays afterwards is ſaid at random, as all poſitive declarations of the ſame kind muſt of neceſſity be. Were I to propoſe any change, I would read *ſhould* inſtead of *ſhall*. It does not however appear that this rapturous effuſion of Helena was deſigned to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obſcurity, therefore, may be its merit. It ſufficiently explains what is paſſing in the mind of the ſpeaker, to every one but him to whom ſhe does not mean to explain it. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we ſhould read: "Will you any thing with *us?*" i. e. will you ſend any thing with us to court? to which Helena's anſwer would be proper enough——

"Not my virginity yet." TYRWHITT.

A phœnix,[4] captain,[5] and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign,
A counſellor, a traitreſs,[6] and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his diſcord dulcet,
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious chriſtendoms,[7]

That

[4] *A phœnix*, &c.] The eight lines following *friend*, I am perſuaded, is the nonſenſe of ſome fooliſh conceited player. What put it into his head was Helen's ſaying, as it ſhould be read for the future:

There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves;
" *A* mother, *and a* miſtreſs, *and a* friend,
I know not what he ſhall—God ſend him well.

Where the fellow, finding a *thouſand* loves ſpoken of, and only *three* reckoned up, namely, a *mother's*, a *miſtreſs's*, and a *friend's*, (which, by the way, were all a judicious writer could mention; for there are but theſe three ſpecies of love in nature) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonſenſe; and, becauſe they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enmities*, and makes of the whole ſuch finiſhed nonſenſe, as is never heard out of Bedlam. WARBURTON.

[5] Our author often uſes this word for a head or chief. MALONE.

[6] It ſeems that *traitreſs* was in that age a term of endearment, for when Lafeu introduces Helena to the king, he ſays,—" You are like a *traytor*, but ſuch *traytors* his majeſty does not much fear." JOHNSON.

I cannot conceive that *traitreſs* (ſpoken ſeriouſly) was in any age *a term of endearment*. From the preſent paſſage, we might as well ſuppoſe *enemy* (in the laſt line but one) to be *a term of endearment*. In the other paſſage quoted, Lafeu is plainly ſpeaking ironically. TYRWHITT.

Traditora, a traitreſs, in the Italian language, is generally uſed as a term of endearment. The meaning of Helen is, that ſhe ſhall prove *every thing* to Bertram. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and always characterize love by contrarieties. STEEVENS.

Falſtaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſays to Mrs. Ford: " Thou art a *traitor* to ſay ſo." In his interview with her, he certainly meant to uſe the language of love.

Helena however, I think, does not mean to ſay that ſhe ſhall prove every thing to Bertram, but to expreſs her apprehenſion that he will find at the court ſome lady or ladies who ſhall prove every thing to him; (" a phœnix, captain, counſellor, traitreſs; &c.") to whom he will give all the fond names that " blinking Cupid goſſips. MALONE.

I believe it would not be difficult to find in the love poetry of thoſe times an authority for moſt, if not for every one, of theſe whimſical titles. At leaſt I can affirm it from knowledge, that far the greater part of them are to be found in the Italian lyrick poetry, which was the model from which our poets chiefly copied. HEATH.

[7] This word, which ſignifies the collective body of chriſtianity, every place

That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he——
I know not what he ſhall:—God ſend him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one——

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well.—'Tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhow what we alone muſt think;[8] which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monſieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit* Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have ſo kept you under, that you muſt needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes the ſafety: But the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing,[9] and I like the wear well.

Par.

place where the chriſtian religion is embraced, is ſurely uſed with much licence on the preſent occaſion. STEEVENS.

[8] And *ſhow* by realities what we now *muſt only think*. JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *is a virtue of a* good wing,] Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a *virtue of a good wing* refers to his nimbleneſs or fleetneſs in running away. The phraſe, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Fawne*, 1606; "——I love my horſe after

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counſel,[2] and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends, get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heaven: the fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high;
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?[3]
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.[4]
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been [5]cannot be: Who ever ſtrove
To ſhow her merit, that did miſs her love?

The

after a journeying eaſineſs, as he is eaſy in journeying; my hawk, for the *goodneſs of his wing*, &c." Or it may be taken from dreſs: So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "I would have mine ſuch a ſuit without a difference; ſuch ſtuff, ſuch a *wing*, ſuch a ſleeve," &c. Mr. Tollet obſerves, that a *good wing* ſignifies a *ſtrong wing* in Lord Bacon's *Natural Hiſtory*, experiment 866: "Certainly many birds of a *good wing* (as kites and the like) would bear up a good weight as they fly." STEEVENS.

The meaning of this paſſage appears to be this: "If your valour will ſuffer you to go backward for advantage, and your fear for the ſame reaſon will make you run away, the compoſition that your valour and fear make in you, muſt be a virtue that will fly far and ſwiftly."——A bird of a good wing, is a bird of ſwift and ſtrong flight.

Though the latter part of this ſentence is ſenſe as it ſtands, I cannot help thinking that there is an error in it, and that we ought to read—"And *is* like *to* wear well."——Inſtead of "*I* like *the* wear well. M. MASON.

2 i. e. thou wilt comprehend it. MALONE.

3 She means, by what influence is my love directed to a perſon ſo much above me? why am I made to diſcern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope? JOHNSON.

4 Things formed by nature for each other. M. MASON.

5 Theſe four lines are obſcure, and, I believe, corrupt; I ſhall propoſe

an

The king's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flouriſh of cornets. Enter the King of France, *with letters;* Lords *and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys [6] are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, ſir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our couſin Auſtria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,

Approv'd

an emendation, which thoſe who can explain the preſent reading, are at liberty to reject:

Through *mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings*
Likes to join likes, *and kiſs like native things.*

That is, *nature* brings *like qualities* and diſpoſitions *to meet* through any *diſtance* that *fortune* may ſet between them; ſhe *joins* them and makes them *kiſs like things born together.*

The next lines I read with Sir T. Hanmer;

Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe, and do ſuppoſe
What ha'n't *been, cannot be.*

New attempts ſeem impoſſible to thoſe who eſtimate their *labour* or *enterpriſes* by ſenſe, and believe that nothing can be but what they ſee before them. JOHNSON.

I underſtand the meaning to be this—*The affections given us by nature often unite perſons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greateſt diſtance or diſparity; and cauſe them to join, like likes,* (inſtar parium) *like perſons in the ſame ſituation or rank of life.* MALONE.

[6] The *Saneſi*, as they are termed by Boccace. Painter, who tranſlates him, calls them *Senois.* They were the people of a ſmall republick, of which the capital was *Sienna.* The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them. STEEVENS.

Approv'd ſo to your majeſty, may plead
For ampleſt credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to ſee
The Tuſcan ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rouſillon,[7] my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majeſty's.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father, and myſelf, in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip! He did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſciplined of the braveſt: he laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: [8] In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.[9]

So

7 The old copy reads *Roſignoll.* STEEVENS.

8 To *repair*, in theſe plays, generally ſignifies, to *renovate.* MALONE.

9 I believe *honour* is not *dignity of birth or rank*, but *acquired reputation*:—*Your father*, ſays the king, *had the ſame airy flights of ſatirical wit with the young lords of the preſent time, but they do not what he did*, hide their unnoted *levity*, in honour, *cover petty faults with great merit.*

This is an excellent obſervation. Jocoſe follies, and ſlight offences,

are

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; [2] and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand: [3] who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place; [4]
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled: [5] Such a man

Might

are only allowed by mankind in him that over-powers them by great qualities. JOHNSON.

Point thus:

He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords: but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn returns to them un-noted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier. Contempt, &c. BLACKSTONE.

The punctuation recommended by Sir William Blackſtone is, I believe, the true one, at leaſt it is ſuch as deſerves the reader's conſideration. STEEVENS.

[2] *Nor* was uſed without reduplication. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"More *nor* leſs to others paying,
"Than by ſelf-offences weighing."

The old text needs to be explained. He was ſo like a courtier, that there was in *his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous*, and *in his keenneſs of wit nothing bitter*. If *bitterneſs or contemptuouſneſs* ever *appeared*, they had been *awakened* by ſome injury, not of a man below him, but of his *equal*. This is the complete image of a well-bred man, and ſomewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero Lewis XIV. JOHNSON.

[3] We ſhould read—*His tongue obey'd* the *hand*. That is, *the hand of his honour's clock*, ſhowing *the true minute when exceptions bad him ſpeak*. JOHNSON.

[4] i. e. he made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. The Oxford editor, not underſtanding the ſenſe, has altered *another place*, to a *brother-race*. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether this was our author's meaning. I rather incline to think that he meant only, that the father of Bertram treated thoſe below him with becoming condeſcenſion, as creatures not indeed in ſo *high* a place as himſelf, but yet holding a certain place; as *one* of the links, though not the largeſt, of the great chain of ſociety. MALONE.

[5] But why were they proud of his humility? It ſhould be read and pointed thus:

Making

Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would démonſtrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, ſir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.[6]

King. 'Would, I were with him! He would always ſay,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,

To

Making them proud; and *his humility*,
In their poor praiſe, be humbled——

i. e. by condeſcending to ſtoop to his inferiors, he exalted them and made them *proud*; and, in the gracious receiving their *poor praiſe*, he *humbled* even his *humility*. The ſentiment is fine. WARBURTON.

Every man has ſeen the *mean* too often *proud of* the *humility* of the great, and perhaps the great may ſometimes be *humbled in the praiſes* of the mean, of thoſe who commend them without conviction or diſcernment; this, however, is not ſo common; the *mean* are found more frequently than the *great*. JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is,—Making them proud of receiving ſuch marks of condeſcenſion and affability from a perſon in ſo elevated a ſituation, and at the ſame time lowering or humbling himſelf, by ſtooping to accept of the encomiums of mean perſons for that humility.——The conſtruction ſeems to be, "he *being* humbled in their poor praiſe." MALONE.

Giving them a better opinion of their own importance, by his condeſcending manner of behaving to them. M. MASON.

[6] *Epitaph* for character. WARBURTON.

I ſhould wiſh to read—

Approof ſo lives not *in his* epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.

Approof is *approbation*. If I ſhould allow Dr. Warburton's interpretation of *epitaph*, which is more than can be reaſonably expected, I can yet find no ſenſe in the preſent reading. JOHNSON.

We might, by a ſlight tranſpoſition, read—

So his approof lives not in *epitaph.*

Approof certainly means *approbation*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is this:—*His epitaph or inſcription on his tomb is not ſo much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal ſpeech.*

TOLLET.

There can be no doubt but the word *approof* is frequently uſed in the ſenſe of *approbation*, but that is not always the caſe; and in this place it ſignifies *proof* or *confirmation*. The meaning of the paſſage appears to be this: "The truth of his epitaph is in no way ſo fully *proved*, as by your royal ſpeech." It is needleſs to remark, that epitaphs generally contain the character and praiſes of the deceaſed. M. MASON.

To grow there, and to bear,) *Let me not live,*——
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out,—*let me not live*, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgements are
Mere fathers of their garments; [7] *whoſe conſtancies*
Expire before their faſhions:——This he wiſh'd:
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, ſir;
They, that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications:—nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome, count;
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majeſty.

[*Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

SCENE III.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Counteſs, Steward, *and* Clown.[8]

Count. I will now hear: what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

Stew.

[7] Who have no other uſe of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dreſs. JOHNSON.

I have a ſuſpicion that Shakſpeare wrote—*meer* feathers *of their garments*; i. e. whoſe judgements are meerly *parts* (and inſignificant parts) *of their dreſs*, worn and laid aſide, as *feathers* are, from the meer love of novelty and change. TYRWHITT.

[8] A *Clown* in Shakſpeare is commonly taken for a *licenſed jeſter*, or domeſtick

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content,[9] I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, ſirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.[2]

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, ſir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not ſo well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd:[3] But, if I may have your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world, Iſbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clo. In Iſbel's caſe, and mine own. Service is no heritage:

meſtick fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, ſince fools were at that time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the houſe. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only ſervant repreſented is Patiſon the *fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wiſe.

In ſome plays, a ſervant, or a ruſtic, of a remarkable petulance and freedom of ſpeech is likewiſe called a *clown*. JOHNSON.

Cardinal Wolſey, after his diſgrace, wiſhing to ſhow King Henry VIII. a mark of his reſpect, ſent him his fool *Patch*, as a preſent; whom, ſays Stowe, "the King received very gladly." MALONE.

[9] To act up to your deſires. JOHNSON.

[2] After premiſing that the accuſative, *them*, refers to the precedent word, *complaints*, and that this by a metonymy of the effect for the cauſe, ſtands for the freaks which occaſioned thoſe complaints, the ſenſe will be extremely clear. "You are fool enough to commit thoſe irregularities you are charged with, and yet not ſo much fool neither, as to diſcredit the accuſation by any defect in your ability. HEATH.

It appears to me that the accuſative *them* refers to *knaveries*, and the natural ſenſe of the paſſage ſeems to be this: "You have folly enough to deſire to commit theſe knaveries, and ability enough to accompliſh them." M. MASON.

[3] See *S. Mark*, x. 25; *S. Luke*, xviii. 25. GREY.

tage: [4] and, I think, I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, till I have iſſue of my body; for, they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

Clo. Faith madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are ſhallow, madam; e'en great friends; [5] for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my land, [6] ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he, that cheriſhes my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he, that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyſam the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i'the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo.

4 This is a proverbial expreſſion. *Needs muſt when the devil drives*, is another. RITSON.

5 The meaning [i. e. of the ancient reading mentioned in the ſubſequent note] ſeems to be, you are not deeply ſkilled in the character or offices of great friends. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*in* great friends; evidently a miſtake for *e'en*, which was formerly written *e'n*. The two words are ſo near in ſound, that they might eaſily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer. The ſame miſtake has happened in many other places in our author's plays. MALONE.

6 To *ear* is to *plough*. STEEVENS.

See 1 *Sam.* viii. 12. *Iſaiah*, xxx. 24. *Deut.* xxi. 4. *Gen.* xlv. 6. *Exod.* xxxiv. 21. for the uſe of this verb. HENLEY.

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way.[7]

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true ſhall find;
Your marriage comes by deſtiny,
Your cuckoo ſings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, ſir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would ſpeak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cauſe,*[8] *quoth ſhe,* [Singing.
Why the Grecians ſacked Troy?
Fond done,[9] *done fond,*
Was this king Priam's joy.

With

[7] It is a ſuperſtition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have ſomething in them of divinity. On which account they were eſteemed ſacred: Travellers tell us in what eſteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they leſs honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *bênet*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in *Rabelais*, adviſed Panurge to go and conſult the fool Triboulet as an oracle; which gives occaſion to a ſatirical ſtroke upon the privy council of Francis the Firſt—*Par l'avis, conſeil*, prediction *des fols vos ſeavez quants princes, &c. ont eſté conſervez*, &c.——The phraſe—*ſpeak the truth the next way*, means *directly*; as they do who are only the inſtruments or *canals* of others; ſuch as inſpired perſons were ſuppoſed to be. WARBURTON.

See the popular ſtory of *Nixon the Idiot's Cheſhire Prophecy*. DOUCE.

Next way, is *neareſt way*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I:

"'Tis the *next way* to turn tailor," &c. STEEVENS.

Next way is a phraſe ſtill uſed in Warwickſhire, and ſignifies *without circumlocution*, or *going about*. HENLEY.

[8] The name of *Helen*, whom the Counteſs has juſt called for, brings an old ballad on the ſacking of Troy to the Clown's mind. MALONE.

This is a ſtanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally neceſſary to make the ſenſe and alternate rhyme. For it was not Helen, who was King Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line therefore ſhould be read thus:

Fond done, fond done, for Paris, he——. WARBURTON.

If this be a ſtanza taken from any ancient ballad, it will probably in time be found entire, and then the reſtoration may be made with authority. STEEVENS.

[9] Fond *done*,] Is fooliſhly done. STEEVENS.

With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
And gave this ſentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.[2]

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the ſong: 'Would God would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parſon: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, ſir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man ſhould be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honeſty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.[3]—I am going, forſooth: the buſineſs is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit* Clown.

Count.

[2] This ſecond ſtanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confeſſion, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Counteſs obſerved, that he corrupted the ſong; which ſhows the ſong ſaid—*nine good in ten.*

If one be bad amongſt nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.

This relates to the ten ſons of Priam, who all behaved themſelves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; *Agathon*, *Antiphon*, *Deiphobus*, *Dius*, *Hector*, *Helenus*, *Hippothous*, *Pammon*, *Paris*, and *Polites*. WARBURTON.

[3] Clo. *That man*, &c.] The Clown's anſwer is obſcure. His lady bids him do as he is *commanded*. He anſwers with the licentious petulance of his character, that *if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiſs*; that he does not amiſs, being at the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his lady's goodneſs, but of his own *honeſty*, which, though not very nice or *puritanical*, will *do no hurt*; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the *puritans*, will comply with the injunctions of ſuperiors, and wear the *ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart*; will obey commands, though not much pleaſed with a ſtate of ſubjection.

Here

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantange, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more ſhall be paid her, than ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, ſhe wiſh'd me: alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf, her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe loved your ſon: Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; [4] Diana, no queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor knight to be ſurpriſed, without reſcue, in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward: This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence, in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharged this honeſtly; keep it to yourſelf: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor miſdoubt: Pray you, leave me: ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeak with you further anon. [*Exit* Steward.

Here is an alluſion, violently enough forced in, to ſatirize the obſtinacy with which the *puritans* refuſed the uſe of the eccleſiaſtical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cauſe of the breach of the union, and perhaps, to inſinuate, that the modeſt purity of the ſurplice was ſometimes a cover for pride. JOHNSON.

The averſion of the *puritans* to a *ſurplice* is alluded to in many of the old comedies. STEEVENS.

I cannot help thinking we ſhould read—*Though honeſty be* a *puritan*—. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's correction is right. MALONE.

[4] The meaning may be, where qualities only, *and not fortunes* or *conditions*, were level. Or perhaps *only* is uſed for *except*. MALONE.

Enter

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even ſo it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's, theſe are ours; this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the ſhow and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſs'd in youth:
By our remembrances [5] of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.[6]
Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now.

Hel. What is your pleaſure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I ſaid, a mother,
Methought you ſaw a ſerpent: What's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often ſeen,
Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds: [7]
You ne'er oppreſs'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,

[5] That is, *according to* our recollection. So we ſay, he is old *by* my reckoning. JOHNSON.

[6] We ſhould read: ——*O! then we thought them none.*
A motive for pity and pardon, agreeable to fact, and the indulgent character of the ſpeaker. This was ſent to the Oxford *editor*, and he altered *O*, to *though*. WARBURTON.
Such were the faulty weakneſſes of which I was guilty in my youth, or ſuch at leaſt were then my *feelings*, though perhaps at that period of my life I did not think they deſerved the name of *faults*. Dr. Warburton, without neceſſity, as it ſeems to me, reads—"*O!* then we thought them none;"—and the ſubſequent editors adopted the alteration. MALONE.

[7] And our choice furniſhes us with a ſlip propagated to us from foreign ſeeds, which we educate and treat, as if it were native to us, and ſprung from ourſelves. HEATH.

The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye? [8]
Why?——that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I ſay, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rouſillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your ſon, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his ſiſter: [9] Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he muſt be my brother? [2]
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God ſhield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So ſtrive [3] upon your pulſe: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs: Now I ſee
The myſtery of your lonelineſs, [4] and find
Your ſalt tears' head. [5] Now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay, thou doſt not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis ſo:—for, look thy cheeks
Confeſs it, one to the other; and thine eyes

See

[8] There is ſomething exquiſitely beautiful in this repreſentation of that ſuffuſion of colours which glimmers around the ſight when the eye-laſhes are wet with tears. HENLEY.

[9] There is a deſigned ambiguity: *I care no more for*, is, I care *as much for*.——I wiſh it equally. FARMER.

[2] The meaning is obſcured by the elliptical diction. *Can it* be *no other* way, *but* if *I* be *your daughter*, *he muſt be my brother*? JOHNSON.

[3] To *ſtrive* is to contend. STEEVENS.

[4] The late Mr. Hall had corrected this, I believe, rightly,—your *lowlineſs*. TYRWHITT.

[5] The ſource, the fountain of your tears, the cauſe of your grief. JOHNSON.

See it ſo groſsly ſhown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind [6] they ſpeak it; only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected: Speak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forſwear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my ſon?

Hel. Your pardon, noble miſtreſs!

Count. Love you my ſon?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your ſon:—
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know how that deſert ſhould be.
I know I love in vain, ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve,[7]

[6] i. e. in their language, according to their *nature*. STEEVENS.

[7] The word *captious* I never found in this ſenſe; yet I cannot tell what to ſubſtitute, unleſs *carious* for *rotten*, which yet is a word more likely to have been miſtaken by the copiers than uſed by the author. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious*. As violent ones are to be found among our ancient writers, and eſpecially in Churchyard's Poems, with which Shakſpeare was not unacquainted. STEEVENS.

By *captious*, I believe Shakſpeare only meant *recipient*, capable of *receiving* what is put into it; and by *intenible*, incapable of holding or retaining it.

How

I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill: [8] thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun, that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,[9]
Did ever, in ſo true a flame of liking,
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herſelf and Love; [2] O then, give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
But lend and give where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that her ſearch implies,
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count.

How frequently he and the other writers of his age confounded the active and paſſive adjectives, has been already more than once obſerved. MALONE.

[8] *And lack not to* loſe *ſtill:*] Perhaps we ſhould read—
And lack not to love *ſtill.* TYRWHITT.
I believe *loſe* is right. So afterwards, in this ſpeech:
" —— whoſe ſtate is ſuch that cannot chooſe
" But lend and give, where ſhe is ſure to *loſe.*"
Helena means, I think, to ſay that, like a perſon who pours water into a veſſel full of holes, and ſtill continues his employment though he finds the water all loſt, and the veſſel empty, ſo, though ſhe finds that *the waters of her love* are ſtill *loſt*, that her affection is thrown away on an object whom ſhe thinks ſhe never can deſerve, ſhe yet is not diſcouraged, but perſeveres in her hopeleſs endeavour to accompliſh her wiſhes. The poet evidently alludes to the trite ſtory of the daughters of Danaus. MALONE.

[9] i. e. whoſe reſpectable conduct in age *ſhows*, or *proves*, that you were no leſs virtuous when young. As a fact is *proved* by *citing* witneſſes, or examples from books, our author with his uſual licenſe uſes to *cite*, in the ſenſe of *to prove*. MALONE.

[2] Helena means to ſay—" If ever you wiſhed that the deity who preſides over chaſtity, and the queen of amorous rites, were one and the ſame perſon; or, in other words, if ever you wiſhed for the honeſt and lawful completion of your chaſte deſires." I believe, however, the words were accidently tranſpoſed at the preſs, and would read—
Love dearly, and wiſh chaſtly, that your Dian, &c. MALONE.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.[3]

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itſelf, I ſwear.
You know, my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, ſuch as his reading,
And manifeſt experience, had collected
For general ſovereignty: and that he will'd me
In heedfulleſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties inclufive[4] were,
More than they were note: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings, whereof
The king is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? ſpeak.

Hel. My lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the converſation of my thoughts,
Haply, been abſent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? He and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help; How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine,[5] have left off
The danger to itſelf?

Hel. There's ſomething hints,
More than my father's ſkill, which was the greateſt
Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt[6]

[3] This is an evident interpolation. It is needleſs, becauſe it repeats what the Counteſs had already ſaid: it is injurious, becauſe it ſpoils the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[4] Receipts in which greater *virtues* were incloſed than appeared to obſervation. JOHNSON.

[5] i. e. exhauſted of their ſkill. STEEVENS.

[6] Here is an inference, [*that*] without any thing preceding, to which it refers, which makes the ſentence vicious, and ſhows that we ſhould read——

There's ſomething hints
More than my father's ſkill, ——
—— *that his good receipt* ——

i. e. I have a ſecret premonition, or preſage. WARBURTON.

Shall, for my legacy, be ſanctified
By the luckieſt ſtars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his grace's cure,
By ſuch a day, and hour.

Count. Doſt thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou ſhalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in court; I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow? and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, *with young Lords taking leave for the* Florentine *war*; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and Attendants.*

King. Farewell,[7] young lord, theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:[8]—
Share

[7] In all the latter copies theſe lines ſtood thus:

Farewell, young lords; *theſe warlike principles*
Do not throw from you. You, my lords, *farewell;*
Share the advice betwixt you; if both again,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd.

The third line in that ſtate was unintelligible. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads thus:

Farewell, young lord: *theſe warlike principles*
Do not throw from you; you, my lord, *farewell;*
Share the advice betwixt you: If both gain, well!
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

The firſt edition, from which the paſſage is reſtored, was ſufficiently clear; yet it is plain, that the latter editors preferred a reading which they did not underſtand. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *and you, my* lord, *farewell:*] The old copy, both in this and the following inſtance, reads—*lords*. STEEVENS.

It

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* It is our hope, ſir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs he owes the malady
That doth my life beſiege.[9] Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy,) ſee, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it;[2] when

It does not any where appear that more than two French lords (beſides Bertram) went to ſerve in Italy; and therefore I think the King's ſpeech ſhould be corrected thus:

Farewell, young lord; *theſe warlike principles*
Do not throw from you; and you, my lord, *farewell*;

what follows, ſhows this correction to be neceſſary:

"Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all," &c.

TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt's amendment is clearly right. Advice is the only thing that may be ſhared between two, and yet both gain all. M. MASON.

[9] i. e. as the common phraſe runs, *I am ſtill heart-whole*; my ſpirits, by not ſinking under my diſtemper, do not acknowledge its influence. STEEVENS.

[2] The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Apennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the ſide next the Adriatick was denominated the higher Italy, and the other ſide the lower: and the two ſeas followed the ſame terms of diſtinction, the Adriatick being called the upper Sea and the Tyrrhene or Tuſcan the lower. Now the Sennones, or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here ſuppoſed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatick. HANMER.

Italy, at the time of this ſcene, was under three very different tenures. The emperor, as ſucceſſor of the Roman emperors, had one part; the pope, by a pretended donation from Conſtantine, another; and the third was compoſed of free ſtates. Now by the *laſt monarchy* is meant the *Roman*, the laſt of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the ſcramble, ſeveral cities ſet up for themſelves, and became free ſtates: now theſe might be ſaid properly to *inherit* the *fall* of the monarchy. This being premiſed, let us now conſider ſenſe. The King ſays *higher* Italy;—giving it the rank of preference to France; but he

The braveſt queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, ſerve your majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They ſay, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve.[3]

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The* King *retires to a couch.*

1 *Lord.*

he corrects himſelf and ſays, I except thoſe from that precedency, who only inherit the fall of the laſt monarchy; as all the little petty ſtates; for inſtance, Florence, to whom theſe volunteers were going. As if he had ſaid, I give the place of honour to the emperor and the pope, but not to the free ſtates. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Thoſe baſtards *that inherit*, &c.

with this note:

"Reflecting upon the abject and degenerate condition of the cities and ſtates which aroſe out of the ruins of the Roman empire, the laſt of the four great monarchies of the world."

Dr. Warburton's obſervation is learned, but rather too ſubtle; Sir Thomas Hanmer's alteration is merely arbitrary. The paſſage is confeſſedly obſcure, and therefore I may offer another explanation. I am of opinion that the epithet *higher* is to be underſtood of ſituation rather than of dignity. The ſenſe may then be this, *Let upper Italy*, where you are to exerciſe your valour, *ſee that you come to gain honour, to the* abatement, *that is, to the diſgrace and depreſſion of thoſe* that have now loſt their ancient military fame, and *inherit but the fall of the laſt monarchy*. To *abate* is uſed by Shakſpeare in the original ſenſe of *abatre*, to *depreſs*, to *ſink*, to *deject*, to *ſubdue*; and *bated* is uſed in a kindred ſenſe in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"—— in a bondman's key,
"With *bated* breath, and whiſp'ring humbleneſs."

The word has ſtill the ſame meaning in the language of the law. JOHNSON.

In confirmation of Johnſon's opinion, that *higher* relates to ſituation, not to dignity, we find in the third ſcene of the fourth Act, that one of the Lords ſays,—"What will Count Rouſillon do then? will he travel *higher*, or return again to France?" M. MASON.

Theſe 'bated may here ſignify "thoſe being *taken away* or *excepted*." *Bate*, thus contracted, is in colloquial language ſtill uſed with this meaning. This parenthetical ſentence implies no more than *they excepted who poſſeſs modern Italy, the remains of the Roman empire.* HOLT WHITE.

[3] The word *ſerve* is equivocal; the ſenſe is, *Be not captives before* yo ſerve in the war. *Be not captives before you are ſoldiers.* JOHNSON.

1 *Lord.* O my ſweet lord, that you will ſtay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark——

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Moſt admirable: I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
Too young, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. I ſhall ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creaking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn,
But one to dance with![4] By heaven, I'll ſteal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your acceſſary; and ſo farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body,[5]

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monſieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin. Good ſparks and luſtrous, a word, good metals.—You ſhall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it: ſay to him, I live; and obſerve his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt* Lords.] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—— [*Seeing him riſe.*

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſive to them; for they wear themſelves

[4] It ſhould be remembered that in Shakſpeare's time it was uſual for gentlemen to dance with ſwords on. MALONE.

[5] I read thus—*Our parting is* the parting of *a tortured body.* Our parting is as the diſruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cauſe of miſtakes: the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the ſentence is omitted. JOHNSON.

As they grow together, the tearing them aſunder was torturing a body. Johnſon's amendment is unneceſſary. M. MASON.

We two growing together, and having, as it were, but one body. ("like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,") our parting is a tortured body; i. e. cannot be effected but by a diſruption of limbs which are now common to both. MALONE.

in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gait, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt received ſtar ;[6] and though the devil lead the meaſure [7] ſuch are to be follow'd : after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows ; and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſwordsmen. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES.

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll ſee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd my lord, to aſk me mercy ; and
That, at my bidding, you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would I had ; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

Laf.

[6] The main obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes from the miſtake of a ſingle letter. We ſhould read, inſtead of, *do muſter*, to *muſter*.——*To wear themſelves in the cap of the time*, ſignifies to be the foremoſt in the faſhion: the figurative alluſion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their miſtreſs's favours in their caps.——*There to muſter true gait*, ſignifies to aſſemble together in the high road of the faſhion. All the reſt is intelligible and eaſy. WARBURTON.

I think this emendation cannot be ſaid to give much light to the obſcurity of the paſſage. Perhaps it might be read thus:—They *do muſter* with the *true gait*, that is, they have the true military ſtep. Every man has obſerved ſomething peculiar in the ſtrut of a ſoldier. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*maſter* true gait. To *maſter* any thing, is to learn it perfectly. STEEVENS.

The obſcurity of the paſſage ariſes only from the fantaſtical language of a character like Parolles, whoſe affectation of wit urges his imagination from one alluſion to another, without allowing time for his judgement to determine their congruity. The *cap of time* being the firſt image that occurs, *true gait*, manner of *eating*, *ſpeaking*, &c. are the ſeveral ornaments which they *muſter*, place, or arrange in *time's cap*. This is done *under the influence of the moſt received ſtar* ; that is, the perſon in the higheſt repute for ſetting the faſhions :—and though the devil were to lead the meaſure or *dance* of faſhion, ſuch is their implicit ſubmiſſion, that even he muſt be followed. HENLEY.

[7] —— *lead the* meaſure,] i. e. the dance. STEEVENS.

Laf. Goodfaith, acroſs:[8]
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them:[9] I have ſeen a medicine,[2]
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,[3]
With ſpritely fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love line.
King. What her is this?
Laf. Why, doctor ſhe: My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that, in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,[4]
Wiſdom, and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more

[8] This word as has been already obſerved, is uſed when any paſs of wit miſcarries. JOHNSON.

While chivalry was in vogue, breaking ſpears againſt a quintain was a favourite exerciſe. He who ſhivered the greateſt number was eſteemed the moſt adroit; but then it was to be performed exactly with the point, for if atchieved by a ſide-ſtroke or *acroſs*, it ſhowed unſkilfulneſs, and diſgraced the practiſer. Here, therefore, Lafeu reflects on the King's wit as aukward and ineffectual, and, in the terms of play, good for nothing. HOLT WHITE.

[9] The words *My noble grapes*, ſeem to Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer to ſtand ſo much in the way, that they have ſilently omitted them. They may be indeed rejected without great loſs, but I believe they are Shakſpeare's words. *You will eat*, ſays Lafeu, *no grapes. Yes, but you will eat ſuch noble grapes*, as I bring you, *if you could reach them.* JOHNSON.

[2] ——— *medicine,*] is here put for a *ſhe phyſician.* HANMER.

[3] ——— *and make you dance* canary,] Mr. Rich. Broome, in his comedy entitled, *The City Wit, or the Woman wears the Breeches*, Act IV. ſc. i. mentions this among other dances: "As for corantoes, lavoltos, jigs, meaſures, pavins, brawls, galliards or *canaries*; I ſpeak it not ſwellingly, but I ſubſcribe to no man." Dr. GREY.

[4] By *profeſſion* is meant her declaration of the end and purpoſe of her coming. WARBURTON.

Than I dare blame my weakneſs :[5] Will you ſee her,
(For that is her demand,) and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* LAFEU.

King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haſte hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majeſty, ſay your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His majeſty ſeldom fears: I am Creſſid's uncle,[6]
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your buſineſs follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profeſs, well found.[7]

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me ſtore up, as a triple eye,[8]
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have ſo:
And, hearing your high majeſty is touch'd

With

[5] This is one of Shakſpeare's perplexed expreſſions. "To acknowledge how much ſhe has aſtoniſhed me, would be to acknowledge a weakneſs; and this I am unwilling to do." STEEVENS.

Lafeu's meaning appears to me to be this:—"That the amazement ſhe excited in him was ſo great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakneſs, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occaſioned it." M. MASON.

[6] —— Creſſid's *uncle*,] I am like Pandarus. JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. of known, acknowledged, excellence. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *a* triple *eye*,] i. e. a *third* eye. STEEVENS.

With that malignant cauſe wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,[9]
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,—
When our moſt learned doctors leave us: and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ranſom nature
From her inaidable eſtate,—I ſay we muſt not
So ſtain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empiricks; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.

Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one, to bear me back again

King. I cannot give thee leſs to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'ſt to help me; and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgement ſhown,
When judges have been babes.[2] Great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dried,
When miracles have by the greateſt been denied.[3]
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there

Where

[9] Perhaps we may better read:

——— *wherein the* power
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in honour. JOHNSON.

[2] The alluſion is to St. Matthew's Goſpel, xi. 25. "O father, lord of heaven and earth, I thank thee, becauſe *thou haſt hid theſe things from the wiſe and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.*" See alſo 1 Cor. i. 27. MALONE.

[3] I do not ſee the import or connection of this line. As the next line ſtands

Where moſt it promiſes; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt ſits.

King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thyſelf be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear ſir, to my endeavours give conſent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim;[4]
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

King. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?

Hel.

ſtands without a correſpondent rhyme, I ſuſpect that ſomething has been loſt. JOHNSON.

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So holy writ, &c. alludes to Daniel's judging, when "a young youth," the two elders in the ſtory of *Suſannah*. *Great floods*, i. e. when Moſes ſmote the rock in Horeb. Exod. xvii.

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I rather think that ſhe means to ſay,—*I am not an impoſtor that proclaim* one thing and deſign another, *that proclaim* a cure and *aim* at a fraud; I think what I ſpeak. JOHNSON.

Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,[5]
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt Heſperus hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe; no worſe of worſt extended,
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.[6]

King. Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak;
His powerful ſound, within an organ weak:[7]
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.[8]
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate;[9]
Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all

That

[5] I ſhould have thought the repetition of *grace* to have been ſuperfluous, if the *grace of grace* had not occurred in the ſpeech with which the tragedy of *Macbeth* concludes. STEEVENS.

The former *grace* in this paſſage, and the latter in *Macbeth*, evidently ſignify *divine grace*. HENLEY.

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His powerful ſound ſpeaks *within a weak organ.* HEATH.

This, in my opinion, is a very juſt and happy explanation. STEEVENS.

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[9] May be *counted* among the gifts enjoyed by thee. JOHNSON.

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Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt ſits.

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[9] May be *counted* among the gifts enjoyed by thee. JOHNSON.

That happineſs and prime[2] can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet practiſer, thy phyſick I will try;
That miniſters thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property[3]
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deſerv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promiſe me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of heaven.[4]
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me with thy kingly hand,
What huſband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:[5]

But

[2] Youth; the ſpring or morning of life. JOHNSON.

Should we not read—*pride?* Dr. Johnſon explains *prime* to mean *youth*; and indeed I do not ſee any other plauſible interpretation that can be given of it. But how does that ſuit with the context? "You have all that is worth the name of life; *youth*, beauty, &c. all, That happineſs and *youth* can happy call." — *Happineſs and pride* may ſignify, I think, *the pride of happineſs*; the proudeſt ſtate of happineſs. TYRWHITT.

I think, with Dr. Johnſon, that *prime* is here uſed as a ſubſtantive, but that it means, that *ſprightly vigour* which uſually accompanies us in the prime of life. MALONE.

[3] In *property* ſeems to be here uſed, with much laxity, for—*in the due performance.* In a ſubſequent paſſage it ſeems to mean either a thing poſſeſſed, or a ſubject diſcriminated by peculiar qualities. MALONE.

[4] The old copy reads:

——— *my hopes of* help. STEEVENS.

The King could have but a very ſlight hope of *help* from her, ſcarce enough to ſwear by: and therefore Helen might ſuſpect he meant to equivocate with her. Beſides, obſerve, the greateſt part of the ſcene is ſtrictly in rhyme: and there is no ſhadow of reaſon why it ſhould be interrupted here. I rather imagine the poet wrote:

Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of heaven. THIRLBY.

[5] Shakſpeare unqueſtionably wrote *impage*, grafting. *Impe*, a graft, or ſlip, or ſucker: by which ſhe means one of the ſons of France. Caxton calls our Prince Arthur, *that noble* impe *of fame.* WARBURTON.

Image is ſurely the true reading, and may mean any repreſentative of thine; i. e. any one who reſembles you as being related to your family,

or

But ſuch a one, thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.

King. Here is my hand; the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
Though, more to know, could not be more to truſt;
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on,—But reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.—
Give me ſome help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Counteſs's Palace.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. Come, on, ſir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will ſhow myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer, that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks;[6] the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count.

or as a prince reflects any part of your ſtate and majeſty. There is no ſuch word as *impage*; and, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, were ſuch a one coined, it would mean nothing but the art of grafting. Mr. Henley adds, that *branch* refers to the *collateral* deſcendants of the royal blood, and *image* to the *direct* and *immediate line*. STEEVENS.

[6] This expreſſion is proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's ruſh for Tom's fore finger,[7] as a pancake for Shrove-tueſday, a morris

[7] *Tom* is the man, and by *Tib* we are to underſtand the woman, and therefore, more properly we might read—Tom's *ruſh for*, &c. The alluſion is to an ancient practice of marrying with a ruſh ring, as well in other countries as in England. Breval, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, mentions it as a kind of eſpouſal uſed in France, by ſuch perſons as meant to live together in a ſtate of concubinage: but in England it was ſcarce ever practiſed except by deſigning men, for the purpoſe of corrupting thoſe young women to whom they pretended love.

Richard Poore, biſhop of Saliſbury, in his *Conſtitutions*, *anni* 1217, forbids the putting of *ruſh rings*, or any the like matter, on women's fingers, in order to the debauching them more readily: and he inſinuates as the reaſon of the prohibition, that there were ſome people weak enough to believe, that what was thus done in jeſt was a real marriage.

But notwithſtanding this cenſure on it, the practice was not aboliſhed; for it is alluded to in a ſong in a play written by ſir William D'Avenant, called *The Rivals*:

"I'll crown thee with a garland of ſtraw then,
"And I'll marry thee with a *ruſh ring*."

which ſong, by the way, was firſt ſung by Miſs Davis; ſhe acted the part of Celania in the play; and King Charles II. upon hearing it, was ſo pleaſed with her voice and action, that he took her from the ſtage, and made her his miſtreſs. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Tib and *Tom*, in plain Engliſh, I believe, ſtand for *wanton* and *rogue*. STEEVENS.

An anonymous writer, [Mr. Ritſon,] with ſome probability, ſuppoſes that this is one of thoſe covert alluſions in which Shakſpeare frequently indulges himſelf. The following lines of Cleiveland on an *Hermaphrodite* ſeem to countenance the ſuppoſition:

"Nay, thoſe which modeſty can mean,
"But dare not ſpeak, are Epicene.
"That gameſter needs muſt overcome,
"That can play both with *Tib* and *Tom*."

Sir John Hawkins would read—"as *Tom*'s ruſh for *Tib*'s forefinger." But if this were the author's meaning, it would be neceſſary to alter ſtill farther, and to read, As *Tom*'s ruſh for Tib's *fourth* finger. MALONE.

At the game of Gleek, the ace was called *Tib*, and the knave *Tom*; and this is the proper explanation of the lines cited from Cleiveland. The practice of marrying with a *ruſh ring* mentioned by Sir John Hawkins is very queſtionable, and it might be difficult to find any authority in ſupport of this opinion. DOUCE.

Sir John Hawkins's alteration is unneceſſary. It was the practice in former

ris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his ſkin.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Aſk me, if I am a courtier; it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again,[8] if we could:—I will be a fool in queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, ſir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, ſir,[9]——There's a ſimple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, ſir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, ſir, I think.

Clo. O Lord, ſir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, ſir*, at your whipping, and *ſpare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord, ſir*, is very ſequent to your whipping; you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo.

former times for the woman to give the man a ring as well as for the man to give her one. M. MASON.

I believe what many of us have aſſerted reſpecting the exchange of rings in the *marriage ceremony*, is only true of the *marriage contract*, in which ſuch a practice undoubtedly prevailed. STEEVENS.

[8] The lady cenſures her own levity in trifling with her jeſter, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth. JOHNSON.

[9] A ridicule on that fooliſh expletive of ſpeech then in vogue at court. WARBURTON.

Thus Clove and Orange, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"You conceive me, ſir?——*O Lord, ſir!*"

Cleiveland, in one of his ſongs, makes his Gentleman

"Anſwer, *O Lord, ſir!* and talk *play-book* oaths."

FARMER.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my—*O Lord, ſir:* I ſee things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble houſewiſe with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, ſir.—Why, there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, ſir, to your buſineſs: Give Helen this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back:
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You underſtand me?

Clo. Moſt fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons, to make modern[2] and familiar thing, ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enſconcing ourſelves into ſeeming knowledge,[3] when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an unknown fear.[4]

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder, that hath ſhot out in our latter times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts,——

Par. So I ſay; both of Galen and Paracelſus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows,[5]—

Par.

[2] —— *modern* ——] i. e. common, ordinary. MALONE.

[3] To *enſconce* literally ſignifies to ſecure as in a fort. STEEVENS.

[4] *Fear* is here an object of fear. JOHNSON.

[5] Shakſpeare, as I have often obſerved, never throws out his words at random. Paracelſus, though no better than an ignorant and knaviſh enthuſiaſt, was at this time in ſuch vogue, even amongſt the learned, that he had almoſt juſtled Galen and the ancients out of credit. On this account *learned* is applied to Galen, and *authentick* or faſhionable to Paracelſus. Sancy, in his *Confeſſion Catholique*, p. 301. Ed. Col. 1720, is made

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man aſſur'd of an—

Laf. Uncertain life and ſure death.

Par. Juſt, you ſay well; ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in ſhowing, you ſhall read it in,——What do you call there?[6]—

Par. A ſhowing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.[7]

Par. That's it I would have ſaid; the very ſame.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luſtier:[8] 'fore me I ſpeak in reſpect——

Par.

to ſay: "*Je trouve la Riviere premier medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens-la. Il eſt bon* Galeniſte, *& tres bon* Paracelſiſte. *Il dit que la doctrine de* Galien *eſt honorable, & non meſpriſable pour la pathologie, & profitable pour les boutiques. L'autre, pourveu que ce ſoit de vrais preceptes de* Paracelſe, *eſt* bonne à ſuivre pour la verité, pour la ſubtilité, pour l'eſpargne; en ſomme pour la Therapeutique." WARBURTON.

As the whole merriment of this ſcene conſiſts in the pretenſions of Parolles to knowledge and ſentiments which he has not, I believe here are two paſſages in which the words and ſenſe are beſtowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafeu. I read this paſſage thus:

Laf. *To be relinquiſhed of the artiſts*——

Par. So I ſay.

Laf. *Both of Galen and Paracelſus, of all the learned and authentick fellows*——

Par. *Right, ſo I ſay.* JOHNSON.

The phraſe of the diploma is, *authentice* licentiatus. MUSGRAVE.

The epithet *authentick* was in our author's time particularly applied to the learned. MALONE.

[6] We ſhould read, I think; *It is, indeed, if you will have it a ſhowing— you ſhall read it in what do you call there.*—— TYRWHITT.

Does not, *if you will have it* IN *ſhowing*, ſignify IN a demonſtration or ſtatement of the caſe? HENLEY.

[7] The title of ſome pamphlet here ridiculed. WARBURTON.

[8] By *dolphin* is meant the *dauphin*, the heir apparent, and the hope of the crown of France. His title is ſo tranſlated in all the old books. STEEVENS.

What Mr. Steevens obſerves is certainly true; and yet the additional word *your* induces me to think that by *dolphin* in the paſſage before us the fiſh ſo called was meant. MALONE.

In the colloquial language of Shakſpeare's time *your* was frequently employed

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a moſt facinorious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak——

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence: which ſhould, indeed, give us a further uſe to be made, than alone the recovery of the king,[9] as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have ſaid it; you ſay well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Luſtick, as the Dutchman ſays:[2] I'll like a maid the better, whilſt I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think ſo.

King.

employed as it is in this paſſage: So, in *Hamlet*, the Grave-digger obſerves, that "*your* water is a ſore decayer of *your* whorſon dead body."

STEEVENS.

[9] I believe Parolles has again uſurped words and ſenſe to which he has no right; and I read this paſſage thus:

Laf. *In a moſt weak and debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence; which ſhould, indeed, give us a further uſe to be made than the mere recovery of the king.*

Par. *As to be* ——

Laf. *Generally thankful.* JOHNSON.

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to repreſent are never ſet down: but only the laſt words of the preceding ſpeech which belongs to their partner in the ſcene. If the plays of Shakſpeare were printed (as there is good reaſon to ſuſpect) from theſe piece-meal tranſcripts, how eaſily may the miſtake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnſon has judiciouſly ſtrove to remedy?

STEEVENS.

[2] *Luſtigh* is the Dutch word for luſty, chearful, pleaſant.

STEEVENS.

In the narrative of the cruelties committed by the Dutch at Amboyna, in 1622, it is ſaid, that after a night ſpent in prayer, &c. by ſome of the priſoners, "the Dutch that guarded them offered them wine, bidding them drink *luſtick*, and drive away the ſorrow, according to the cuſtom of their own nation." REED.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter ſeveral Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſovereign power and father's voice[3]
I have to uſe: thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chooſe, and they none to forſake.
Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe!—marry, to each, but one![4]
Laf. I'd give bay Curtal,[5] and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken [6] than theſe boys',
And writ as little beard.
King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, reſtor'd the king to health,
All. We underſtand it, and thank heaven for you.
Hel. I am a ſimple maid; and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid: ——
Pleaſe it your majeſty, I have done already:

The

[3] They were his *wards* as well as his ſubjects. HENLEY.

[4] I cannot underſtand this paſſage in any other ſenſe, than as a ludicrous exclamation, in conſequence of Helena's wiſh of *one* fair and virtuous miſtreſs *to each* of the lords. If that be ſo, it cannot belong to Helena; and might properly enough be given to Parolles. TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt's obſervations on this paſſage are not conceived with his uſual ſagacity. He miſtakes the import of the words *but one*, which does not mean *one only*, but *except one*.

Helena wiſhes a fair and virtuous miſtreſs to each of the young lords who were preſent, one only excepted; and the perſon excepted is Bertram, whoſe miſtreſs ſhe hoped ſhe herſelf ſhould be; and ſhe makes the exception out of modeſty: for otherwiſe the deſcription of a fair and virtuous miſtreſs would have extended to herſelf. M. MASON.

[5] i. e. a bay, dock'd horſe. STEEVENS.

[6] A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has loſt part of its teeth.

The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
We bluſh, that thou ſhould'ſt chooſe; but be refus'd,
Let the white death [7] *ſit on thy cheek for ever;*
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice; and, ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream.—Sir, will you hear my ſuit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, ſir; all the reſt is mute.[8]

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace[9] for my life.

Hel. The honour, ſir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threatningly replies:
Love made your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great love grant! and ſo I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her[2]? An they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whipp'd; or I would ſend them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*To a* Lord.] that I your hand ſhould take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: ſure, they are baſtards to the Engliſh; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.

4 *Lord.*

7 The *chloroſis.* JOHNSON.

8 i. e. I have no more to ſay to you. STEEVENS.

9 i. e. the loweſt chance of the dice. STEEVENS.

2 None of them have yet denied her, or deny her afterwards but Bertram. The ſcene muſt be ſo regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a diſtance, where they may ſee what paſſes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, ſo that they know not by whom the refuſal is made.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not ſo.

Laf. There's one grape yet,[3]—I am ſure, thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay, I take you; [*To* BERTRAM.] but I give
Me, and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I ſhall beſeech your highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, Bertram,
What ſhe has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!—Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title[4] thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat,[5] pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty: If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,
A poor phyſician's daughter,) thou diſlik'ſt

[3] This ſpeech the three laſt editors [Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton,] have perplexed themſelves by dividing between Lafeu and Parolles, without any authority of copies, or any improvement of ſenſe. I have reſtored the old reading, and ſhould have thought no explanation neceſſary, but that Mr. Theobald apparently miſunderſtood it.

Old Lafeu having, upon the ſuppoſition that the lady was refuſed, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into whom his father put good blood—— but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an aſs.* JOHNSON.

[4] *'Tis only title*—] i. e. the want of title. MALONE.

[5] That is, which are of *the ſame* colour, weight, &c. MALONE.

Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo:
From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions ſwell,[6] and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo:[7]
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe to nature ſhe's immediate heir;[8]
And theſe breed honour: that is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire:[9] Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou canſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue, and ſhe,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chooſe.

Hel.

6 *Additions* are the titles and deſcriptions by which men are diſtinguiſhed from each other. MALONE.

7 Shakſpeare may mean, that external circumſtances have no power over the real nature of things. *Good alone* (i. e. by itſelf) *without a name* (i. e. without the addition of titles) *is good. Vileneſs is ſo* (i. e. is itſelf.) STEEVENS.

Steevens's laſt interpretation of this paſſage is very near being right; but I think it ſhould be pointed thus:

——— *good alone*
Is good;—without a name, vileneſs is ſo.

Meaning that good is good without any addition, and vileneſs would ſtill be vileneſs, though we had no ſuch name to diſtinguiſh it by. M. MASON.

8 To be *immediate heir* is to inherit without any intervening tranſmitter: thus ſhe inherits beauty *immediately* from *nature*, but honour is tranſmitted by anceſtors. JOHNSON.

9 *Honour's born*, is the *child* of honour. *Born* is here uſed, as *bairn* ſtill is in the North. HENLEY.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my lord, I am glad;
Let the reſt go.

King. My honour's at the ſtake; which to defeat,
I muſt produce my power: [2] Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the ſtaggers,[3] and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes: When I conſider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,

[2] The poor King of France is again made a man of Gotham, by our unmerciful editors. For he is not to make uſe of his authority to *defeat*, but to *defend*, his honour. THEOBALD.

Had Mr. Theobald been aware that the *implication* or *clauſe* of the ſentence (as the grammarians ſay) ſerved for the antecedent "Which *danger* to *defeat*," there had been no need of his wit or his alteration.

FARMER.

Notwithſtanding Mr. Theobald's pert cenſure of former editors for retaining the word *defeat*, I ſhould be glad to ſee it reſtored again, as I am perſuaded it is the true reading. The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) ſignifies *to free*, *to diſembarraſs*, as well as *to deſtroy*. *Defaire un nœud*, is *to unvie a knot*; and in this ſenſe, I apprehend, *deſeat* is here uſed. It may be obſerved, that our verb *undo* has the ſame varieties of ſignification; and I ſuppoſe even Mr. Theobald would not have been much puzzled to find the ſenſe of this paſſage, if it had been written;—*My honour's at the ſtake, which to* undo *I muſt produce my power.*

TYRWHITT.

[3] One ſpecies of the *ſtaggers*, or the *horſe's apoplexy*, is a raging impatience which makes the animal daſh himſelf with deſtructive violence againſt poſts or walls. To this the allusion, I ſuppoſe, is made. JOHNSON.

Flies where you bid it, I find, that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praiſed of the king; who, ſo ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not to thy eſtate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contráct; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: [4] the ſolemn feaſt

Shall

4 This, if it be at all intelligible, is at leaſt obſcure and inaccurate. Perhaps it was written thus:

——— what *ceremony*
Shall ſeem expedient on the now-born brief,
Shall *be perform'd to-night*; *the ſolemn feaſt*
Shall more attend ———.

The *brief* is the *contract of eſpouſal*, or the *licence* of the church. The King means, What *ceremony* is neceſſary to make this *contract* a *marriage*, ſhall be immediately *performed*; the reſt may be delayed. JOHNSON.

The whole ſpeech is unnaturally expreſſed; yet I think it intelligible as it ſtands, and ſhould therefore reject Johnſon's amendment and explanation.

The word *brief* does not here denote either a contract or a licence, but is an adjective, and means *ſhort* or *contracted*: and the words *on the new-born*, ſignify *for the preſent*, in oppoſition to *upon the coming ſpace*, which means *hereafter*. The ſenſe of the whole paſſage ſeems to be this:—"The king and fortune ſmile on this contract; the ceremony of which it ſeems expedient to abridge for the preſent; the ſolemn feaſt ſhall be performed at a future time, when we ſhall be able to aſſemble friends."

M. MASON.

Though I have inſerted the foregoing note, I do not profeſs to comprehend its meaning fully. Shakſpeare uſes the words *expedience*, *expedient*, and *expediently*, in the ſenſe of *haſte*, *quick*, *expeditiouſly*. A *brief*, in ancient language, means any ſhort and ſummary writing or proceeding. The *now-born brief* is only another phraſe for *the contract recently and ſuddenly made*. *The ceremony of it* (ſays the king) *ſhall ſeem to haſten after its ſhort preliminary, and be performed to-night*, &c. STEEVENS.

Now-*born*, the epithet in the old copy, prefixed to *brief*, unqueſtionably ought to be reſtored. The NOW-*born brief*, is the *breve originale* of the feudal times, which, in this inſtance, formally notified the king's conſent to the marriage of Bertram, his ward. HENLEY.

Our

Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe, does err.

[*Exeunt* King, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, *and Attendants.*[5]

Laf. Do you hear monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, ſir?

Laf. Your lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my maſter?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one; and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rouſillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's maſter is of another ſtyle.

Par. You are too old, ſir; let it ſatisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,[6] to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs: yet the ſcarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee

Our author often uſes *brief* in the ſenſe of a ſhort note, or intimation concerning any buſineſs; and ſometimes without the idea of writing.

The meaning therefore of the preſent paſſage, I believe, is;—Good fortune, and the king's favour ſmile on this ſhort contract; the ceremonial part of which ſhall *immediately* paſs,—*ſhall follow cloſe on the troth now plighted* between the parties, and be performed this night; the ſolemn feaſt ſhall be delayed to a future time. MALONE.

[5] The old copy has the following ſingular continuation: *Parolles and Laſeu ſtay behind, commenting of this wedding.* This could have been only the marginal note of a prompter, and was never deſigned to appear in print. STEEVENS.

To *comment* means, I believe, to aſſume the appearance of perſons deeply engaged in thought. MALONE.

[6] While I ſat twice with thee at table. JOHNSON.

again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;[7] and that thou art ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,——

Laf. Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer.

Laf. E'en as ſoon as thou canſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'ſt bound in thy ſcarf, and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may ſay, in the default,[8] he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.[9] [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me;[2] ſcurvy,

[7] To *take up* is to *contradict*, to *call to account*; as well as to *pick off the ground*. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *in the default*,] That is, *at a need*. JOHNSON.

[9] The conceit which is ſo thin that it might well eſcape a haſty reader, is in the word *paſt*—*I am* paſt, *as I will be* paſt, *by thee*. JOHNSON.

Lafeu means to ſay, "for doing I am paſt, as I will *paſs* by thee in what motion age will permit." Lafeu ſays, that he will *paſs* by Parolles, not that he will be *paſſed* by him; and Lafeu is actually the perſon who goes out. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnſon is, I believe, miſtaken. Mr. Edwards has, I think, given the true meaning of Lafeu's words. "*I cannot do much*, ſays Lafeu; *doing I am* paſt, as I will by thee *in what motion age will give me leave*; i. e. *as I will* paſs *by thee as faſt as I am able*:—and he immediately goes out. It is a play on the word *paſt*: the conceit indeed is poor, but Shakſpeare plainly meant it." MALONE.

[2] This the poet makes Parolles ſpeak alone; and this is nature. A coward

ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy lord!—Well, I muſt be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and maſter's married, there's news for you; you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, ſir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o'this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? Thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think, thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, ſir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſaucy with lords, and honourable perſonages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commiſſion. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is ſo then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn prieſt I have ſworn, I will not bed her.

coward ſhould try to hide his poltroonery even from himſelf. An ordinary writer would have been glad of ſuch an opportunity to bring him to confeſſion. WARBURTON.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart?
Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuſcan wars, and never bed her.
Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!
Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.
Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;[3]
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery ſteed: To other regions!
France is a ſtable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!
Ber. It ſhall be ſo; I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durſt not ſpeak: His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike: War is no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife.[4]
Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.
Par. Why, theſe balls bound; there's noiſe in it.—'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, huſh! 'tis ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

[3] Sir T. Hanmer, in his Gloſſary, obſerves that *kickſy-wickſy* is a made word in ridicule and diſdain of a wife. GREY.

[4] The *dark houſe* is a houſe made gloomy by diſcontent. Milton ſays of *death* and the *king* of hell preparing to combat:

"So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
"Grew *darker* at their frown." JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter HELENA *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet ſhe has her health: ſhe's very merry; but yet ſhe is not well: but thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heaven, whither God ſend her quickly! the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, ſir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing: To ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhou'd have ſaid, ſir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, ſir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, ſir? or were you taught to find me? The ſearch, ſir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the increaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.[5]
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint;
Whoſe want and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets,
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,[6]
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will, elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o'the king,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.[7]

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, ſirrah. [*Exeunt.*

[5] An alluſion, perhaps, to the old ſaying—"Better fed than taught;" to which the Clown has himſelf alluded in a preceding ſcene:—"I will ſhow myſelf *highly fed* and lowly taught." STEEVENS.

[6] The *ſweets* with which that *want* are *ſtrewed*, I ſuppoſe, are compliments and profeſſions of kindneſs. JOHNSON.

Johnſon ſeems not to have underſtood this paſſage; the meaning of which is merely this:—"That the delay of the joys, and the expectation of them, would make them more delightful when they come." The *curbed time*, means the time of reſtraint. *Whoſe want*, means *the want of which*. M. MASON.

The *ſweets* which are diſtilled, by the reſtraint ſaid to be impoſed on Bertram, from "the want and delay of the great prerogative of love," are the ſweets of *expectation*. Parolles is here ſpeaking of Bertram's feelings during this "curbed time," not, as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have thought, of thoſe of Helena. MALONE.

[7] A ſpecious appearance of neceſſity. JOHNSON.

SCENE V.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.
Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.
Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.
Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.
Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.[8]
Ber. I do aſſure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.
Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, ſir. [*To* BERTRAM.
Laf. 'Pray you, ſir, who's his tailor?
Par. Sir?
Laf. O, I know him well: Ay ſir; he, ſir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.
Ber. Is ſhe gone to the king? [*Aſide to* PAROLLES.
Par. She is.
Ber. Will ſhe away to-night?

[8] This bird is mentioned in Lyly's *Love's Metamorphoſis*, 1601: "—— but foreſters think all birds to be *buntings*." Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, gives this account of it: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alaudæ ſimilis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, ſed in terra verſetur et nidificet." The following proverb is in Ray's Collection: "A goſhawk beats not a *bunting*. STEEVENS.

This is a fine diſcrimination between the poſſeſſor of courage and him that has only the appearance of it:—the *bunting* is in feather, ſize, and form, ſo like the *ſky-lark*, as to require nice attention to diſcern the one from the other; it alſo ſoars and ſinks in the air nearly in the ſame manner; but it has little or no ſong, which gives eſtimation to the ſky-lark. J. JOHNSON.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, ſir? or were you taught to find me? The ſearch, ſir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the increaſe of laughter.

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Ber. Will ſhe away to-night?

[8] This bird is mentioned in Lyly's *Love's Metamorphoſis*, 1601: "—— but foreſters think all birds to be *buntings*." Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, gives this account of it: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alaudæ ſimilis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, ſed in terra verſetur et nidificet." The following proverb is in Ray's Collection: "A goſhawk beats not a *bunting*. STEEVENS.

This is a fine diſcrimination between the poſſeſſor of courage and him that has only the appearance of it:—the *bunting* is in feather, ſize, and form, ſo like the *ſky-lark*, as to require nice attention to diſcern the one from the other; it alſo ſoars and ſinks in the air nearly in the ſame manner; but it has little or no ſong, which gives eſtimation to the ſky-lark. J. JOHNSON.

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, caſketed my treaſure,
Given order for our horſes; and to-night,
When I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,——

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God ſave you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my lord and you, monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerv'd to run into my lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leap'd into the cuſtard;[9] and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be, you have miſtaken him, my lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this of me,
There can be no kernel in this light nut; the ſoul of this man is his clothes: truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.
—Farewell, monſieur: I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my hand; but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I ſwear.

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common ſpeech
Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, ſir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting: only, he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber.

[9] This odd alluſion is not introduced without a view to ſatire. It was a foolery practiſed at city entertainments, whilſt the jeſter or zany was in vogue, for [illegible] to jump into a large deep cuſtard, ſet for the purpoſe, *to ſet on a parcel of barren ſpectators to laugh*, as our poet ſays in his *Hamlet*.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, Helen, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found
So much unſettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home;
And rather muſe, than aſk, why I entreat you:
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than ſhows itſelf, at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you; ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haſte is very great: Farewell; hie home.
Hel. Pray, ſir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;[2]
Nor dare I ſay, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and ſcarce ſo much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would; my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers, and foes, do ſunder, and not kiſs.
Ber. I pray you, ſtay not, but in haſte to horſe.
Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Ber. Where are my other men, monſieur?—Farewell.
[*Exit* HELENA.
Go

[2] i. e. *I own, poſſeſs.* STEEVENS.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Florence. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *attended; two* French *Lords, and Others.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſon of this war;
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.
1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the oppoſer.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin France
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.
2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,[3]
But like a common and an outward man,[4]
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unable motion:[5] therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; ſince I have found
Myſelf in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſs'd.
Duke. Be it his pleaſure.
2 *Lord.* But I am ſure, the younger of our nature,[6]
That

3 I cannot inform you of the reaſons. JOHNSON.
4 i. e. one not in the ſecret of affairs. WARBURTON.
So, *inward* is familiar, admitted to ſecrets. "I was an *inward* of his." *Meaſure for Meaſure.* JOHNSON.
5 We ſhould read *notion.* WARBURTON.
6 i. e. as we ſay at preſent, *our young fellows.* The modern editors read—*nation.* I have reſtored the old reading. STEEVENS.

That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will, day by day,
Come here for phyſick.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, ſave, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend the ruff, and ſing;[7] aſk queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a Letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Iſbel, ſince I was at court: our old lings and our Iſbels o'the country are nothing like your old ling and your Iſbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [Reads.] *I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the* not *eternal. You ſhall hear,*

[7] The tops of the boots in our author's time turned down, and hung looſely over the leg. The folding is what the Clown means by the *ruff*. Ben Jonſon calls it *ruffle*; and perhaps it ſhould be ſo here. "Not having leiſure to put off my ſilver ſpurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot." *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act IV, ſc. vi.

WHALLEY.

hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate ſon,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the miſprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your ſon was run away.

[*Exit* Clown.

Enter HELENA *and two gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt ſo many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me[8] unto't:—Where is my ſon, I pray you?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the duke of Florence;
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after ſome deſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my paſſport.

[Reads.]

[8] i. e. affect me ſuddenly and deeply, as my ſex are uſually affected. STEEVENS.

[Reads.] *When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger,*[9] *which never ſhall come off, and ſhow me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me huſband: but in ſuch a* then *I write a* never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety:[2] He was my ſon;
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a ſoldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpoſe: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you hither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. [Reads.] *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel.

[9] i. e. When thou canſt get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy poſſeſſion. The Oxford editor who took it the other way, to ſignify, when thou canſt get it on upon my finger, very ſagaciouſly alters it to—*When thou carſt get the ring* from *my finger.* WARBURTON.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation ſufficient; but I once read it thus: *When thou canſt get the ring upon* thy *finger, which never ſhall come off* mine. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed inconteſtably by theſe lines in the fifth act, in which Helena again repeats the ſubſtance of this letter:

" —— there is your ring;
" And, look you, here's your letter; this it ſays:
" *When from my finger you can get this ring,* &c. MALONE.

[2] We ſhould certainly read:

——— *all the griefs* as *thine,*

inſtead of—are *thine.* M. MASON.

This ſentiment is elliptically expreſſed, but, I believe, means no more than—*If thou keepeſt all thy ſorrows to thyſelf,* i. e. "all the griefs *that* are thine," &c. STEEVENS.

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, haply, which
His heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman
Which I have ſome time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs.
My ſon corrupts a well derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.[3]

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen,
I will entreat you, when you ſee my ſon,
To tell him, that his ſword can never win
The honour that he loſes: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We ſerve you, madam,
In that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies.[4]
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt* Counteſs *and Gentlemen.*

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou

[3] That is, his vices ſtand him in ſtead. Helen had before delivered this thought in all the beauty of expreſſion:

" ——— I know him a notorious liar;
" Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
" Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
" That they take place, while virtue's ſteely bones
" Look bleak in the cold wind ———." WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath thinks that the meaning is, this fellow hath a deal too much of *that* which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him; i. e. folly and ignorance. MALONE.

[4] The gentlemen declare that they are ſervants to the Counteſs; ſhe replies,—No otherwiſe than as ſhe returns the ſame offices of civility. JOHNSON.

Thou ſhalt have none, Rouſillon, none in France,
Then haſt thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at by fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; move the ſtill-piecing air,
That ſings with piercing,[5] do not touch my lord!
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion[6] when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miſeries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rouſillon,
Whence

[5] The words are here oddly ſhuffled into nonſenſe. We ſhould read:

——— pierce *the* ſtill-moving air,
That ſings with piercing,

i. e. pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and ſuffers no injury by piercing. WARBURTON.

The old copy reads—*the* ſtill-*peering* air.
Perhaps we might better read:

——— *the* ſtill piecing *air.*

i. e. the air that cloſes immediately. This has been propoſed already, but I forget by whom STEEVENS.

Piece was formerly ſpelt—*peece*: ſo that there is but the change of one letter. MALONE.

I have no doubt that *ſtill-piecing* was Shakſpeare's word. But the paſſage is not yet quite ſound. We ſhould read, I believe,

——— *rove the ſtill-piecing air.*

i. e. *fly at random through.* The alluſion is to *ſhooting at rovers* in archery, which was ſhooting without any particular aim. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading deſtroys the deſigned antitheſis between *move* and *ſtill*: nor is he correct in his definition of roving, which is not ſhooting without a *particular aim*, but at *marks* of *uncertain* lengths. DOUCE.

6 i. e. the *ravenous* or ravening lion. To *ravin* is to ſwallow voraciouſly. MALONE.

Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,[7]
As oft it loſes all; I will be gone;
My being here it is, that holds thee hence:
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Florence. *Before the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flouriſh. *Enter the Duke of* Florence, BERTRAM, Lords, *Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

Duke. The general of our horſe thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence,
Upon thy promiſing fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy proſperous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myſelf into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Counteſs *and* Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew.

[7] The ſenſe is, from that abode, where all the advantages that honour uſually reaps from the danger it ruſhes upon, is only a ſcar in teſtimony of its bravery, as on the other hand, it often is the cauſe of loſing all, even life itſelf. HEATH.

Stew. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim,[8] *thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody courſe of war,
My dear'ſt maſter, your dear ſon may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far,
His name with zealous fervour ſanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpiteful Juno,[9] *ſent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Count. Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words!——
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,[2]
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet ſhe writes,
Purſuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy huſband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy huſband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light:[3] my greateſt grief,
Though little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.

Deſpatch

[8] I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages conſecrated in Italy to St. James; but it is common to viſit St. James of Compoſtella, in Spain. Another ſaint might eaſily have been found, Florence being ſomewhat out of the road from Rouſillon to Compoſtella. JOHNSON.

From Dr. Heylin's *France painted to the Life*, 8vo. 1656, p. 270, 276, we learn that at Orleans was a church dedicated to *St. Jacques*, to which Pilgrims formerly uſed to reſort, to adore a part of the croſs pretended to be found there. REED.

[9] Alluding to the ſtory of Hercules. JOHNSON.

[2] *Advice*, is *diſcretion* or *thought*. JOHNSON.

[3] To *weigh* here means to *value* or *eſteem*. MALONE.

Deſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger:
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I have no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction:—Provide this meſſenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow *of* Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay, the French count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greateſt commander; and that with his own hand he ſlew the duke's brother. We have loſt our labour; they have gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been ſolicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young earl.[4]—Beware of them, Diana; their promiſes, enticemen s, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go under:[5] many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and

[4] *Suggeſtions* are temptations. STEEVENS.

[5] They are not really ſo true and ſincere, as in appearance they ſeem to be. THEOBALD.

To go under the name of any thing is a known expreſſion. The meaning

and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe you further: but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *in the dreſs of a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo.——Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know ſhe will lie at my houſe: thither they ſend one another: I'll queſtion her.—

God ſave you pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers[6] lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!

[*A march afar off.*

They come this way:—If you will tarry holy pilgrim,[7]
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hoſteſs
As ample as myſelf.

Hel. Is it yourſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid.

ing is, they are not the things for which their names would make them paſs. JOHNSON.

[6] Pilgrims that viſited holy places; ſo called from a ſtaff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, eſpecially ſuch as had viſited the holy places at Jeruſalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a *pilgrim* had ſome dwelling-place, a *palmer* had none; the *pilgrim* travelled to ſome certain place, the *palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular; the *pilgrim* muſt go at his own charge, the *palmer* muſt profeſs wilful poverty; the *pilgrim* might give over his profeſſion, the *palmer* muſt be conſtant." See Blount's *Gloſſography*. ANONYMOUS.

[7] The interpolated epithet *holy*, which adds nothing to our author's ſenſe, and is injurious to his metre, may be ſafely omitted. STEEVENS.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy ſervice.
Hel. His name, I pray you.
Dia. The count Rouſillon: Know you ſuch a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears moſt nobly of him:
His face I know not.
Dia. Whatſoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king[8] had married him
Againſt his liking; Think you it is ſo?
Hel. Ay, ſurely, mere the truth;[9] I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman that ſerves the count,
Reports but coarſely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monſieur Parolles.
Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.[2]
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.
Wid. A right good creature:[3] whereſoe'er ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly: this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn if ſhe pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count ſolicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.
Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes[4] with all that can in ſuch a ſuit

Corrupt

[8] *For*, in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies *becauſe*. STEEVENS.
[9] The exact, the *entire* truth. MALONE.
[2] That is, *queſtioned, doubted*. JOHNSON.
[3] There is great reaſon to believe, that when theſe plays were copied for the preſs, the tranſcriber truſted to the ear, and not to the eye; one perſon dictating, and another tranſcribing. Hence probably the error of the old copy, which reads—*I write* good creature. For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. MALONE.
[4] Deals as a *broker*. JOHNSON.

To

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine *army,* BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!
Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife; if he were honester,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest: Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places;[5] were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! well.
Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look, he has spied us.
Wid. Marry, hang you!
Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers and Soldiers.*
Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

To *broke* is to deal with panlers. A *broker* in our author's time meant a bawd or pimp. MALONE.

5 What *places?* Have they been talking of brothels; or, indeed, of any particular locality? I make no question but our author wrote:

That leads him to these paces.

i. e. such irregular steps, to courses of debauchery, to not loving his wife. THEOBALD.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and th s gentle maid,
To eat with us to night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.
Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordſhip find him not a hilding,[6] hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am ſo far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman, he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at ſome great and truſty buſineſs, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he kn ws not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries,[7] when we bring him to our tents: Be

[6] A *hilding* is a paltry cowardly fellow. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. *camp.* "They will not vouchſafe in their ſpeaches or writings to uſe our ancient terms belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a campe

Be but your lordſhip preſent at his examination; if he do not, for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgement in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't: when your lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,[8] your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

campe by the Dutch name of *Legar*; nor will not affoord to ſay, that ſuch a towne or ſuch a fort is beſieged, but that it is *belegard*." *Sir John Smythe's Diſcourſes*, &c. 1590. fo. 2. DOUCE.

[8] But, what is the meaning of *John Drum's entertainment?* Lafeu ſeveral times afterwards calls Parolles, Tom Drum. But the difference of the Chriſtian name will make none in the explanation. There is an old motley interlude, (printed in 1601,) called *Jack Drum's Entertainment: Or, The Comedy of Paſquil and Catharine.* In this, Jack Drum is a ſervant of intrigue, who is ever aiming at projects, and always foiled, and given the drop. And there is another old piece (publiſhed in 1627) called, *Apollo ſhroving*, in which I find theſe expreſſions:

"*Thuriger.* Thou lozel, hath Slug infected you?

"Why do you give ſuch kind *entertainment* to that cobweb?

"*Scopas.* It ſhall have *Tom Drum's entertainment:* a flap with a fox-tail."

But both theſe pieces are, perhaps too late in time, to come to the aſſiſtance of our author: ſo we muſt look a little higher. What is ſaid here to Bertram is to this effect: "My lord, as you have taken this fellow [Parolles] into ſo near a confidence, if, upon his being found a counterfeit, you don't caſhier him from your favour, then your attachment is not to be removed." I will now ſubjoin a quotation from Holinſhed, (of whoſe books Shakſpeare was a moſt diligent reader) which will pretty well aſcertain Drum's hiſtory. This chronologer, in his deſcription of Ireland, ſpeaking of Patrick Sarſefield, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551,) and of his extravagant hoſpitality, ſubjoins, that no gueſt had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: ſo that *his porter or any other officer, durſt not, for both his eares, give the ſimpleſt man that reſorted to his houſe, Tom Drum his entertaynement, which is*, to hale a man in by the heade, and thruſt him out by both the ſhoulders. THEOBALD.

Contemporary writers have uſed this expreſſion in the ſame manner that our author has done; ſo that there is no reaſon to ſuſpect the word *John* in the text to be a miſprint. MALONE.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.[9]

Ber. How now, monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum ſo loſt!—There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that Cæſar himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.[2]

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, monſieur, if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will preſently pen down my dilemmas,[3] encourage myſelf in my certainty, put myſelf

[9] The uſual phraſe is,—*at any hand*, but *in any hand* will do. STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. *Here lies*; — the uſual beginning of epitaphs. I would (ſays Parolles) recover either the drum I have loſt, or another belonging to the enemy; or *die in the attempt*. MALONE.

[3] By this word, Parolles is made to inſinuate that he had ſeveral ways, all equally certain of recovering his drum. For a *dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways. WARBURTON.

myſelf into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the poſſibility of thy ſoldierſhip, will ſubſcribe for thee.[4] Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fiſh loves water.[5]—Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my lord? that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done; damns himſelf to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and, for a week, eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almoſt emboſs'd him,[6] you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordſhip's reſpect.

I think, that by penning down his *dilemmas*, Parolles means, that he will pen down his plans on the one ſide, and the probable obſtructions he was to meet with, on the other. M MASON.

[4] *I will ſubſcribe* (ſays Bertram) *to the* poſſibility *of* your *ſoldierſhip.* His doubts being now raiſed, he ſuppreſſes that he ſhould not be ſo willing to vouch for its *probability.* STEEVENS.

I believe, Bertram means no more than that he is confident Parolles will do all that ſoldierſhip can effect. He was not yet certain that he was "a hilding." MALONE.

[5] Here we have the origin of this boaſter's name; which, without doubt, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) ought in ſtrict propriety to be written—*Paroles.* But our author certainly intended it otherwiſe, having made it a triſyllable:

"Ruſt ſword, cool bluſhes, and *Parolles* live."

He probably did not know the true pronunciation. MALONE.

[6] To *emboſs* a deer is to incloſe him in a wood. JOHNSON.

It is probable that Shakſpeare was unacquainted with this word in the ſenſe which Milton affixes to it, viz. from *embeſcare*, Ital. to encloſe in a thicket

2 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him.[7] He was firſt ſmoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee this very night.

1 *Lord.* I muſt go look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he ſhall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your lordſhip: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhow you
The laſs I ſpoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you ſay, ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i'the wind,[8]
Tokens and letters which ſhe did re-ſend;
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;
Will you go ſee her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *Houſe.*

Enter HELENA, *and* Widow.

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.[9]

Wid. Though my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes;
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.

Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt, give me truſt, the count he is my huſband;
And,

thicket. When a deer is run hard and foams at the mouth, in the language of the field, he is ſaid to be *embaſs'd*. STEEVENS.

"To know when a ſtag is *weary* (as Markham's *Country Contentments* ſay) you ſhall ſee him *imboſt*, that is, *foaming* and *ſlavering* about the mouth with a thick white froth," &c. TOLLET.

7 That is, before we ſtrip him naked. JOHNSON.

8 To have *one in the wind*, is enumerated as a proverbial ſaying by Ray, p. 261. REED.

9 i. e. by diſcovering herſelf to the count. WARBURTON.

And, what to your ſworn counſel [2] I have ſpoken,
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.
Wid. I ſhould believe you;
For you have ſhow'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her, in fine, conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny [3]
That ſhe'll demand: A ring the county wears, [4]
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe,
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents
Since the firſt father wore it: this ring he holds
In moſt rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
How'e'er repented after.
Wid. Now I ſee
The bottom of your purpoſe.
Hel. You ſee it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herſelf moſt chaſtely abſent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.
Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſéver,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes

[2] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of ſecreſy. JOHNSON.

[3] *Important* here, and elſewhere, is *importunate*. JOHNSON.
Important, from the Fr. *Important*. TYRWHITT.

[4] i. e. the count. STEEVENS.

With muſicks of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us aſſay our plot; which, if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;[5]
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

[5] To make this gingling riddle complete in all its parts, we ſhould read the ſecond line thus:

And lawful meaning in a wicked *act*;

The ſenſe of the two lines is this: It is a *wicked meaning* becauſe the woman's intent is to deceive; but a *lawful deed*, becauſe the man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a *lawful meaning* becauſe done by her to gain her huſband's eſtranged affection, but it is a *wicked act* becauſe he goes intentionally to commit adultery. The riddle concludes thus: *Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact*, i. e. Where neither of them ſin, and yet it is a ſinful fact on both ſides; which concluſion, we ſee, requires the emendation here made. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads in the ſame ſenſe:

Unlawful *meaning in a lawful act.* JOHNSON.

Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them ſin; yet on his part it was a ſinful act, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife. TOLLET.

The firſt line relates to Bertram. The *deed* was *lawful*, as being the duty of marriage, owed by the huſband to the wife; but his *meaning* was *wicked*, becauſe he intended to commit adultery. The ſecond line relates to Helena; whoſe *meaning* was *lawful*, in as much as ſhe intended to reclaim her huſband, and demanded only the rights of a wife. The *act* or *deed* was *lawful* for the reaſon already given. The ſubſequent line relates to them both. The *fact* was *ſinful*, as far as Bertram was concerned, becauſe he intended to commit adultery; yet neither he nor Helena *actually* ſinned: not the wife, becauſe both her intention and action were innocent; not the huſband, becauſe he did not *accompliſh* his intention; he did not commit adultery.——This note is partly Mr. Heath's.

MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Florentine *Camp.*

Enter firſt Lord, *with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner: When you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will: though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter: for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him; unleſs ſome one among us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, ſir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linſey-wolſey haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

1 *Lord.* He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i'the adverſary's entertainment.[6] Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we ſpeak one to another; ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe:[7] chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

6 That is, *foreign troops in the enemy's pay.* JOHNSON.

7 I think the meaning is,—Our ſeeming to know what we ſpeak one to another, is *to make him* to know our purpoſe immediately; to diſcover our deſign to him. *To know*, in the laſt inſtance, ſignifies *to make known.* Sir Thomas Hanmer very plauſibly reads—to *ſhow* ſtraight our purpoſe. MALONE.

The ſenſe of this paſſage with the context I take to be this,—We muſt each fancy a jargon for himſelf, without aiming to be underſtood by one another, for provided we appear to underſtand, that will be ſufficient for the ſucceſs of our project. HENLEY.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay I have done? It muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it: They begin to ſmoke me; and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy: but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay, I got them in exploit: Yet ſlight ones will not carry it: They will ſay, Came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the inſtance?[8] Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule,[9] if you prattle me into theſe perils.

1 *Lord.* Is it poſſible, he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aſide.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn; or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard: and to ſay, it was in ſtratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par.

[8] ——*the* inſtance?] The *proof.* JOHNSON.

[9] Dr. Warburton would read—*mute.* MALONE.

As a *mule* is as dumb by nature, as the mute is by art, the reading may ſtand. In one of our old Turkiſh hiſtories, there is a pompous deſcription of Bajazet riding on a *mule* to the Divan. STEEVENS.

Perhaps there may be here a reference to the following apologue mentioned by Maitland, in one of his deſpatches to Secretary Cecil: "I think yow have hard the apologue off the Philoſopher who for th' emperor's pleſure tooke upon him to make a *Moyle* ſpeak: In many yeares the lyke may yet be, eyther that the *Moyle*, the Philoſopher, or Eamperor may dye before the time be fully ronne out." *Haynes's Collection*, 369. Parolles probably means, he muſt buy a tongue which has ſtill to learn the uſe of ſpeech, that he may run himſelf into no more difficulties by his loquacity. REED.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and ſay, I was ſtripp'd.

1 *Lord.* Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore I leap'd from the window of the citadel ——

1 *Lord.* How deep? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would ſwear, I recover'd it.

1 *Lord.* You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*

1 Lord. *Throca movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All *Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ranſom, ranſom:—Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

1 Sold. *Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.*

Par. I know you are the Muſkos' regiment.
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeak to me,
I will diſcover that which ſhall undo
The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boſkos vauvado:* ——
I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue:——
Kerelybonto:——Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards
Are at thy boſom.

Par. Oh!

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.——
Manka revania dulche.

1 Lord. *Oſcorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to ſpare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. O, let me live
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhow,
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*——

Come on, thou art granted ſpace.

[*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rouſillon and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourſelves;—
Inform 'em that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, ſir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and ſafely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *Houſe.*

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddeſs;
And worth it, with addition! But fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;[2]
And now you ſhould be as your mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.

Dia. She then was honeſt.

Ber. So ſhould you be.

Dia.

[2] Our author had here probably in his thoughts ſome of the *ſtern* monumental figures with which many churches in England were furniſhed by the rude ſculptors of his own time. MALONE.

I believe, the epithet *ſtern*, refers only to the ſeverity often impreſſed by death on features which, in their animated ſtate, were of a placid turn. STEEVENS.

Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; ſuch, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more of that!
I pr'ythee do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her;[3] but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.
Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.
Ber. How have I ſworn?
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we ſwear not by,[4]
But take the Higheſt to witneſs: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes,[5]
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him:[6] Therefore, your oaths
Are

[3] *Againſt his vows*, I believe, means—*againſt his determined reſolution never to cohabit with Helena*; and this *vow*, or *reſolution*, he had very ſtrongly expreſſed in his letter to the counteſs. STEEVENS.

[4] The ſenſe is,—We never ſwear by what is not holy, but ſwear by, or take to witneſs, the Higheſt, the Divinity. The tenor of the reaſoning contained in the following lines perfectly correſponds with this: If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes, that I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit with you in order to ſeduce you to your ruin? No, ſurely; but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of courſe. For that oath can certainly have no tie upon us, which we ſwear by him we profeſs to love and honour, when at the ſame time we give the ſtrongeſt proof of our diſbelief in him, by purſuing a courſe which we know will offend and diſhonour him. HEATH.

[5] In the print of the old folio, it is doubtful whether it be *Jove's* or *Love's*, the characters being not diſtinguiſhable. If it is read *Love's*, perhaps it may be ſomething leſs difficult. I am ſtill at a loſs. JOHNSON.

[6] This paſſage likewiſe appears to me corrupt. She ſwears not *by* him whom ſhe *loves*, but by Jupiter. I believe we may read—*To ſwear* to

him

Are words, and poor conditions; but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not ſo holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Who then recover: ſay, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſever.
Dia. I ſee, that men make hopes in ſuch affairs,
That we'll forſake ourſelves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to loſe.
Dia. Mine honour's ſuch a ring:
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'the world
In me to loſe: Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.
Ber. Here, take my ring:
Mine houſe, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong; and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd:

And

him, There is, ſays ſhe, no *holding*, no conſiſtency, in ſwearing to one that *I love him*, when I ſwear it only to *injure* him. JOHNSON.

This appears to me a very probable conjecture. Mr. Heath's explanation, which refers the words—"whom I proteſt to love"—to *Jove*, can hardly be right. Let the reader judge. MALONE.

And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.

[*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may ſo in the end. ——
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſat in his heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are ſo braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:[7]
Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him, that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Florentine *Camp.*

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter.

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince: there is ſomething in't that ſtings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almoſt into another man.

1 *Lord.*[8] He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

2 *Lord.*

[7] *Braid* ſignifies *crafty* or *deceitful.* STEEVENS.

[8] The latter editors have with great liberality beſtowed lordſhip upon theſe interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called, with more propriety, *capt.* E. and *capt.* G. It is true that *captain* E. in a former ſcene is called *lord* E. but the ſubordination in which they ſeem to act, and the timorous manner in which they converſe, determines them to be only captains. Yet as the latter readers of Shakſpeare have been uſed to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin. JOHNSON.

Theſe two perſonages may be ſuppoſed to be two young French Lords ſerving in the Florentine camp, where they now appear in their military

2 *Lord.* Eſpecially he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourſelves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends;[9] ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.[2]

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We ſhall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company[3] anatomiz'd; that he might take a meaſure of

capacity. In the firſt ſcene where the two French Lords are introduced, taking leave of the king, they are called in the original edition, Lord E. and Lord G.

G. and E. were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed theſe characters. In the liſt of actors prefixed to the firſt folio, I find the names of Gilburne and Eccleſtone, to whom theſe inſignificant parts probably fell. Perhaps, however, theſe performers firſt repreſented the French lords, and afterwards two captains in the Florentine army; and hence the confuſion of the old copy. In the firſt ſcene of this act, one of theſe captains is called throughout, 1. *Lord E.* The matter is of no great importance. MALONE.

9 This may mean—they are perpetually talking about the miſchief they intend to do, till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it. STEEVENS.

2 That is, *betrays his own ſecrets in his own talk.* The reply ſhows that this is the meaning. JOHNSON.

3 i. e. his *companion.* MALONE.

of his own judgements,[4] wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.[5]

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time what hear you of theſe wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rouſillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, ſir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, ſome two months ſince, fled from his houſe; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd: and, there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters: which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death: her death itſelf, which could not be her office to ſay, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, ſometimes, we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, ſome other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here

[4] This is a very juſt and moral reaſon. Bertram, by finding how erroneouſly he has judged, will be leſs confident, and more eaſily moved by admonition. JOHNSON.

[5] Parolles is the perſon whom they are going to anatomize. *Counterfeit*, beſides its ordinary ſignification,—[a perſon pretending to be what he is not,] ſignified alſo in our author's time a falſe coin, and a picture. The word *ſet* ſhows that it is here uſed in the firſt and laſt of theſe ſenſes.

here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your maſter?

Ser. He met the duke in the ſtreet, ſir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave; his lordſhip will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendation to the king.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the king's tartneſs. Here's his lordſhip now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night deſpatched ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of deſpatch, effected many nicer needs; the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier?——Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; [6] he has deceived me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.*

[6] *Module* being the *pattern* of any thing, may be here uſed in that ſenſe. Bring forth this fellow, who by *counterfeit* virtue pretended to make himſelf a *pattern*. JOHNSON.

It appears from Minſheu that *module* and *model* were ſynonymous. MALONE.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has ſat in the ſtocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerved it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long.[7] How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordſhip already; the ſtocks carry him. But, to anſwer you as you would be underſtood; he weeps, like a wench that had ſhed her milk: he hath confeſs'd himſelf to Morgan, whom he ſuppoſes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting in the ſtocks: And what think you he hath confeſſed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face: if your lordſhip be in't, as, I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

[8]*Re-enter Soldiers, with* PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartaroſſa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures; What will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if you pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

1 Sold. *Boſko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. *Firſt demand of him how many horſe the duke is ſtrong.* What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand; but very weak and unſerviceable: the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the commanders very poor

[7] The puniſhment of a *recreant*, or coward, was to have his ſpurs hacked off. MALONE.

I believe theſe words allude only to the ceremonial degradation of a *knight*. I am yet to learn, that the ſame mode was practiſed in diſgracing daſtards of inferior rank. STEEVENS.

[8] See an account of the examination of one of Henry the Eighth's captains, who had gone over to the enemy (which may poſſibly have ſuggeſted this of Parolles) in *The Life of Iacke Wilton*, 1594. ſig. C, iii. RITSON.

poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do; I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him.[9] What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monſieur Parolles, the gallant militariſt, (that was his own phraſe,) that had the whole theorick[2] of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again, for keeping his ſword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe, I ſaid,—I will ſay true,—or thereabouts, ſet down,—for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't,[3] in the nature he delivers it.[4]

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, ſir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. *Demand of him, of what ſtrength they are a-foot.* What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, ſir, if I were to live this preſent hour,[5] I will

[9] In the old copy theſe words are given by miſtake to Parolles. The preſent regulation, which is clearly right, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

It will be better to give theſe words to one of the Dumains, than to Bertram. RITSON.

[2] i. e. *theory.* MALONE.

In 1597 was publiſhed "*Theorique* and Practiſe of Warre, &c. Tranſlated by Sir Edward Hoby, Knight." 4to. REED.

[3] To *con thanks* exactly anſwers the French *ſcavoir gré.* To *con* is to know. STEEVENS.

[4] He has ſaid truly that our numbers are about five or ſix thouſand; but having deſcribed them as "weak and unſerviceable," &c. I am not much obliged to him. MALONE.

Rather, perhaps, becauſe his narrative, however near the truth, was uttered for a treacherous purpoſe. STEEVENS.

[5] I do not underſtand this paſſage. Perhaps (as an anonymous correſpondent

I will tell true. Let me ſee: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebaſtian ſo many, Corambus ſo many, Jaques ſo many; Guiltian, Coſmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thouſand poll; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks,[6] leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions,[7] and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's ſet down. *You ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not poſſible, with well-weighing ſums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.* What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the intergatories:[8] Demand them ſingly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the ſheriff's fool[9] with

reſpondent obſerves) we ſhould read:—if I were to live *but* this preſent hour. STEEVENS.

Perhaps he meant to ſay—if I were to *die* this preſent hour. But fear may be ſuppoſed to occaſion the miſtake, as poor frighted Scrub cries, "Spare all I have, and take my *life*." TOLLET.

[6] *Caſſock* ſignifies a horſeman's looſe coat, and is uſed in that ſenſe by the writers of the age of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. my diſpoſition and character. MALONE.

[8] i. e. *interrogatories*. REED.

[9] We are not to ſuppoſe that this was a *fool* kept by the *ſheriff* for his diverſion. The cuſtody of all *ideots*, &c. poſſeſſed of landed property, belonged to the King, who was intitled to the income of their lands, but obliged to find them with neceſſaries. This prerogative, when there was a large eſtate in the caſe, was generally granted to ſome court-favourite, or other perſon who made ſuit for and had intereſt enough to obtain it, which was called *begging a fool*. But where the land was of inconſiderable value, the *natural* was maintained out of the profits, by the *ſheriff*, who accounted for them to the crown. As for thoſe unhappy creatures who had neither poſſeſſions nor relations, they ſeem to have been conſidered as a ſpecies of property, being ſold or given with as little ceremony, treated as capriciouſly, and very often, it is to be feared, left to periſh as miſerably, as dogs or cats. RITSON.

with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.[2]

[DUMAIN *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.[3]

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship[4] anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold,*[5]—

Par.

[2] *Innocent* does not here signify a person without guilt or blame; but means, in the good-natured language of our ancestors, an *ideot* or *natural* fool. Agreeably to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish register of Charlewood in Surrey:—"Thomas Sole, an *innocent* about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19th September, 1605." WHALLEY.

Mr Douce observes to me, that the term—*innocent*, was originally French. STEEVENS.

[3] In Lucian's *Contemplantes*, Mercury makes Charon remark a man that was killed by the falling of a tile upon his head, whilst he was in the act of putting off an engagement to the next day:—ᾗ μεταξὺ λέγοντος, ἀπὸ τοῦ τέγους κεραμὶς ἐπιπεσοῦσα, οὐκ οἶδ' ὅτου κινήσαντος, ἀπέκτεινεν αὐτόν. See the life of Pyrrhus in Plutarch. Pyrrhus was killed by a tile. S. W.

[4] The old copy has *Lord*. In the Mss. of our author's age they scarcely ever wrote *Lordship* at full length. MALONE.

[5] Dian. *The count's a fool, and full of gold.*] After this line there is apparently a line lost, there being no rhyme that corresponds to *gold*.

JOHNSON.

I believe this line is incomplete. The poet might have written: Dian.

The count's a fool, and full of golden store—or *ore*;

and this addition rhymes with the following alternate verses.

STEEVENS.

may

Par. This is not the duke's letter, ſir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rouſſillon, a fooliſh idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttiſh: I pray you, ſir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both ſides rogue!

1 Sold. *When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it,*
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;[6]
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;

And

May we not ſuppoſe the former part of the letter to have been proſe, as the concluding words are? The ſonnet intervenes. The feigned letter from Olivia to Malvolio, is partly proſe, partly verſe. MALONE.

[6] This line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very ſlight alteration: *Half won is match well made*; watch, *and well make it.* That is, *a match well made is half won*; *watch, and make it well.*

This is, in my opinion, not all the error. The lines are miſplaced, and ſhould be read thus:

Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it;
When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,
And ſay———

That is, take his money, and leave him to himſelf. When the players had loſt the ſecond line, they tried to make a connection out of the reſt. Part is apparently in couplets, and the whole was probably uniform. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we ſhould read:

Half won is match well made, match an' we'll *make it.*

i. e. if we mean to make any match of it at all. STEEVENS.

There is no need of change. The meaning is, "A match well made, is half won; make your match therefore, but make it well." M. MASON.

The verſes having been deſigned by Parolles as a caution to Diana, after informing her that Bertram is both *rich* and *faithleſs*, he admoniſhes her not to yield up her virtue to his *oaths*, but his *gold*; and having enforced this advice by an adage, recommends her to comply with his importunity, provided half the ſum for which ſhe ſhall ſtipulate be previouſly paid her:—*Half won is match well made; match, and well make it.* HENLEY.

Gain

And ſay, a ſoldier, Dian, *told thee this,*
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiſs:[7]
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He ſhall be whipp'd through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, ſir, the manifold linguiſt, and the armipotent ſoldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, ſir, by the general's looks, we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, ſir, in any caſe: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, ſir, in a dungeon, i'the ſtocks, or any where, ſo I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have anſwer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, ſir, an egg out of a cloiſter;[8] for rapes

Gain half of what he offers, and you are well off; if you yield to him, make your bargain ſecure. MALONE.

[7] The meaning of the word *mell*, from *meler*, French, is obvious. STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald and the ſubſequent editors read—*boys are* but *to kiſs*. I do not ſee any need of change, nor do I believe that any oppoſition was intended between the words *mell* and *kiſs*. Parolles wiſhes to recommend himſelf to Diana, and for that purpoſe adviſes her to grant her favours to *men*, and not to *boys*.

To *mell* is uſed by our author's contemporaries in the ſenſe of *meddling*, without the indecent idea which Mr. Theobald ſuppoſed to be couched under the word in this place. MALONE.

[8] I know not that *cloiſter*, though it may etymologically ſignify *any thing ſhut*, is uſed by our author otherwiſe than for a *monaſtery*, and therefore I cannot gueſs whence this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps it means only this: *He will ſteal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* JOHNSON

Robbing the ſpital, is a common phraſe, of the like import. M. MASON.

sapes and raviſhments he parallels Neſſus. He profeſſes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them; he is ſtronger than Hercules. He will lie, ſir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue; for he will be ſwine-drunk; and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, ſir, of his honeſty: he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. Faith, ſir, he has led the drum before the Engliſh tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not: except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end,[9] to inſtruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat ſtill.[2]

1 *Sold.*

[9] See *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. ſc. ii. MALONE.

[2] That is, throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs. JOHNSON.

Bertram has no ſuch meaning. In a ſpeech or two before, he declares his averſion to a cat, and now only continues in the ſame opinion, and ſays he hates Parolles as much as he hates a *cat*. The other exp'anation will not do, as Parolles could not be meant by the *cat*, which always lights on its legs, for Parolles is now in a fair way to be totally diſconcerted. STEEVENS.

I am ſtill of my former opinion. The ſpeech was applied by King James to Coke, with reſpect to his ſubtilties of law, that throw him which way we would, he could ſtill, like a cat, light upon his legs. JOHNSON.

The count had ſaid, that formerly a cat was the only thing in the world which he could not endure; but that now Parolles was as much the object of his averſion as that animal. After Parolles has gone through his next liſt of falſehoods, the count adds, "he's more and more a cat,"—ſtill more and more the object of my averſion than he was. As Parolles proceeds ſtill further, one of the Frenchmen obſerves, that the ſingularity of his impudence and villainy redeems his character.——Not at all, re-

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not aſk you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* [3] he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* What does he aſk him of me? [4]

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horſe, count Rouſillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whiſper with the general, and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition [5] of that laſcivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken? [*Aſide.*

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, ſir, but you muſt die: the general ſays, you, that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, ſir; let me live, or let me ſee my death!

1 *Sold.* That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*

So

plies the count; "he's a cat ſtill;" he is as hateful to me as ever. There cannot therefore, I think, be any doubt that Dr. Johnſon's interpretation, "throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs,"—is founded on a miſapprehenſion. MALONE.

3 The fourth part of the ſmaller French crown; about eight-pence of our money. MALONE.

4 This is nature. Every man is on ſuch occaſions more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. JOHNSON.

5 That is, *to deceive the opinion*, to make the count think me a man that *deſerves well*. JOHNSON.

So, look about you, ; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the ſonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouſillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM, Lords, *&c.*

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your ſcarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, ſir; I am for France too; we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this: Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As captain ſhall: ſimply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, Parolles, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means, for every man alive.
I'll after them, [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *Houſe.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the chriſtian world
Shall be my ſurety; 'fore whoſe throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel;
Time was, I did him a deſired office,

Dear almoſt as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty tartar's boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marſeilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead: the army breaking,
My huſband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a ſervant, to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love; doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive[6]
And helper to a huſband. But O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When ſaucy truſting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night![7] ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:——You, Diana,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honeſty[8]
Go with your impoſitions,[9] I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,——
But with the word, the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,

And

[6] *Motive* for aſſiſtant. WARBURTON.
Rather for *mover*. MALONE.

[7] *Saucy* may very properly ſignify *luxurious*, and by conſequence *laſcivious*. JOHNSON.

[8] i. e. an honeſt death. So in another of our author's plays, we have "death and honour" for *honourable death*. STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. your commands. MALONE.
An *impoſition* is a taſk impoſed. The term is ſtill current in Univerſities. STEEVENS.

And be as ſweet as ſharp.[2] We muſt away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:[3]
All's well that ends well: ſtill the fine's[4] the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Counteſs, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your ſon was miſled with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there; whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all

[2] *With the word*, i. e. in an inſtant of time. WARBURTON.

The meaning of this obſervation is, that as *briars* have *ſweetneſs* with their *prickles*, ſo ſhall theſe *troubles* be recompenſed with *joy*. JOHNSON.

I would read:

Yet I 'fray you
But with the word: the time will bring, &c.

And then the ſenſe will be, "I only frighten you by mentioning the word *ſuffer*; for a ſhort time will bring on the ſeaſon of happineſs and delight." BLACKSTONE.

As the beginning of Helen's reply is evidently a deſigned apoſiopeſis, a break out to follow it, thus:

Hel. *Yet, I pray you:*——

The ſenſe appears to be this:—Do not think that I would engage you in any ſervice that ſhould expoſe you to ſuch an alternative, or indeed, to any laſting inconvenience; *But with the word*, i. e. But on the contrary, you ſhall no ſooner have delivered what you will have to teſtify on my account, than the irkſomeneſs of the ſervice will be over, and every pleaſant circumſtance to reſult from it, will inſtantaneouſly appear. HENLEY.

[3] The word *revives* conveys ſo little ſenſe, that it ſeems very liable to ſuſpicion.

——— *and time* revyes us:

i. e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to haſten. WARBURTON.

The preſent reading is corrupt, and I am afraid the emendation none of the ſoundeſt. I never remember to have ſeen the word *revye*. One may as well leave blunders as make them. Why may we not read for a ſhift, without much effort, *the time* invites *us*? JOHNSON.

To *vye* and *revye* were terms at ſeveral ancient games at cards, but particularly at *Gleek*. STEEVENS.

Time *revives* us, ſeems to refer to the happy and ſpeedy termination of their embarraſſments. She had juſt before ſaid:

"With the word, the time will bring on ſummer."

HENLEY.

[4] —— *the* fine's—] i. e. the end. MALONE.

the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:[5] your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him![6] it was the death of the moſt virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praiſe for creating: if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf.

[5] Parolles is repreſented as an affected follower of the faſhion, and an encourager of his maſter to run into all the follies of it; where he ſays, "Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble lords—they wear themſelves in the cap of time—and though the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed." Here ſome particularities of faſhionable dreſs are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous ſaffron* is more obſcure. This alludes to a fantaſtic faſhion, then much followed, of uſing *yellow ſtarch* for their bands and ruffs. So, Fletcher, in his *Queen of Corinth*:

"——— Has he familiarly
"Diſlik'd your yellow ſtarch; or ſaid your doublet
"Was not exactly frenchified?——"

And Jonſon's *Devil's an aſs*:

"Carmen and chimney-ſweepers are got into the *yellow ſtarch*."

This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court-bawd; and, in all reſpects, of ſo infamous a character, that her invention deſerved the name of *villainous ſaffron*. This woman was, afterwards, amongſt the miſcreants, concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which ſhe was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: which made yellow ſtarch ſo odious, that it immediately went out of faſhion. 'Tis this, then, to which Shakſpeare alludes; but uſing the word *ſaffron* for *yellow*, a new idea preſented itſelf, and he purſues his thought under a quite different alluſion—*Whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youths of a nation in his colour*, i. e. of his temper and diſpoſition. Here the general cuſtom of that time, of colouring *paſte* with ſaffron, is alluded to. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"I muſt have *ſaffron* to colour the warden pyes."

WARBURTON.

This play was probably written ſeveral years before the death of Sir Thomas Overbury.——The plain meaning of the paſſage ſeems to be:—"Whoſe evil qualities are of ſo deep a dye, as to be ſufficient to corrupt the moſt innocent, and to render them of the ſame diſpoſition with himſelf." MALONE.

It may be added, that in the year 1446, a parliament was held at Trim in Ireland, by which the natives were directed, among other things, not to wear ſhirts ſtained with *ſaffron*. STEEVENS.

[6] This dialogue ſerves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play. JOHNSON.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thouſand ſallads, ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, ſir, ſhe was the ſweet-marjoram of the ſallad, or, rather the herb of grace.[7]

Laf. They are not the ſallad herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, ſir, I have not much ſkill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf; a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, ſir, at a woman's ſervice, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, ſir, to do her ſervice.[8]

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why ſir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

[7] ——— *herb of grace.*] i. e. rue. So, in *Hamlet*: "there's *rue* for you—we may call it *herb of grace* o' Sundays." STEEVENS.

[8] Part of the furniture of a *fool* was a *bauble*, which, though it be generally taken to ſignify any thing of ſmall value, has a preciſe and determinable meaning. It is, in ſhort, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the *fool* anciently carried in his hand. There is a repreſentation of it in a picture of Watteau, formerly in the collection of Dr. Mead, which is engraved by Baron, and called *Comediens Italiens*. A faint reſemblance of it may be found in the frontiſpiece of L. de Guernier to *King Lear*, in Mr. Pope's edition in duodecimo. SIR J. HAWKINS.

The word *bauble* is here uſed in two ſenſes. M. MASON.

When Cromwell, 1653, forcibly turned out the rump-parliament, he bid the ſoldiers "take away that *fool's bauble*," pointing to the ſpeaker's mace. BLACKSTONE.

Clo. Faith, ſir, he has an Engliſh name;[9] but his phiſnomy is more hotter in France, than there.[2]

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, ſir, *alias*, the prince of darkneſs; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe: I give thee not this to ſuggeſt thee from thy maſter thou talk'ſt of; ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, ſir, that always loved a great fire;[3] and the maſter I ſpeak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, ſure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.[4]

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, ſir, they ſhall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.[5]

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſaucineſs; and, indeed, he has no pace,[6] but runs where he will.

Laf.

9 *Maine*, or *head of hair*, agrees better with the context than *name*. *His* hair was *thick*. HENLEY.

2 This is intollerable nonſenſe. The ſtupid editors, becauſe the devil was talked of, thought no quality would ſuit him but *hotter*. We ſhould read, more *honour'd*. A joke upon the French people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more eſtimation than the Engliſh do, who are generally white and fair. WARBURTON.

The alluſion is, in all probability, to the *Morbus Gallicus*. STEEVENS.

3 Shakſpeare is but rarely guilty of ſuch impious traſh. And it is obſervable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteriſtic of the *fine gentleman*. WARBURTON.

4 The ſame impious ſtuff occurs again in *Macbeth*: "—the *primroſe way* to the *everlaſting bonfire*." STEEVENS.

5 i. e. *miſchievouſly waggiſh*, *unlucky*. JOHNSON.

6 Should not we read—no *place*, that is, no *ſtation*, or *office* in the family? TYRWHITT.

A *pace*

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiſs: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your ſon was upon his return home, I moved the king my maſter, to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe: his highneſs hath promiſed me to do it: and, to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceived againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His highneſs comes poſt from Marſeilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to-night: I ſhall beſeech your lordſhip, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a ſcar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour: ſo, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd[1] face.

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

A *pace* is a certain or preſcribed walk; ſo we ſay of a man meanly obſequious, that he has learned his *paces*, and of a horſe who moves irregularly, that he has *no paces*. JOHNSON.

[1] i. e. ſcotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron. STEEVENS.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Marſeilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding poſting, day and night,
Muſt wear your ſpirits low: we cannot help it;
But, ſince you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,——

Enter a gentle Aſtringer.[8]

This man may help me to his majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power.—God ſave you, ſir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of France.
Gent. I have been ſometimes there.
Hel. I do preſume ſir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.

Gent.

[8] Perhaps *a gentle ſtranger*, i. e. a ſtranger of gentle condition, a gentleman. The error of this conjecture, (which I have learned, ſince our firſt edition made its appearance, from an old book of Falconry, 1633,) ſhould teach diffidence to thoſe who conceive the words which they do not underſtand, to be corruptions. An *oſtringer* or *aſtringer* is a falconer, and ſuch a character was probable to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diverſion. A *gentle aſtringer* is a *gentleman falconer*. The word is derived from *oſtercus* or *auſtercus*, a goſhawk. I learn from Blount's *Antient Tenures*, that a "goſs-hawk is in our records termed by the ſeveral names *Oſtercum*, *Hoſtricum*, *Eſtricum*, *Aſturcum*, and *Auſturcum*," and all from the French *Auſtour*. STEEVENS.

Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.
Gent. The king's not here.
Hel. Not here, ſir?
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.
Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!
Hel. All's well that ends well, yet;
Though times ſeems ſo adverſe, and means unfit.—
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rouſillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beſeech you, ſir,
Since you are like to ſee the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.[9]
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
Whate'er fall more.—We muſt to horſe again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rouſillon. *The inner Court of the* Counteſs's *Palace.*

Enter Clown *and* PAROLLES.

Par. Good monſieur Lavatch,[2] give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, ſir, been better known to you, when I

[9] Shakſpeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, ſometimes ſo as to obſcure his meaning. Helena ſays, *they will follow with ſuch ſpeed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.* JOHNSON.

[2] This is an undoubted and perhaps irremediable corruption of ſome French word. STEEVENS.

have held familiarity with freſher clothes; but I am now, ſir, muddied in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.[3]

Clo. Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmells ſo ſtrong as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.[4]

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, ſir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo.

[3] In former editions:—*but I am now, ſir, muddied in fortune's* mood, *and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.* I believe the poet wrote—*in fortune's* moat; becauſe the Clown in the very next ſpeech replies—"I will henceforth eat no *fiſh* of fortune's buttering;" and again, when he comes to repeat Parolles's petition to Lafeu, "That hath fallen into the unclean *fiſhpond* of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is *muddied* withal." And again—"Pray you, ſir, uſe the *carp* as you may," &c. In all which places, it is obvious a moat or a pond is the alluſion. Beſides, Parolles ſmelling ſtrong, as he ſays, of fortune's ſtrong diſpleaſure, carries on the ſame image; for as the *moats* round old ſeats were always repleniſhed with fiſh, ſo the Clown's joke of holding his noſe, we may preſume, proceeded from this, that the privy was always over the moat; and therefore the Clown humourouſly ſays, when Parolles is preſſing him to deliver his letter to Lord Lafeu, "Foh! pr'ythee ſtand away; a paper from fortune's *cloſeſtool*, to give to a nobleman!" WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's correction may be ſupported by a paſſage in *The Alcheniſt*:

"*Subtle.*——Come along, ſir,
"I muſt now ſhew you *Fortune's priwy lodgings.*
"*Face.* Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?
"*Sub.* All.
"Only the fumigation ſomewhat ſtrong." FARMER.

By the whimſical *caprice* of Fortune, I am fallen into the mud, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her diſpleaſure.

Mood is again uſed for *reſentment* or *caprice*, in *Othello*; and again, for *anger*, in the old *Taming of a Shrew*.

Dr. Warburton in his edition changed *mood* into *moat*, and his emendation was adopted, I think, without neceſſity, by the ſubſequent editors. All the expreſſions enumerated by him,—"I will eat no *fiſh*,"—"he hath fallen into the unclean *fiſhpond* of her diſpleaſure," &c.—agree ſufficiently well with the text, without any change. Parolles having talked metaphorically of being *muddy'd* by the diſpleaſure of fortune, the clown to render him ridiculous, ſuppoſes him to have actually fallen into a *fiſhpond*. MALONE.

Though Mr. Malone defends the old reading, I have retained Dr. Warburton's emendation, which, in my opinion, is one of the luckieſt ever produced. STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. ſtand to the leeward of me. STEEVENS.

Clo. Indeed, ſir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe; or againſt any man's metaphor.[5] Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, ſir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, ſtand away; A paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, ſir, or of fortune's cat,[6] (but not a muſk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fiſhpond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal: Pray you, ſir, uſe the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor decay'd, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſmiles of comfort,[7] and leave him to your lordſhip.

[*Exit* Clown.

Par.

[5] Nothing could be conceived with greater humour or juſtneſs of ſatire, than this ſpeech. The uſe of the *ſtinking metaphor* is an odious fault, which grave writers often commit. It is not uncommon to ſee moral declaimers againſt vice, deſcribe her as Heſiod did the fury Triſtitia:

Τὴς ἐκ ῥίνων μύξαι ῥέον.

Upon which Longinus juſtly obſerves, that, inſtead of giving a *terrible* image, he has given a very naſty one. Cicero cautions well againſt it, in his book *de Orat.* "*Quoniam hæc*, ſays he, *vel ſumma laus eſt in verbis transferendis ut ſenſum feriat id, quod tranſlatum ſit, fugienda eſt omnis turpitudo earum rerum, ad quas eorum animos qui audiunt trahet ſimilitudo. Nolo morte diſi Africani* caſtratam *eſſe rempublicam. Nolo* ſtureus *curiæ dici Glauciam.* Our poet himſelf is extremely delicate in this reſpect; who, throughout his large writings, if you except a paſſage in *Hamlet*, has ſcarce a metaphor that can offend the moſt ſqueamiſh reader.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's recollection muſt have been weak, or his zeal for his author extravagant. Otherwiſe, he could not have ventured to countenance him on the ſcore of delicacy; his offenſive metaphors and alluſions being undoubtedly more frequent than thoſe of all his dramatick predeceſſors or contemporaries. STEEVENS.

[6] We ſhould read—*or fortune's cat*; and indeed I believe there is an error in the former part of the ſentence, and that we ought to read—*Here is a* puſs *of fortune's*, inſtead of *pur*. M. MASON.

[7] We ſhould read,—*ſimilies* of comfort, ſuch as the calling him *fortune's cat, carp*, &c. WARBURTON.

The meaning is, I teſtify my pity for his diſtreſs, by encouraging him with a gracious ſmile. The old reading may ſtand. HEATH.

Dr. Warburton's propoſed emendation may be countenanced by an entry

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't; ſave your word.[8]

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.[9]—Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, in ſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets ſound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you laſt night: though you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat;[2] go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

try on the books of the Stationers' Company, 1595: "—A booke of verie pythie *ſimilies, comfortable* and profitable for all men to reade."

STEEVENS.

[8] i. e. you need not aſk;—here it is. MALONE.

[9] A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which in French is plural, and ſignifies *words*. *One*, which is not found in the old copy, was added, perhaps unneceſſarily, by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

[2] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falſtaff, and ſeems to be the character which Shakſpeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though juſtice required that he ſhould be detected and expoſed, yet his *vices ſit ſo fit in him* that he is not at laſt ſuffered to ſtarve.

JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in the Counteſs's *Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Counteſs, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, *Guards, &c.*

King. We loſt a jewel of her; and our eſteem[3]
Was made much poorer by it: but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.[4]

Count. 'Tis paſt, my liege:
And I beſeech your majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'the blaze of youth;[5]
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,——
But firſt I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majeſty, his mother, and his lady,

Offence

[3] Dr. Warburton, in Theobald's edition, altered this word to *eſtate*; in his own he lets it ſtand and explains it by *worth* or *eſtate*. But *eſteem* is here *reckoning* or *eſtimate*. Since the loſs of *Helen* with her *virtues* and *qualifications*, our *account* is *ſunk*; what we have to *reckon* ourſelves king of, is much *poorer* than before. JOHNSON.

Meaning that his eſteem was leſſened in its value by Bertram's miſconduct; ſince a perſon who was honoured with it could be ſo ill treated as Helena had been, and that with impunity. Johnſon's explanation is very unnatural. M. MASON.

[4] That is, *completely, in its full extent*. JOHNSON.

[5] The old copy reads—*blade*. STEEVENS.

"*Blade* of youth" is the *ſpring* of *early life*, when the man is yet *green*. *Oil* and *fire* ſuit but ill with *blade*, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads, *blaze* of youth. JOHNSON.

This very probable emendation was firſt propoſed by Mr. Theobald, who has produced two paſſages in ſupport of it. MALONE.

In *Hamlet* we have alſo "*flaming youth*," and in the preſent comedy "the quick *fire* of youth." I read, therefore, without heſitation,—*blaze*. STEEVENS.

Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all: he loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes;[6] whoſe words all ears took captive;
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear.——Well, call him hither,——
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition:[7]—Let him not aſk our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incenſing relicks of it: let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall, my liege.

[*Exit* Gentleman.

King. What ſays he to your daughter? have you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highneſs.

King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent me,
That ſet him in high fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of ſeaſon,[8]
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail

In

[6] Shakſpeare means that her beauty had aſtoniſhed thoſe, who, having ſeen the greateſt number of fair women, might be ſaid to be the *richeſt* in ideas of beauty. STEEVENS.

[7] Shakſpeare is now haſtening to the end of the play, finds his matter ſufficient to fill up his remaining ſcenes, and therefore, as on other ſuch occaſions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and diſobedience, joined likewiſe with ſome hypocriſy, ſhould raiſe more reſentment; and that though his mother might eaſily forgive him, his king ſhould more pertinaciouſly vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit. Of all this Shakſpeare could not be ignorant, but Shakſpeare wanted to conclude his play. JOHNSON.

[8] That is, of *uninterrupted rain*: one of thoſe *wet days* that uſually happen about the vernal equinox. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

In me at once: But to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high-repented blames,[9]
Dear ſovereign pardon to me.
King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the conſumed time.
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
The inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them:[2] You remember
The daughter of this lord?
Ber. Admiringly;
My liege: At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a moſt hideous object: Thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.
King. Well excus'd:
That thou did'ſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender turns a ſour offence,
Crying,

" But I alone, alone muſt ſit and pine,
" *Seaſoning* the earth with ſhowers."

The word is ſtill uſed in the ſame ſenſe in Virginia, in which government, and eſpecially on the eaſtern ſhore of it, where the deſcendants of the firſt ſettlers have been leſs mixed with later emigrants, many expreſſions of Shakſpeare's time are ſtill current. HENLEY.

9 *High-repented blames*, are faults repented of to the height, to the utmoſt. Shakſpeare has *high-fantaſtical* in *Twelfth Night*. STEEVENS.

2 This idea ſeems to have been caught from the third Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: " The ſummons of *Time* had ſo creepingly ſtolne upon him, that hee had heard ſcarcely the *noiſe of his feet*." STEEVENS.

Crying, That's good that's gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our diſpleaſures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and after weep their duſt:
Our own love waking cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.[3]
Be this ſweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main conſents are had; and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the firſt, O dear heaven, bleſs!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe![4]

Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name

Muſt

[3] Theſe two lines I ſhould be glad to call *an interpolation of a player*. They are ill connected with the former and not very clear or proper in themſelves. I believe the author made two couplets to the ſame purpoſe; wrote them both down that he might take his choice; and ſo they happened to be both preſerved.

For *ſleep* I think we ſhould read *ſlept*. *Love cries* to ſee what was done while hatred *ſlept*, and ſuffered miſchief to be done. Or the meaning may be, that *hatred* ſtill *continues* to *ſleep* at eaſe, while *love* is weeping; and ſo the preſent reading may ſtand. JOHNSON.

I cannot comprehend this paſſage as it ſtands, and have no doubt but we ſhould read—

Our old *love waking*, &c.
Extinctus amabitur idem.

Our own love, can mean nothing but our *ſelf-love*, which would not be ſenſe in this place; but *our old love waking*, means our former affection being revived. M. MASON.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable; but *waking* will not, I think, here admit of Mr. M. Maſon's interpretation, *being revived*; nor indeed is it neceſſary to his emendation. It is clear from the ſubſequent line that *waking* is here uſed in its ordinary ſenſe. Hate *ſleeps* at eaſe, unmoleſted by any remembrance of the dead while old love, reproaching itſelf for not having been ſufficiently kind to a departed friend, "*wakes* and weeps;" crying, "that's good that's gone." MALONE.

[4] I have ventured againſt the authorities of the printed copies, to prefix the Counteſs's name to theſe two lines. The king appears, indeed, to be a favourer of Bertram; but if Bertram ſhould make a bad huſband the ſecond time, why ſhould it give the king ſuch mortal pangs? A fond and diſappointed mother might reaſonably not deſire to live to ſee ſuch a day: and from her the wiſh of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with propriety. THEOBALD.

Muſt be digeſted, give a favour from you,
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that e'er I took her leave [5] at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it; for mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.—
This ring was mine: and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſitied to help, that [6] by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious ſovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have ſeen her wear it; and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am ſure, I ſaw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, ſhe never ſaw it:
In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me,[7]
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ingag'd:[8] but when I had ſubſcrib'd

To

[5] The laſt time that I ſaw her, when ſhe was leaving the court. Mr. Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read - *that e'er* ſhe *took*, &c. MALONE.

[6] Our author here, as in many other places, ſeems to have forgotten in the cloſe of the ſentence how he began to conſtruct it. The meaning however is clear, and I do not ſuſpect any corruption. MALONE.

[7] Bertram ſtill continues to have too little virtue to deſerve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *noble ſhe was, and thought*
I ſtood ingag'd:] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnſon reads—engaged. STEEVENS.

The plain meaning is, when ſhe ſaw me receive the ring, ſhe thought me *engaged* to her. JOHNSON.

Ingag'd, may be intended in the ſame ſenſe with the reading propoſed by

To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceas'd,
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,[9]
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers,[2] and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: ſhe call'd the ſaints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.

Ber. She never ſaw it.

King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out: If it ſhould prove

That

by Mr. Theobald, [*ungag'd*] i. e. *not engaged*; as Shakſpeare in another place uſes *gag'd* for *engaged*. *Merchant of Venice*, Act I. ſc. i. TYRWHITT.

I have no doubt that *ingaged* (the reading of the folio) is right.

Gaged is uſed by other writers, as well as by Shakſpeare, for *engaged*.

Ingaged, in the ſenſe of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the ſame formation as *inhabitable*, which is uſed by Shakſpeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. MALONE.

[9] Plutus, the grand alchemiſt, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon baſe metals, and the *matter* by which *gold* is *multiplied*, by which a ſmall quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large maſs of baſe metal.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth a law was made to forbid *all men henceforth to* multiply *gold, or uſe any craft of* multiplication. Of which law, Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of tranſmutation, procured a repeal. JOHNSON.

[2] i. e. confeſs the ring was hers, for you know it as well as you know that you are yourſelf. EDWARDS.

The true meaning of this expreſſion is, *If you know that* your faculties are ſo ſound, as *that you have the proper conſciouſneſs of your own actions*, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, *tell me*, &c. JOHNSON.

That thou art ſo inhuman,—'twill not prove ſo;—
And yet I know not:—thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards ſeize* BERTRAM.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.[3]—Away with him;—
We'll ſift this matter further.
Ber. If you ſhall prove
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſy
Prove that I huſbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in diſmal thinkings.
Gent. Gracious ſovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come ſhort
To tender it herſelf.[4] I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highneſs with herſelf.
King. [Reads.]—*Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the count Rouſillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for juſtice: Grant it me, O king;*

3 The *proofs which I have already had* are ſufficient to ſhow that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more eaſy than I ought, and have *unreaſonably* had *too little fear.* JOHNSON.

4 Who hath miſſed the opportunity of preſenting it in perſon to your majeſty, either at Marſeilles, or on the road from thence to Rouſillon, in conſequence of having been four or five removes behind you. MALONE.

Removes are *journies* or *poſt-ſtages.* JOHNSON.

O king; in you it beſt lies; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone. DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I'll none of him.[5]

King. The heavens have thought well on thee Lafeu,
To bring forth this diſcovery.—Seek theſe ſuitors:—
Go, ſpeedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt* Gentleman, *and ſome Attendants.*
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully ſnatch'd.

Count. Now, juſtice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, ſir, ſince wives are monſters to you,[6]
And that you fly them as you ſwear them lordſhip,
Yet you deſire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter

[5] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt omits—*him.* Either reading is capable of explanation.

The meaning of the earlieſt copy ſeems to be this: I'll buy me a new ſon-in-law, &c. and *toll* the bell for this; i. e. look upon him as a dead man.——The ſecond reading, as Dr. Percy ſuggeſts, may imply: I'll buy me a ſon-in-law as they buy a horſe in a fair; *toul* him, i. e. enter him on the *toul* or *toll*-book, to prove I came honeſtly by him, and aſcertain my title to him.

The previous mention of a *Fair*, ſeems to juſtify the reading I have adopted from the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

The paſſage ſhould be pointed thus:

I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll;
For this, I'll none of him.

That is, "I'll buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and pay toll; as for this, I will have none of him." M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is, "I will purchaſe a ſon-in-law at a fair, and get rid of this worthleſs fellow, by *tolling* him *out of it.*" To *toll* a perſon *out of a fair* was a phraſe of the time. MALONE.

[6] This paſſage is thus read in the firſt folio:

I wonder, ſir, ſir, wives are monſters to you,
And that you fly them, as you ſwear them lordſhip,
Yet you deſire to marry.———

Which may be corrected thus:

I wonder, ſir, ſince *wives are monſters,* &c.

The editors have made it—*wives are* ſo monſtrous *to you,* and in the next line—*ſwear to them,* inſtead of—*ſwear them lordſhip.* Though the latter phraſe be a little obſcure, it ſhould not have been turned out of the text

Re-enter Gentleman, *with* Widow, *and* DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Wid. I am her mother, ſir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe,[7] without your remedy.
King. Come hither, count; Do you know theſe women?
Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?
Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.
Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both, or none.
Laf. Your reputation, [*To* BERTRAM.] comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no huſband for her.
Ber. My lord, this is a fond and deſperate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!
Dia. Good my lord,
Aſk him upon his oath, if he does think

He

text without notice. I ſuppoſe *lordſhip* is put for that *protection* which the huſband in the marriage ceremony promiſes to the wife. TYRWHITT.

As, I believe, here ſignifies *as ſoon as*. MALONE.

I read with Mr. Tyrwhitt, whoſe emendation I have placed in the text. It may be obſerved, however, that the ſecond folio reads:

I wonder, ſir, wives are ſuch *monſters to you*——

STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. deceaſe, die. STEEVENS.

He had not my virginity.

King. What say'ſt thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whoſe high reſpect, and rich validity,[8]
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis it:[9]
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gem
Conferr'd by teſtament to the ſequent iſſue,
Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thouſands proofs.

King. Methought, you ſaid,[2]
You ſaw one here in court could witneſs it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I ſaw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,[3]
With all the ſpots o'the world tax'd and deboſh'd;
Whoſe nature ſickens, but to ſpeak a truth:[4]

Am

8 *Validity* means *value.*

"Of what *validity* and pitch ſoever." STEEVENS.

9 The old copy has—'tis *bit.* The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In many of our old chronicles I have found *bit* printed inſtead of *it.* Hence probably the miſtake here. Mr. Pope reads—and 'tis *his.* MALONE.

Or, *he bluſhes, and 'tis* fit. HENLEY.

2 The poet has here forgot himſelf. Diana has ſaid no ſuch thing. BLACKSTONE.

3 *Quoted* has the ſame ſenſe as *noted*, or *obſerved.* STEEVENS.

4 Here the modern editors read:

Which nature ſickens with: ——

a moſt licentious corruption of the old reading, in which the punctuation only wants to be corrected. We ſhould read, as here printed;

Whoſe *nature ſickens*, but *to ſpeak* a *truth*;

i. e. *only* to ſpeak a truth. TYRWHITT.

Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, ſhe has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint,
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy;[5] and, in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dian. I muſt be patient;
You, that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me.[6] I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

5. *Every thing that obſtructs love is an occaſion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her ſolicitation concurring with her faſhionable appearance,* ſhe got the ring.

I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word *modern*, which perhaps, ſignifies rather *meanly pretty*. JOHNSON.

I believe *modern* means *common*. The ſenſe will then be this—*Her ſolicitation concurring with her appearance of being common*, i. e. with the appearance of her *being to be had* as we ſay at preſent. Shakſpeare uſes the word *modern* frequently, and always in this ſenſe. So, in *King John*:

"——— ſcorns a *modern* invocation."

Mr. M. Maſon ſays, that *modern grace* means, *with a tolerable degree of beauty*. He queſtions alſo the inſufficiency of the inſtances brought in ſupport of my explanation, but adduces none in defence of his own. STEEVENS.

I think with Mr. Steevens, that *modern* here, as almoſt every where in Shakſpeare, means *common, ordinary*; but do not ſuppoſe that Bertram here means to call Diana a common gameſter, though he has ſtyled her ſo in a former paſſage. MALONE.

6 *May juſtly loath* or *be weary of me*; as people generally are of a regimen or preſcribed *diet*. Such, I imagine, is the meaning. Mr. Collins thinks, ſhe means, "May juſtly make me faſt, by depriving me (as Deſdemona ſays) of the rites for which I love you." MALONE.

Mr. Collins's interpretation is juſt. The alluſion may be to the management of hawks, who were half *ſtarved* till they became tractable. STEEVENS.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The ſame upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a caſement.

Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confeſs, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you.——
Is this the man you ſpeak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, but, ſirrah, tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
(Which, on your juſt proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe: Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, ſir, he did love her; But how?[7]

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, ſir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, ſir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion[8] is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majeſty's command.

Laf.

[7] *But how* perhaps belongs to the King's next ſpeech:
But how, *how*, *I pray you?*
This ſuits better with the King's apparent impatience and ſolicitude for Helena. MALONE.

Surely, all transfer of theſe words is needleſs. *Hamlet* addreſſes ſuch another flippant interrogatory to himſelf: "The mouſe-trap. *Marry, how?* Tropically." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *companion*—] i. e. fellow. STEEVENS.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promiſed me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt!

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your majeſty; I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to ſpeak of, therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence;[9] therefore ſtand aſide.—

This ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an eaſy glove, my lord; ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him.—
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou had'ſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

[9] *Too fine*, too full of fineſſe; too artful. A French expreſſion—*trop fine.* MALONE.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.[2]
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?
Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't:
I'll ſwear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU.
King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal ſir;
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller, that owes the ring, is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himſelf, my bed he hath defil'd;[3]
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One that's dead, is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, *with* HELENA.

King. Is there no exorciſt[4]
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber.

[2] ——— *cuſtomer.*] i. e. a common woman. STEEVENS.

[3] The dialogue is too long, ſince the audience already knew the whole tranſaction; nor is there any reaſon for puzzling the King and playing with his paſſions; but it was much eaſier than to make a pathetical interview between Helen and her huſband, her mother, and the King. JOHNSON.

[4] This word is uſed, not very properly, for *enchanter*. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare invariably uſes the word *exorciſt*, to imply a perſon who can raiſe ſpirits, not in the uſual ſenſe of one that can lay them. M. MASON.

Such was the common acceptation of the word in our author's time. MALONE.

Ber. Both, both; O, pardon!

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter; This it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If ſhe, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living?

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:—Good
Tom Drum, [*To* PAROLLES.] lend me a handkerchief: So,
I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make ſport with thee:
Let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:—
If thou be'ſt yet a freſh uncropped flower, [*To* DIANA.
Chooſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.—
Of that and all the progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and, if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet. [*Flouriſh.*

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done: [5]
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won,*
That you expreſs content; *which we will pay,*
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:

[5] Though theſe lines are ſufficiently intelligible in their obvious ſenſe, yet perhaps there is ſome alluſion to the old tale of *The King and the Beggar*, which was the ſubject of a ballad, and, as it ſhould ſeem from the following lines in *King Richard II.* of ſome popular interlude alſo:

"Our *ſcene* is altered from a ſerious thing,
"And now chang'd to *the beggar and the king*." MALONE.

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;[6]
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. [*Exeunt.*

6 The meaning is: Grant *us then your patience*; hear us without interruption. *And* take *our parts*; that is, ſupport and defend us.

JOHNSON.

This play has many delightful ſcenes, though not ſufficiently probable, and ſome happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaſter and a coward, ſuch as has always been the ſport of the ſtage, but perhaps never raiſed more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakſpeare.

I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generoſity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a proſligate: when ſhe is dead by his unkindneſs, ſneaks home to a ſecond marriage, is accuſed by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himſelf by falſehood, and is diſmiſſed to happineſs.

The ſtory of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confeſs the truth, ſcarcely merited to be heard a ſecond time. JOHNSON.

TAMING

OF THE

SHREW.

*** We have hitherto ſuppoſed Shakſpeare the author of *The Taming of the Shrew*, but his property in it is extremely diſputable. I will give my opinion, and the reaſons on which it is founded. I ſuppoſe then the preſent play not *originally* the work of Shakſpeare, but reſtored by him to the ſtage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and ſome other occaſional improvements; eſpecially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *beſt* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worſt*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly ſpurious; and without doubt, *ſuppoſing* it to have been written by Shakſpeare, it muſt have been one of his earlieſt productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the liſt of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, (and poſſibly there may be an earlier edition,) called *The Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, where I ſuſpect an alluſion to the old play: "Read the *Booke* of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us ſo perfect, that *now* every one can rule a ſhrew in our country, ſave he that hath hir."——I am aware a *modern* linguiſt may object that the word *booke* does not at preſent ſeem *dramatick*, but it was once *technically* ſo: Goſſon, in his *Schoole of Abuſe, containing a pleaſaunt Invective againſt Poets, Pipers, Players, Jeſters and ſuch like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth*, 1579, mentions "two proſe *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauage:" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of William of Worceſter, that he had ſeen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intitled *The Booke of Sir Thomas Moore*.

And in fact there is ſuch an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's liſt: "A pleaſant conceited hiſtory, called, *The Taming of a Shrew*—ſundry times acted by the earl of Pembroke his ſervants." Which ſeems to have been republiſhed by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakſpeare's copy appeared at the Black Friars or the Globe.——Nor let this ſeem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reaſon to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till ſome years after his death; but he merely revived it on his ſtage as a *manager*.

In ſupport of what I have ſaid relative to this play, let me only obſerve further at preſent, that the author of *Hamlet* ſpeaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptiſta; but the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptiſta to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the teſtimony of Sir Aſton Cockayn. I knew Sir Aſton was much acquainted with the writers immediately ſubſequent to Shakſpeare; and I was not inclined to diſpute his authority: but how was I ſurpriſed, when I found that Cockayn aſcribes nothing more to Shakſpeare, than the *Induction-Wincot-Ale and the Beggar!* I hope this was only a ſlip of Mr. Capell's memory. FARMER.

The

The following is Sir Aſton's Epigram:

To Mr. Clement Fisher, of Wincot.

" Shakſpeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
" That fox'd a beggar ſo (by chance was found
" Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
" To make him to believe he was a lord:
" But you affirm (and in it ſeem moſt eager)
" 'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
" Bid Norton brew ſuch ale as Shakſpeare fancies
" Did put *Kit Sly* into ſuch lordly trances:
" And let us meet there (for a fit of gladneſs)
" And drink ourſelves merry in ſober ſadneſs."

Sir A. Cokayn's Poems, 1659, p. 124.

In ſpite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Dr. Farmer's judgement, I own I cannot concur with him on the preſent occaſion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakſpeare was not its author. I think his hand is viſible in almoſt every ſcene, though perhaps not ſo evidently as in thoſe which paſs between Katharine and Petruchio.

I once thought that the name of this play might have been taken from an old ſtory, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells Skin*, or *The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have ſince diſcovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following: " Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleaſaunt conceyted hyſtorie, called, *The Taminge of a Shrowe*." It is likewiſe entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakſpeare, to avail themſelves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has obſerved, Spenſer ſent out his *Paſtorals* under the title of *The Shepherd's Kalendar*, a work which had been printed by Wynken de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before theſe poems of Spenſer appeared, viz 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The Frolickſome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepys' Collection, might have ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the Induction for this comedy.

Chance, however, has at laſt furniſhed me with the original to which Shakſpeare was indebted for his fable; nor doe this diſcovery at all diſpoſe me to retract my former opinion, which the reader may find at the concluſion of the play. Such parts of the dialogue as our author had immediately imitated, I have occaſionally pointed out at the bottom of the page; but muſt refer the reader, who is deſirous to examine the whole ſtructure of the piece, to *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, at Charing-croſs, as a Supplement to our commentaries on Shakſpeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a ſequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd*; in which Petruchio is ſubdued by a ſecond wife. STEEVENS.

Among the books of my friend the late Mr. William Collins of Chicheſter, now diſperſed, was a collection of ſhort comick ſtories in proſe, printed in the black letter under the year 1570, "ſett forth by maiſter Richard Edwards, mayſter of her Majeſties revels." Among theſe tales was that of the INDUCTION OF THE TINKER in Shakſpeare's *Taming of the Shrew*; and perhaps Edwards's ſtory-book was the immediate ſource from which Shakſpeare, or rather the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, drew that diverting apologue. If I recollect right, the circumſtances almoſt tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates from an epiſtle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. That perſpicuous annaliſt, who flouriſhed about the year 1580, ſays, this ſtory was told to Vives by an old officer of the Duke's court. T. WARTON.

See the earlieſt Engliſh original of this ſtory, &c. at the concluſion of the play. STEEVENS.

Our author's *Taming of the Shrew* was written, I imagine, in 1594. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*. MALONE.

PERSONS

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.
Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken tinker,*
Hoſteſs, Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other ſervants attending on the Lord.
} *Perſons in the Induction.*

Baptiſta, *a rich gentleman of* Padua.
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of* Piſa.
Lucentio, *ſon to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a gentleman of* Verona, *a ſuitor to* Katharina.
Gremio,
Hortenſio,
} *Suitors to* Bianca.
Tranio,
Biondello,
} *Servants to* Lucentio.
Grumio,
Curtis,
} *Servants to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

Katharina, *the Shrew;*
Bianca, *her ſiſter,*
} *Daughters to* Baptiſta.
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdaſher, and Servants attending on Baptiſta *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, ſometimes in Padua; *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION

to the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, &c.
Sly.
A Tapſter.
Page, *Players*, *Huntſmen*, &c.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Alphonſus, *a merchant of* Athens.
Jerobel, *Duke of* Ceſtus.
Aurelius, *his ſon*,
Ferando,
Polidor,
} *Suitors to the daughters of* Alphonſus.
Valeria, *ſervant to* Aurelius.
Sander *ſervant to* Ferando.
Phylotus, *a merchant who perſonates the* Duke.

Kate,
Emelia,
Phylema,
} *Daughters to* Alphonſus.

Tailor, *Haberdaſher*, *and ſervants to* Ferando *and* Alphonſus.

SCENE, Athens; *and ſometimes* Ferando's *Country Houſe.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouſe on a Heath.

Enter Hoſteſs *and* SLY.

Sly. I'll pheeſe you,[2] in faith.

Hoſt. A pair of ſtocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues:[3] Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;[4] let the world ſlide:[5] *Seſſa!*

Hoſt.

[2] To *pheeſe* or *feaſe*, is to ſeparate a twiſt into ſingle threads. In the figurative ſenſe it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harraſs*, to *plague* Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phraſe vulgarly uſed by perſons of Sly's character on like occaſions. The following explanation of the word is given by Sir Thomas Smith, in his book *de Sermone Anglico*, printed by Robert Stephens, 4to; "To *feize*, means *in ſita diducere*." JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare repeats his uſe of the word in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where Ajax ſays he will *pheeſe* the pride of Achilles: and Lovewit in *The Alchemiſt* employs it in the ſame ſenſe. STEEVENS.

To *pheeze* a man, is to beat him; to give him a *pheeze*, is, to give him a knock. M. MASON.

To *touze* or *toaze* had the ſame ſignification. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Arruffare. To *touze*, to tug, to bang, or rib-baſte one." MALONE.

[3] That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.

One *William Sly* was a performer in the plays of Shakſpeare, as appears from the liſt of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This *Sly* is likewiſe mentioned in Heywood's *Actor's Vindication*, and the Induction to Marſton's *Malecontent*. He was alſo among thoſe to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the Globe theatre in 1603. STEEVENS.

[4] Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purpoſely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards ſay, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words; as they do likewiſe, *Ceſſa*, i. e. be quiet. THEOBALD.

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt?[6]

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, ſays Jeronimy;—
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Hoſt. I know my remedy, I muſt go fetch the third-borough.[7] [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anſwer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground and falls aſleep.*

Wind

This is a burleſque on Hieronymo, which Theobald ſpeaks of in a following note: "What new device have they deviſed now? *Pocas pallabras.*" In the comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, a cut-purſe makes uſe of the ſame words. Again, they appear in *The Wiſe Woman of Hogſden*, 1638, and in ſome others, but are always appropriated to the loweſt characters. STEEVENS.

[5] This expreſſion is proverbial. STEEVENS.

[6] To *burſt* and to *break* were anciently ſynonymous. Falſtaff ſays, that "John of Gaunt *burſt* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marſhall's men." STEEVENS.

Burſt is ſtill uſed for *broke* in the North of England. REED.

[7] ——*I muſt go fetch the* thirdborough.] The old copy reads:

——*I muſt go fetch the* headborough.

Sly. Third, *or* fourth, *or* fifth *borough*, &c. STEEVENS.

This corrupt reading had paſs'd down through all the copies, and none of the editors pretended to gueſs at the poet's conceit. What an inſipid, unmeaning reply does Sly make to his Hoſteſs? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* borough relate to *Headborough?* The author intended but a poor witticiſm, and even that is loſt. The Hoſteſs would ſay, that ſhe'd fetch a *conſtable:* and this officer ſhe calls by his other name, a *Third-borough:* and upon this term Sly founds the conundrum in his anſwer to her. Who does not perceive at a ſingle glance, ſome conceit ſtarted by this certain correction? There is an attempt at wit, tolerable enough for a tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-borough* is a Saxon term ſufficiently explained by the gloſſaries: and in our ſtatute-books, no further back than the 28th year of Henry VIII. we find it uſed to ſignify a *conſtable.* THEOBALD.

In the Perſonæ Dramatis to Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*, the *high-conſtable*, the *petty conſtable*, the *head-borough*, and the *third-borough*, are enumerated as diſtinct characters. It is difficult to ſay preciſely what the office of a *third-borough* was. STEEVENS.

The office of *thirdborough* is known to all acquainted with the civil conſtitution of this country, to be co-extenſive with that of the conſtable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

The office of *Thirdborough* is the ſame with that of *Conſtable*, except in places where there are both, in which caſe the former is little more than the conſtable's aſſiſtant. The *headborough*, *petty conſtable* and *thirdborough*, introduced

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord *from hunting, with Huntſmen and Servants.*

Lord. Huntſmen, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboſs'd,[8]
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach,
Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge' corner in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the mereſt loſs,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.

But

introduced by Ben Jonſon in *The Tale of a Tub*, being all of different places, are but one and the ſame officer under ſo many different names. In a book intitled *The Conſtable's Guide*, &c. 1771, it is ſaid that "there are in ſeveral counties of this realm other officers; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our conſtables; as in *Warwickſhire* a *third-borough*." The etymology of the word is uncertain. RITSON.

[8] Here, ſays Pope, *brach* ſignifies a degenerate hound: but Edwards explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of theſe criticks is right, will appear from the uſe of the word *brach*, in Sir T. More's *Comfort againſt Tribulation*, Book III. ch. xxiv:—"Here it muſt be known of ſome men that can ſkill of hunting, whether that we miſtake not our terms, for then are we utterly aſhamed as ye wott well.—And I am ſo cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I remember ſhe is no bitch but a *brache*." T. WARTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*Leech* Merriman; that is, *apply ſome remedies* to Merriman, the poor cur has his *joints ſwell'd*.—Perhaps we might read—*bathe* Merriman, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntſmen; but the preſent reading may ſtand. JOHNSON.

Emboſs'd is a hunting term. When a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is ſaid to be *emboſs'd*. A dog alſo when he is ſtrained with hard running (eſpecially upon hard ground) will have his knees ſwelled, and then he is ſaid to be *emboſs'd*: from the French word *boſſe*, which ſignifies a tumour. T. WARTON.

Can any thing be more evident than that *imboſs'd* means *ſwelled* in the knees, and that we ought to read *bathe*? What has the *imboſſing* of a *deer* to do with that of an *hound*?: 'Imboſſed ſores" occur in *As you like it*; and in the firſt part of *King Henry IV.* the Prince calls Falſtaff "*imboſs'd* raſcal." RITSON.

But ſup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.——
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot chooſe.

2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:—
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet:
Procure me muſick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And, with a low ſubmiſſive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon,
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And ſay,—Will't pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his lady mourns at his diſeaſe:
Perſuade him, that he hath been a lunatick;
And, when he ſays he is —, ſay, that he dreams,

For

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.[9]
This do, and do it kindly,[2] gentle ſirs;
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſty.[3]

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—
[*Some bear out* SLY. *A trumpet ſounds.*
Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet 'tis that ſounds:—
[*Exit* Servant.
Belike, ſome noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An it pleaſe your honour,
Players that offer ſervice to your lordſhip.

Lord. Bid them come near:

[9] I rather think (with Sir Thomas Hanmer) that Shakſpeare wrote:
And when he ſays he's poor, *ſay that he dreams.*
The dignity of a lord is then ſignificantly oppoſed to the poverty which it would be natural for Sly to acknowledge. STEEVENS.

If any thing ſhould be inſerted, it may be done thus:
And when he ſays he's Sly, *ſay that he dreams.*
The likeneſs in writing of *Sly* and *ſay* produced the omiſſion. JOHNSON.

This is hardly right: for how ſhould the Lord know the beggar's name to be *Sly?* STEEVENS.

Perhaps the ſentence is left imperfect, becauſe he did not know by what name to call him. BLACKSTONE.

I have no doubt that the blank was intended by the author. It is obſerveable that the metre of the line is perfect, without any ſupplemental word. In *The Tempeſt* a ſimilar blank is found, which Shakſpeare there alſo certainly intended:—"I ſhould know that voice; it ſhould be——; but he is drown'd, and theſe are devils." MALONE.

[2] *Kindly*, means naturally. M. MASON.

[3] By *modeſty* is meant *moderation*, without ſuffering our merriment to break into an exceſs. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So pleaſe your lordſhip to accept our duty.[4]

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didſt it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modeſties;
Leſt, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him; for I tell you, ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourſelves,
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.

Lord. Go, ſirrah, take them to the buttery,[5]
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my houſe affords.
[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Players.
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page, [*To a* Servant.
And ſee him dreſs'd in all ſuits like a lady:

That

[4] It was in thoſe times the cuſtom of players to travel in companies, and offer their ſervice at great houſes. JOHNSON.

[5] Mr. Pope had probably theſe words in his thoughts, when he wrote the following paſſage of his preface: "—the top of the profeſſion were then mere players, not gentlemen of the ſtage; they were led into the *buttery* by the ſteward, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette." But he ſeems not to have obſerved, that the players here introduced are *ſtrollers*; and there is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Condell, &c. who were licenſed by King James, were treated in this manner. MALONE.

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeiſance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himſelf with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accompliſhed:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly courteſy;
And ſay,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May ſhow her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſom,—
Bid him ſhed tears, as being overjoy'd
To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
Who, for twice ſeven years, hath eſteemed him
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
An onion[6] will do well for ſuch a ſhift;
Which in a napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpite enforce a watry eye.
See this deſpatch'd with all the haſte thou can'ſt;
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions.—— [*Exit* Servant.
I know, the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, huſband;
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant.
I'll in to counſel them: haply, my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

[6] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient uſed by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's Houſe.[7]

SLY *is diſcovered in a rich night gown, with Attendants; ſome with apparel, others with baſon, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter* Lord, *dreſs'd like a ſervant.*

Sly. For God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale.[8]

1 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your honour taſte of theſe conſerves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Chriſtophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life; and if you give me any conſerves, give me conſerves of beef: Ne'er aſk me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes more feet than ſhoes, or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven ceaſe this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Chriſtopher Sly, old Sly's ſon of Burton-heath;[9] by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bear-herd,

[7] From the original ſtage-direction in the firſt folio it appears that Sly and the other perſons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the repreſentation of the comedy, in a balcony above the ſtage. The direction here is—"*Enter* aloft the *drunkard with attendants*, &c." So afterwards at the end of this ſcene—"*The Preſenters* above *ſpeak*." MALONE.

[8] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationers' Company in the year 1558: "For a ſtande of *ſmall ale*;" I ſuppoſe it was what we now call *ſmall beer*, no mention of that liquor being made on the ſame books, though *duble bere*, and *duble duble ale*, are frequently recorded. STEEVENS.

[9] I ſuſpect we ſhould read—*Barton*-heath. *Barton* and *Wincot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Glouceſterſhire,

herd, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker? Aſk Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if ſhe know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught:[2] Here's——

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your ſervants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy ſervants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſick? hark! Apollo plays, [*Muſick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing:
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will beſtrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks will ſoar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy

ſhire, near the reſidence of Shakſpeare's old enemy, Juſtice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character.

STEEVENS.

Wilnecotte is a village in Warwickſhire, with which Shakſpeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The houſe kept by our genial hoſteſs, ſtill remains, but is at preſent a mill. The meaneſt hovel to which Shakſpeare has an alluſion, intereſts curioſity, and acquires an importance: at leaſt, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries.

T. WARTON.

Burton Dorſet is a village in Warwickſhire. RITSON.

There is likewiſe a village in Warwickſhire called *Burton* Haſtings.

Among Sir A. Cockayn's poems (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have obſerved) there is an epigram on Sly and his ale, addreſſed to Mr. Clement Fiſher of *Wincot*.

The text is undoubtedly right.

There is a village in Warwickſhire called *Barton on the Heath*, where Mr. Dover, the founder of the Cotſwold games lived. MALONE.

[2] *Beſtraught* ſeems to have been ſynonymous to *diſtraught* or diſtracted. See Minſheu's DICT. 1617: "*Beſtract*, a Lat. diſtractus mente. Vi. *Mad* and Bedlam." MALONE.

Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt courſe; thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraight,
Adonis, painted by a running brook:
And Cytherea all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll ſhow thee Io, as ſhe was a maid;
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears, that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world;
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I ſuch a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleep: I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Chriſtophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hi her to our ſight;
And once again, a pot o' the ſmalleſt ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your mightineſs to waſh your hands?
[Servants *preſent an ewer, baſon, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to ſee your wit reſtor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Sly. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hoſteſs of the houſe;
And ſay, you would preſent her at the leet,[3]
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.

3 *Serv.* Why, ſir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid;
Nor no ſuch men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,[4]
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Enter the Page, *as a lady, with Attendants.*

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—huſband?
My men ſhould call me—lord; I am your good-man.

Page. My huſband and my lord, my lord and huſband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe; ſo lords call ladies.

Sly.

[3] The *leet* is the *Court-leet*, or *View of frank pledge*, held anciently once a year, within a particular hundred, manor, or lordſhip, before the ſteward of the leet. MALONE.

[4] A *hart of Greece*, was a *fat hart*. *Graiſſe*, Fr.

Perhaps this expreſſion was uſed to imply that *John Naps* (who might have been a real character) was *a fat man*: or as Poins calls the aſſociates of Falſtaff *Trojans*, John Naps might be called a *Grecian* for ſuch another reaſon. STEEVENS.

For *old John Naps* of Greece, read—*old John Naps* o' th' Green. BLACKSTONE.

Sly. Madam wife, they ſay, that I have dream'd and ſlept
Above ſome fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;——Servants, leave me and her alone.——
Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet:
For your phyſicians have expreſsly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in deſpite of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedy,
For ſo your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty a Chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling trick? [5]

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Sly. What houſhould ſtuff?

Page. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: Come, madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip; we ſhall ne'er be younger.

[*They ſit down.*

[5] Thus the old copies; the modern ones read—*It* is not a *commodity*, &c. *Commonty* for comedy, &c. STEEVENS.

In the old play the players themſelves uſe the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*. BLACKSTONE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, ſince—for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair Padua, nurſery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleaſant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Moſt truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and ingenious[8] ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.[9]
Vincentio his ſon, brought up in Florence,
It ſhall become, to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,[2]
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue, and that part of philoſophy[3]
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs

[8] I rather think it was written—*ingenuous* ſtudies, but of this and a thouſand ſuch obſervations there is little certainty. JOHNSON.

[9] This paſſage, I think, ſhould be read and pointed thus:

Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.

In the next line, which ſhould begin a new ſentence, *Vincentio his ſon*, is the ſame as *Vincentio's ſon*, which Mr. Heath not apprehending, has propoſed to alter Vincentio into Lucentio. It may be added, that Shakſpeare in other places expreſſes the genitive caſe in the ſame improper manner. TYRWHITT.

[2] To fulfil the expectations of his friends. MALONE.

[3] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*to* virtue; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently uſed, as to *ply* or *apply* his ſtudies. JOHNSON.

The word *ply* is afterwards uſed in this ſcene, and in the ſame manner, by Tranio. M. MASON.

By virtue 'ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Piſa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.
Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy.
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no ſtoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to Ariſtotle's checks,[9]
As Ovid be an out-caſt quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetorick in your common talk;
Muſick and poeſy uſe, to quicken you;[2]
The mathematicks, and the metaphyſicks,
Fall to them, as you find your ſtomach ſerves you;
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en;—
In brief, ſir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well doſt thou adviſe.
If, Biondello, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua ſhall beget.
But ſtay awhile: What company is this?
Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *ſtand aſide.*

Bap. Gentlemen, impórtune me no further,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know;
That

[9] The harſh rules of Ariſtotle. STEEVENS.
Such as tend to *check* and reſtrain the indulgence of the paſſions. MALONE.

Tranio is here deſcanting on academical learning, and mentions by name ſix of the ſeven liberal ſciences. I ſuſpect this to be a miſ-print, made by ſome copyiſt or compoſitor, for *ethicks*. The ſenſe confirms it. BLACKSTONE.

[2] i. e. *animate*. STEEVENS.

That is,—not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a huſband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:—
There, there Hortenſio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, ſir, [*To* BAP.] is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unleſs you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, ſir, you ſhall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care ſhould be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.

Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Huſh, maſter! here is ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's ſilence I do ſee
Maids' mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well ſaid, maſter; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat![3] 'tis beſt
Put finger in the eye,—and ſhe knew why.

Bian. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.—
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books, and inſtruments, ſhall be my company;
On them to look, and practiſe by myſelf.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'ſt hear Minerva ſpeak.
[*Aſide.*

Hor. Signior Baptiſta, will you be ſo ſtrange?[4]

[3] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant pretty little thing. JOHNSON.

[4] That is, ſo odd, ſo different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON.

Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptiſta, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.
And for I know, ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry,
Schoolmaſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth.—If you, Hortenſio,
Or ſignior Gremio, you,—know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men [4]
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And ſo farewell. Katharina you may ſtay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I truſt, I may go too, May I not?
What, ſhall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts [5] are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not ſo great, Hortenſio, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out;[6] our cake's dough on both ſides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my ſweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.[7]

Hor. So will I, ſignior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know

4 *Cunning* had not yet loſt its original ſignification of *knowing*, *learned*, as may be obſerved in the tranſlation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

5 *Gifts* for *endowments*. MALONE.

6 I cannot conceive whoſe love Gremio can mean by the words *their love*, as they had been talking of no love but that which they themſelves felt for Bianca. We muſt therefore read, *our* love, inſtead of *their*.
M. MASON.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*Your* love. In the old manner of writing yr ſtood for either *their* or *your*. The editor of the third folio and ſome modern editors, with, I think, leſs probability, read *our*. If *their* love be right, it muſt mean—the good will of Baptiſta and Bianca towards us.
MALONE.

7 i. e. I will *recommend* him. REED.

know now, upon advice,[8] it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, ſir, to get a huſband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A huſband! a devil.

Hor. I ſay, a huſband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil: Think'ſt thou, Hortenſio, though her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, Gremio! though it paſs your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high-croſs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's ſmall choice in rotten apples. But, come; ſince this bar in law makes us friends it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd,—till by helping Baptiſta's eldeſt daughter to a huſband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a huſband, and then have to't afreſh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole![9] He that runs faſteſt, gets the ring.[2] How ſay you, ſignior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the beſt horſe in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on. [*Exeunt* GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, ſir, tell me, Is it poſſible
That love ſhould of a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible, or likely;
But ſee! while idly I ſtood idly looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleneſs:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,—

[8] i. e. on conſideration, or reflection. STEEVENS.

[9] A proverbial expreſſion. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or diſtributed, though its original meaning was the proviſion given away at the doors of great men's houſes. STEEVENS.

[2] An alluſion to the ſport of running at the ring. DOUCE.

That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me Tranio, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated [3] from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,[4]—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.[5]

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.

Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly [6] on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor [7] had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the Cretan ſtrand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold; and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred, and ſweet, was all I ſaw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, ſir; If you love the maid,

Bend

[3] Is not driven out by chiding. STEEVENS.

[4] The next line from Terence ſhows that we ſhould read:

If Love hath toyl'd *you*,——

i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus eſt, habet*, of the ſame author. WARBURTON.

It is a common expreſſion at this day to ſay, when a bailiff has arreſted a man, that he has *touched* him on the ſhoulder. Therefore *touch'd* is as good a tranſlation of *captus*, as *toyl'd* would be. M. MASON.

[5] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument for his learning. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from *Lilly*, and not from *Terence*; becauſe it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*. STEEVENS.

[6] i. e. longingly. I have met with no example of this adverb. STEEVENS.

[7] Europa, for whoſe ſake Jupiter transformed himſelf into a bull. STEEVENS.

Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:—
Her elder ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home;
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd with ſuitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchoolmaſters to inſtruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, ſir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchoolmaſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: May it be done.
Tra. Not poſſible; For who ſhall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's ſon?
Keep houſe, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Baſta;[8] content thee; for I have it full.[9]
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe;
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man, or maſter: then it follows thus;—
Thou ſhalt be maſter, Tranio, in my ſtead,
Keep houſe, and port,[1] and ſervants, as I ſhould:
I will ſome other be; ſome Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Piſa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo:—Tranio, at once
Uncaſe thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.
Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, ſir, ſith it your pleaſure is,

[8] *Baſta*;] i. e. *'tis enough*; Italian and Spaniſh. STEEVENS.
[9] i. e. conceive our ſtratagem in its full extent, I have already planned the whole of it. STEEVENS.
[1] *Port*, is figure, ſhow, appearance. JOHNSON.

And I am tied to be obedient;
(For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my ſon, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another ſenſe,)
I am content to be Lucentio.
Becauſe ſo well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be ſo, becauſe Lucentio loves:
And let me be a ſlave to atchieve that maid
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Maſter, has my fellow Tranio ſtol'n your clothes?
Or you ſtolen his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was deſcried:[3]
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to ſave my life:
You underſtand me?

Bion. I, ſir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would, I were ſo too!

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptiſta's youngeſt daugher.
But, ſirrah,—not for my ſake, but your maſter's,—I adviſe
You uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places elſe, your maſter Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more reſts, that thyſelf execute;—

To

[3] i. e. I fear I was obſerv'd in the act of killing him. MALONE.

To make one among theſe wooers: If thou aſk me why,—
Sufficeth, my reaſons are both good and weighty.[4]

[*Exeunt.*[5]

1 Serv. *My lord, you nod: you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by ſaint Anne, do I. A good matter, ſurely; Comes there any more of it?*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would it were done!*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before Hortenſio's *Houſe.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My beſt beloved and approved friend,
Hortenſio; and, I trow, this is his houſe:—
Here, ſirrah Grumio; knock, I ſay.

Gru. Knock, ſir! whom ſhould I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worſhip?[6]

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

Gru. Knock you here,[7] ſir? why, ſir, what am I, ſir, that I ſhould knock you here, ſir?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

[4] The diviſion for the ſecond act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakſpeare ſeems to have meant the firſt act to conclude here, where the ſpeeches of the tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the firſt act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

[5] Here in the old copy we have—"The Preſenters above ſpeak."—meaning Sly, &c. who were placed in a balcony raiſed at the back of the ſtage. After the words—"Would it were done," the marginal direction is—*They ſit and mark.* MALONE.

[6] What is the meaning of *rebus'd?* or is it a falſe print for *abus'd?* TYRWHITT.

[7] Grumio's pretenſions to wit have a ſtrong reſemblance to thoſe of Dromio in *The Comedy of Errors*; and this circumſtance makes it the more probable that theſe two plays were written at no great diſtance of time from each other. MALONE.

Gru. My maſter is grown quarrelſome: I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, ſirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;[8]
I'll try how you can *ſol, fa,* and ſing it.

[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*

Gru. Help, maſters, help? my maſter is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: ſirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortenſio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I ſay.

Hor. *Alla noſtra caſa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato ſignor mio Petruchio.
Riſe, Grumio, riſe; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.[9]—If this

[8] Here ſeems to be a quibble between *ringing* at a door, and *wringing* a man's ears. STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. I ſuppoſe, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has been juſt ſpeaking Italian to Hortenſio, which Grumio miſtakes for the other language. STEEVENS.

I cannot help ſuſpecting that we ſhould read—*Nay, 'tis no matter what* he leges *in Latin, if this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice. Look you, ſir.*—That is, "'Tis no matter what is *law,* if this be not a lawful cauſe," &c. TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt's amendment and explanation of this paſſage is evidently right. Mr. Steevens appears to have been a little abſent when he wrote his note on it. He forgot that Italian was Grumio's native language, and that therefore he could not poſſibly miſtake it for Latin. M. MASON.

I am grateful to Mr. M. Maſon for his hint, which may prove beneficial to me on ſome future occaſion, though at the preſent moment it will not operate ſo forcibly as to change my opinion. I was well aware that Italian was Grumio's native language, but was not, nor am now, certain of our author's attention to this circumſtance, becauſe his Italians neceſſarily ſpeak Engliſh throughout the play, with the exception of a few colloquial ſentences. So little regard does our author pay to petty proprieties, that as often as *Signior,* the Italian appellation, does not occur to him, or ſuit the meaſure of his verſe, he gives us in its room, "*Sir* Vincentio," and, "*Sir* Lucentio." STEEVENS.

this be not a lawful caſe for me to leave his ſervice,—Look you, ſir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, ſir: Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo; being perhaps, (for aught I ſee,) two and thirty,—a pip out?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not Grumio come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain!—Good Hortenſio,
I bade the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—
Spake you not theſe words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here, Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly?*
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant Grumio.
And tell me now, ſweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona!

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes further than at home,
Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a few,[2]
Signior Hortenſio, thus it ſtands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd:
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thoud'ſt thank me but a little for my counſel:
And yet I'll promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortenſio, 'twixt ſuch friends as we,
Few words ſuffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,

[2] *In a few*, means the ſame as *in ſhort, in few words.* JOHNSON.

(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,[3])
Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love,[4]
As old as Sybil and as curſt and ſhrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worſe,
She moves me not, or not removes, at leaſt,
Affection's edge in me; were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling Adriatick ſeas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, ſir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;[5] or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes:[6] why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we have ſtepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt.

I can,

[3] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expreſſion which I have never heard; the *burthen of wooing his ſong* had been more proper. JOHNSON.

[4] I ſuppoſe this alludes to the ſtory of a Florentine, which is met with in the eleventh Book of Thomas Lupton's *Thouſand Notable Things*.

"39. A *Florentine* young gentleman was ſo deceived by the luſtre and orientneſs of her jewels, pearls, rings, lawns, ſcarfes, laces, gold ſpangles, and other gawdy devices, that he was raviſhed overnight, and was mad till the marriage was ſolemnized. But next morning by light viewing of her before ſhe was ſo gorgeouſly trim'd up, ſhe was ſuch a leane, yellow, riveled, deformed creature, that he never lay with her, nor lived with her afterwards; and would ſay that he had married himſelf to a ſtinking houſe of office, painted over, and ſet out with fine garments: and ſo for grief conſumed away in melancholy, and at laſt poyſoned himſelf. *Gomeſius, lib.* 3. *de Sal. Gen. cap.* 22." FARMER.

The alluſion is to a ſtory told by Gower in the firſt book *De Confeſſione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himſelf to marry a deformed hag, provided ſhe taught him the ſolution of a riddle on which his life depended.

This ſtory might have been borrowed by Gower from an older narrative in the *Geſta Romanorum*. STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. a diminutive being, not exceeding in ſize the tag of a point. STEEVENS.

An *aglet-baby* was a ſmall image or head cut on the tag of a point or lace. That ſuch figures were ſometimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved, by a paſſage in Mezeray, the French hiſtorian:—"portant meme ſur les *aiguillettes* [points] de s petites *tetes* de mor'." MALONE.

[6] I ſuſpect this paſſage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it.—*The fifty diſeaſes of a horſe* ſeem to have been proverbial. MALONE.

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as beſt becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)[7]
Is,—that ſhe is intolerably curſt,
And ſhrewd,[8] and froward; ſo beyond all meaſure,
That, were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptiſta Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is, Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed father well:—
I will not ſleep, Hortenſia, till I ſee her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, ſir, let him go while the humour laſts. O' my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope tricks.[9] I'll tell you what

[7] And that one is itſelf a hoſt of faults. MALONE.

[8] ——*ſhrewd,*] here means, having the qualities of a *ſhrew*. The adjective is now uſed only in the ſenſe of *acute, intelligent*. MALONE.

I believe *ſhrewd* only ſignifies *bitter, ſevere*. STEEVENS.

[9] This is obſcure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*he'll rail in his* rhetorick; *I'll tell you*, &c. Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the ſucceeding part of the ſpeech, yet I am inclined to believe that *rope-tricks* is the true word. JOHNSON.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakſpeare uſes *ropery* for *roguery*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*.

Rope-tricks we may ſuppoſe to mean tricks of which the contriver would deſerve the *rope*. STEEVENS.

Rope-tricks is certainly right.—*Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally ſignified abuſive language, without any determinate idea; ſuch language as parrots are taught to ſpeak. MALONE.

what, ſir,—an ſhe ſtand him [2] but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo diſfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat: [3] You know him not, ſir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I muſt go with thee;
For in Baptiſta's keep [4] my treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptiſta ta'en;[5]—
That none ſhall have acceſs unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curſt have got a huſband.

Gru. Katharine the curſt!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worſt.

Hor. Now ſhall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old Baptiſta as a ſchool-maſter
Well ſeen in muſick,[6] to inſtruct Bianca:
That ſo I may by this device, at leaſt,
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her,
And, unſuſpected, court her by herſelf.

Enter GREMIO: *with him* LUCENTIO *diſguiſed, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Maſter, maſter, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor.

[2] i. e. withſtand, reſiſt him. STEEVENS.

[3] The humour of this paſſage I do not underſtand. This animal is remarkable for the keenneſs of its ſight. STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he ſhall ſwell up her eyes with blows, till ſhe ſhall ſeem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

[4] *Keep* is cuſtody. The ſtrongeſt part of an ancient caſtle was called the *keep*. STEEVENS.

[5] To *take order* is to *take meaſures*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Seen* is verſed, practiſed. STEEVENS.

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—
Petruchio, ſtand by a while.

Gru. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous! [*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, ſir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, ſee that at any hand; [7]
And ſee you read no other lectures to her:
You underſtand me:—Over and beſide
Signior Baptiſta's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largeſs:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume itſelf,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,)
As firmly as yourſelf were ſtill in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more ſucceſsful words
Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, ſir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an aſs it is!

Pet. Peace, ſirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God ſave you, ſignior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, ſignior Hortenſio. Trow you,
Whither I am going?—To Baptiſta Minola,
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolmaſter for fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, ſo belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds ſhall prove.

Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove. [*Aſide.*

Hor.

[7] i. e. at all events. STEEVENS.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.

Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:—
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, ſay'ſt me ſo, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's ſon:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to ſee.

Gre. O, ſir, ſuch a life, with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But, if you have a ſtomach, to't o'God's name;
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aſide.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets' clang?[8]
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;

That

[8] Probably the word *clang* is here uſed adjectively, as in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. XI. v. 834, and not as a verb:

"——an iſland ſalt and bare,
"The haunt of ſeals, and orcs, and ſea-mews *clang*."

T. WARTON.

I believe Mr. Warton is miſtaken. *Clang*, as a ſubſtantive, is uſed in *The Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I hear the *clang* of trumpets in this houſe."

The Trumpet's clang is certainly the *clang of trumpets*, and not an epithet beſtowed on thoſe inſtruments. STEEVENS.

That gives not half ſo great a blow to the ear,[9]
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?
Tuſh! tuſh! fear boys with bugs.[2]
Gru. For he fears none. [*Aſide.*

Gre. Hortenſio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind preſumes, for his own good, and yours.
Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatſoe'er.
Gre. And ſo we will; provided, that he win her.
Gru. I would, I were as ſure of a good dinner. [*Aſide.*

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparell'd*; *and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God ſave you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of ſignior Baptiſta Minola?
Gre. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't [*Aſide to* TRANIO.] he you mean?[3]
Tra. Even he. Biondello!
Gre. Hark you, ſir; You mean not her to——
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, ſir; What have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, ſir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, ſir:—Biondello, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aſide.*
Hor.

[9] The old copy reads—to *hear*. STEEVENS.
This aukward phraſe could never come from Shakſpeare. He wrote, without queſtion,
——*ſo great a blow to* th' ear. WARBURTON.
[2] i. e with *bug-bears*. STEEVENS.
[3] In the old copy, this ſpeech is given to *Biondello*. STEEVENS.
It ſhou'd rather be given to Gremio; to whom, with the others, Tranio has addreſſed himſelf. The following paſſages might be written thus:
Tra. *Even he. Biondello!*
Gre. *Hark you, ſir; you mean not her* too. TYRWHITT.
I think the old copy, both here and in the preceding ſpeech is right. Biondello adds to what his maſter had ſaid, the words—"He that has the two fair daughters," to aſcertain more preciſely the perſon for whom he had enquired; and then addreſſes Tranio; "is't he you mean?"
MALONE.
I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation. STEEVENS.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
Tra. An if I be, ſir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, ſir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?
Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know,——
That ſhe's the choice love of ſignior Gremio.
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior Hortenſio.
Tra. Softly, my maſters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thouſand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And ſo ſhe ſhall; Lucentio ſhall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to aſk you,
Did you yet ever ſee Baptiſta's daughter?
Tra. No, ſir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modeſty.
Pet. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth;—
The youngeſt daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors;
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the elder ſiſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be ſo, ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſtead us all, and me among the reſt;

An

An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs,—whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive;
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack: in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contrive this afternoon, [4]
And quaff carouſes to our miſtreſs' health;
And do as adverſaries do in law,[5]—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.[6]

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo;—
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

Bian. Good ſiſter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourſelf,[7]
To make a bondmaid and a ſlave of me;

That

[4] *Pleaſe ye we may* contrive *this afternoon.*] Mr. Theobald aſks *what they were to contrive?* and then ſays, *a fleſh corruption poſſeſſes the place* and ſo alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed as he pretty conſtantly is, when wrong, by the Oxford editor. But the common reading is right, and the critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not ſignify here to *project* but to *ſpend*, and *wear out*. WARBURTON.

Contrive, I ſuppoſe, is from *contero*. So, in the *Hecyra* of Terence. "Totum hunc *contrivi* diem." STEEVENS.

[5] By *adverſaries in law*, I believe, our author means not ſuitors, but *barriſters*, who, however warm in their oppoſition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony and friendſhip in private, than perhaps thoſe of any other of the liberal profeſſions. Their *clients* ſeldom "eat and drink with their adverſaries as friends." MALONE.

[6] *Fellows* means *fellow-ſervants*. Grumio and Biondello addreſs each other, and alſo the diſguiſed Lucentio. MALONE.

[7] Do not act in a manner unbecoming a woman and a ſiſter. MALONE.

That I diſdain: but for theſe other gawds,[8]—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy ſuitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.

Bian. Believe me, ſiſter, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou lieſt; Is't not Hortenſio?

Bian. If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear,
I'll plead for you myſelf, but you ſhall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.[9]

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me ſo?
Nay, then you jeſt; and now I well perceive,
You have but jeſted with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, ſiſter Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo. [*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this inſolence?——
Bianca, ſtand aſide;—poor girl! ſhe weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For ſhame, thou hilding[2] of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her ſilence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* BIANCA.

Bap.

[8] The old copy reads—*theſe other* goods. STEEVENS.

This is ſo trifling and unexpreſſive a word, that I am ſatisfied our author wrote *gawds*, (i. e. toys, trifling ornaments;) a term that he frequently uſes and ſeems fond of. THEOBALD.

[9] I wiſh to read—*to keep you* fine. But either word may ſerve. JOHNSON.

[2] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to Katharine for the coarſeneſs of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

Bap. What, in my ſight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.

Kath. Will you not ſuffer me? Nay, now I ſee,
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt have a huſband;
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.[3]
Talk not to me; I will go ſit and weep,
Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit* KATHARINA.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here!

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man*; PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a muſician*; *and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptiſta.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God ſave you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good ſir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, ſir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, ſignior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, ſir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and baſhful modeſty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to ſhow myſelf a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſs
Of that report which I ſo oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do preſent you with a man of mine,
[*Preſenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning

3 "To lead apes" was in our author's time, as at preſent, one of the employments of a bear-herd, who often carries about one of thoſe animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phraſe came to be applied to old maids. We meet with it again in *Much ado about Nothing*: "Therefore (ſays Beatrice,) I will even take ſix-pence in earneſt of the *bear-herd*, and lead his *apes* to hell." MALONE.

That women who refuſed to bear children, ſhould, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-ſtrings, might have been conſidered as an act of poſthumous retribution. STEEVENS.

Cunning in muſick, and the mathematicks,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof, I know, ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, ſir; and he, for your good ſake:
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I ſee, you do not mean to part with her;
Or elſe you like not of my company.

Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but as I find.
Whence are you, ſir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's ſon,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, ſpeak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.[9]

Pet. O, pardon me, ſignior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, ſir; but you will curſe your wooing.——

Neighbour, this is a gift[2] very grateful, I am ſure of it. To expreſs the like kindneſs myſelf, that have been more kindly beholden

[9] We muſt read, *Baccalare*; by which the Italians mean, thou arrogant, preſumptuous man! the word is uſed ſcornfully upon any one that would aſſume a port of grandeur. WARBURTON.

The word is neither wrong nor Italian: it was an old proverbial one, uſed by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleaſes to call, *Epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, ſuch as they are:

"*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his ſow,
"Went that ſow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?"

"*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his ſow: ſe,
"Mortimer's ſow ſpeaketh as good Latin as he."

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his *Old Saws and Adages*: and Philpot introduces it into the proverbs collected by Camden. FARMER.

[2] The old copy gives the paſſage as follows:

I doubt it not, ſir. But you will curſe
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guiſt—. STEEVENS.

This nonſenſe may be rectified by only pointing it thus: *I doubt it not, ſir, but you will curſe your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift*, &c. addreſſing himſelf to Baptiſta. WARBURTON.

beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young ſcholar,[3] [*Preſenting* LUCENTIO.] that hath been long ſtudying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in muſick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his ſervice.

Bap. A thouſand thanks, ſignior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle ſir, [*To* TRANIO.] methinks, you walk like a ſtranger; May I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, ſir, the boldneſs is mine own;
That, being a ſtranger in this city here,
Do make myſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter:
This liberty is all that I requeſt,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books: [4]
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? [5] of whence, I pray?

Tra.

[3] Our modern editors had been long content with the following ſophiſticated reading: ——*free leave give to this young ſcholar*,——. STEEVENS.

This is an injudicious correction of the firſt folio, which reads—*freely give unto* this young ſcholar. We ſhould read, I believe—

I *freely give unto* you *this young ſcholar*,
That hath been long ſtudying at Rheims; *as cunning*
In Greek, &c. TYRWHITT.

[4] In Queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were uſually inſtructed in the learned languages, if any pains were beſtowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her ſiſters, Queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite inſtances. PERCY.

[5] How ſhould Baptiſta know this? Perhaps a line is loſt, or perhaps our author was negligent. Mr. Theobald ſuppoſes they converſe privately, and that thus the name is learned; but then the action muſt ſtand ſtill; for there is no ſpeech interpoſed between that of Tranio and this of Baptiſta. Another editor imagines that Lucentio's name was written on the packet of books. MALONE.

Tra. Of Piſa, ſir; ſon to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Piſa; by report
I know him well: [6] you are very welcome, ſir.—
Take you [*To* HOR.] the lute, and you [*To* LUC.] the ſet of books,
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within!—

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
Theſe gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
Theſe are their tutors; bid them uſe them well.

[*Exit* Servant, *with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think yourſelves.

Pet. Signior Baptiſta, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo.[7]
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.

Pet.

[6] *I know him well:*] It appears in a ſubſequent part of this play, that Baptiſta was not *perſonally* acquainted with Vincentio. The pedant indeed talks of Vincentio and Baptiſta having lodged together twenty years before at an inn in Genoa; but this appears to have been a fiction for the *nonce*; for when the pretended Vincentio is introduced, Baptiſta expreſſes no ſurpriſe at his not being the ſame man with whom he had formerly been acquainted; and, when the real Vincentio appears, he ſuppoſes him an impoſtor. The words therefore, *I know him well*, muſt mean, "I know well who he is." Baptiſta uſes the ſame words before, ſpeaking of Petruchio's father: "I know him well; you are welcome for his ſake"—where they muſt have the ſame meaning; viz. *I know who he was*; for Petruchio's father is ſuppoſed to have died before the commencement of this play. MALONE.

[7] This is the burthen of part of an old ballad entitled *The Ingenious Braggadocio:*

"And I cannot come every day to woo." STEEVENS.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll aſſure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that ſhe ſurvive me,—
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever:
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.
Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed!
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.
Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That ſhake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why doſt thou look ſo pale?
Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good muſician?
Hor. I think, ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why, then thou canſt not break her to the lute?
Hor. Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, ſhe miſtook her frets,[8]
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets, call you theſe? quoth ſhe: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way;
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:

[8] A fret is that ſtop of a muſical inſtrument which cauſes or regulates the vibration of the ſtring. JOHNSON.

While ſhe did call me,—raſcal fiddler,
And—twangling Jack; [9] with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have ſome chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frown; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew:
Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And ſay—ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall aſk the banns, and when be married:—
But here ſhe comes; and now, Petruchio, ſpeak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kate. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and ſometimes Kate the curſt;

But

9 To *twangle* is a provincial expreſſion, and ſignifies to flouriſh capriciouſly on an inſtrument, as performers often do after having tuned it, previous to their beginning a regular compoſition. HENLEY.

Twangling Jack is, *mean*, *paltry* lunatiſt. MALONE.

I do not ſee with Mr. Malone, that *twangling Jack* means "paltry *lunatiſt*," though it may "paltry *muſician*." DOUCE.

But Kate, the prettieſt Kate in Chriſtendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my ſuper-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my conſolation;—
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
(Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-ſtool.[2]

Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come, ſit on me.

Kath. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Kath. No ſuch jade, ſir,[3] as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be.

Pet. Should be? ſhould buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, ſlow-wing'd turtle! ſhall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.[4]

Pet. Come, come, you waſp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

[2] This is a proverbial expreſſion:
"Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd ſtool."
STEEVENS.

[3] Perhaps we ſhould read—no ſuch *jack*. However there is authority for *jade* in a male ſenſe. So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, *Piſton* ſays of *Baſiliſco*, "He juſt like a *knight!* He'll *juſt* like a *jade*." FARMER.

[4] Perhaps we may read better—
Ay, for a turtle, and *he takes a buzzard.*
That is, he may take me for a *turtle*, and he ſhall find me a *hawk*.
JOHNSON.

Pet. Who knows not where a waſp doth wear his ſting?
In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whoſe tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and ſo farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I'll try.
[*Striking him.*
Pet. I ſwear I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.
Kath. So may you loſe your arms:
If you ſtrike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.
Kath. What is your creſt? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combleſs cock, ſo Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.[5]
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you muſt not look ſo ſour.
Kath. It is my faſhion, when I ſee a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not ſour,
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then ſhow it me.
Kath. Had I a glaſs, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.
Pet. Now, by ſaint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in ſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.
Kath. I chaſe you, if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For

[5] A *craven* is a degenerate, diſpirited cock. STEEVENS.
Craven was a term alſo applied to thoſe who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents: the conſequence of which was, that they for ever after were deemed infamous. REED.

For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous;
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers:
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſkance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk;
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
O ſlanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is ſtraight, and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.[6]

Pet. Did ever Dian ſo become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaſte, and Dian ſportful!

Kath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witleſs elſe her ſon.

Pet. Am I not wiſe?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, ſo I mean, ſweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a huſband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou muſt be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Cat to a Kate
Conformable, as other houſhold Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I muſt and will have Katharine to my wife.

[6] This is exactly the παρσάμενος ἐπίταρσε of Theocritus, Eid. xv. v. 90. and yet I would not be poſitive that Shakſpeare had ever read even a tranſlation of Theocritus. TYRWHITT.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
Signior Petruchio: How ſpeed you with
My daughter?
Pet. How but well, ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?
Kath. Call you me, daughter? now, I promiſe you,
You have ſhow'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourſelf and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy:
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond Griſſel;[7]
And Roman Lucrece for her chaſtity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed ſo well together,
That upon ſunday is the wedding-day.
Kath. I'll ſee thee hang'd on ſunday firſt.
Gre. Hark, Petruchio! ſhe ſays, ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.
Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night our part!
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I chooſe her for myſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me. O, the kindeſt Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiſs on kiſs

She

[7] There is a play at Stationers' Hall, May 28, 1599, called "The plaie of *Patient Griſſel.*" Bocaccio was the firſt known writer of the ſtory, and Chaucer copied it in his *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale.* STEEVENS.

The ſtory of *Griſel* is older than Bocaccio, and is to be found among the compoſitions of the French Fabliers. DOUCE.

She vied ſo faſt,[8] proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to ſee,[9]
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch [2] can make the curſteſt ſhrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate, I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day :—
Provide the feaſt, father, and bid the gueſts ;
I will be ſure, my Katharine ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay : but give me your hands ;
God ſend you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we ; we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu ;
I will to Venice, ſunday comes apace : ——
We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;
And kiſs me, Kate, we will be married o'ſunday.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINE, *ſeverally.*

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up ſo ſuddenly ?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you :
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.

Bap. The gain I ſeek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptiſta, to your younger daughter ;—
Now is the day we long have looked for ;
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.

[8] *Vye and revye* were terms at cards, now ſuperſeded by the more modern word, *brag*. Our author has in another place, "time *revys* us," which has been more unneceſſarily altered. The words were frequently uſed in a ſenſe ſomewhat remote from their original one. In the famous trial of the ſeven biſhops, the chief juſtice ſays, "We muſt not permit *vying and revying* upon one another." FARMER.

It appears from a paſſage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, that to *vie* was one of the terms uſed at the game of *Gleek*—"I *vie* it."—"I'll none of it ;"—"nor I." STEEVENS.

Vie and *Revie* were terms at *Primero*, the faſhionable game in our author's time. MALONE.

[9] i. e. it is wonderful to ſee. This expreſſion is often met with in old hiſtorians as well as dramatic writers. STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. a timorous daſtardly creature. STEEVENS.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.
Gre. Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age, that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this ſtriſe:
'Tis deeds, muſt win the prize; and he, of both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.——
Say, ſignior Gremio, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold;
Baſons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapeſtry:
In ivory coffers I have ſtuff'd my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpoints,[3]
Coſtly apparel, tents, and canopies,[4]
Fine linen, Turky cuſhions boſs'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,

Pewter

[3] Theſe coverings for beds are at preſent called *counte-panes*; but either mode of ſpelling is proper.

Counterpoint is the monkiſh term for a particular ſpecies of muſick, in which notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are ſet in oppoſition to each other.

In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently compoſed of patch work, and ſo contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contraſted with one of a different colour, though of the ſame dimenſions. STEEVENS.

Counterpoints were in ancient times extremely coſtly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the inſurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they deſtroyed a coverlet, worth a thouſand marks. MALONE.

[4] I ſuppoſe by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-ſtitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domeſtick riches. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect, the furniture of ſome kind of bed, in the form of a pavillion, was known by this name in our author's time. MALONE.

I conceive, the *pavillion*, or tent-bed, to have been an article of furniture unknown in the age of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

Pewter [5] and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
Myſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in——Sir, liſt to me,
I am my father's heir, and only ſon:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich Piſa walls, as any one
Old ſignior Gremio has in Padua;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which ſhall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, ſignior Gremio?

Gre. Two thouſand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have; beſides [6] an argoſy,

[5] We may ſuppoſe that *pewter* was, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, too coſtly to be uſed in common. It appears from "The regulations and eſtabliſhment of the houſehold of Henry Algeron Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland," &c. that veſſels of *pewter* were hired by the year. *This houſehold-book* was begun in the year 1512.

STEEVENS.

[6] Though all copies concur in this reading, ſurely, if we examine the reaſoning ſomething will be found wrong. Gremio is ſtartled at the high ſettlement Tranio propoſes: ſays, his whole eſtate in land can't match it, yet he'll ſettle ſo much a year upon her, &c. This is playing at croſs purpoſes. The change of the *negative* in the ſecond line ſalves the abſurdity, and ſets the paſſage right. Gremio and Tranio vying in their offers to carry Bianca, the latter boldly propoſes to ſettle land to the amount of two thouſand ducats per annum. My whole eſtate, ſays the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value; yet ſhe ſhall have *that*: I'll endow her with the *whole*; and conſign a rich veſſel to her uſe over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to out-bid his rival.

WARBURTON.

Gremio only ſays, his whole eſtate in land doth not indeed amount to two thouſand ducats a year, but ſhe ſhall have that, whatever be its value, and an argoſy over and above; which argoſy muſt be underſtood to be of very great value from his ſubjoining:

What, have I chok'd you with an argoſy? HEATH.

That now is lying in Marſeilles' road:——
What, have I chok'd you with an argoſy?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no leſs
Than three great argoſies; beſides two galliaſſes,[7]
And twelve tight gallies: theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'ſt next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promiſe; Gremio is out-vied.[8]
Bap. I muſt confeſs, your offer is the beſt;
And, let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own; elſe, you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus reſolv'd;—On ſunday next you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the ſunday following, ſhall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this aſſurance;
If not, to ſignior Gremio:
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.——Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gameſter,[9] your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.[2]

'Tis

[7] A *galeas* or *galliaſs*, is a heavy low-built veſſel of burthen, with both ſails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ſhip and a galley. STEEVENS.

[8] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. When one man was *vied* upon another, he was ſaid to be *out-vied*. STEEVENS.

[9] Perhaps alluding to the pretended Lucentio's having before talk'd of *out vying* him. MALONE.

Gameſter, in the preſent inſtance, has no reference to gaming, and only ſignifies—a wag, a frolickſome character. STEEVENS.

[2] That is, with the higheſt card, in the old ſimple games of our anceſtors. So that this became a proverbial expreſſion.

'Tis in my head to do my maſter good:—
I ſee no reaſon, but ſuppos'd Lucentio
Muſt get a father, call'd—ſuppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Luc. Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, ſir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is [3]
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo far
To know the cauſe why muſick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refreſh the mind of man,
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And, while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.

So Ben Jonſon, in his *Sad Shepherd*:

"——a *Hart of ten*
"I trow he be."

i. e. an extraordinary good one. WARBURTON.

A hart of ten has no reference to *cards*, but is an expreſſion taken from *The Laws of the Foreſt*, and relates to the age of the deer. When a hart is paſt ſix years old, he is generally called *a hart of ten*. See *Foreſt Laws*, 4to. 1598. As we are on the ſubject of cards, it may not be amiſs to take notice of a common blunder relative to their names. We call the *king*, *queen*, and *knave*, *court-cards*, whereas they were anciently denominated *coats*, or *coat-cards*, from their *coats* or dreſſes. STEEVENS.

[3] We ſhould read, with Sir T. Hanmer:

But, wrangling pedant, know *this* lady *is*. RITSON.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar [4] in the ſchools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe myſelf.
And to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down:—
Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To* BIANCA.—HORTENSIO *retires.*

Luc. That will be never;—tune your inſtrument.

Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc. Here, madam:——

Hac ibat Simois; hic eſt Sigeia tellus;
Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.

Bian. Conſtrue them.

Luc. *Hac ibat,* as I told you before,—*Simois,* I am Lucentio,—*hic eſt,* ſon unto Vincentio of Piſa,—*Sigeia tellus,* diſguiſed thus to get your love;—*Hic ſteterat,* and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami,* is my man Tranio,—*regia,* bearing my port,—*celſa ſenis,* that we might beguile the old pantaloon. [5]

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear:— [HORTENSIO *plays.*
O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it: *Hac ibat Simois,* I know you not; *hic eſt Sigeia tellus,* I truſt you not;—*Hic ſteterat Priami,* take heed he hear us not;—*regia,* preſume not;—*celſa ſenis,* deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right; 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedaſcule, [6] I'll watch you better yet.

Bian.

[4] i. e. no ſchool-boy liable to corporal correction. STEEVENS.

[5] The old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

[6] He ſhould have ſaid, *Didaſcale,* but thinking this too honourable, he coins

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.[7]
Luc. Miſtruſt it not; for, ſure, Æacides
Was Ajax,[8]—call'd ſo from his grandfather.
Bian. I muſt believe my maſter; elſe, I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt:
But let it reſt.—Now, Licio, to you:——
Good maſters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.
Hor. You may go walk, [*To* LUCENTIO.] and give me leave awhile;
My leſſons make no muſick in three parts.
Luc. Are you ſo formal, ſir? well, I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,[9]
Our fine muſician groweth amorous. [*Aſide.*
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am paſt my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortenſio.
Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortenſio's paſſion*;
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D ſol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *ſhow pity, or I die.*
Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old

coins the word *Pedaſcule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*. WARBURTON.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakſpeare's, it is more probable that *it lay in his way, and he found it*. STEEVENS.

7 This and the ſeven verſes that follow, have in all the editions been ſtupidly ſhuffled and miſplaced to wrong ſpeakers; ſo that every word ſaid was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

8 This is only ſaid to deceive Hortenſio who is ſuppoſed to liſten. The pedigree of *Ajax*, however, is properly made out, and might have been taken from Golding's Verſion of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, Book XIII. STEEVENS.

9 *But* has here the ſignification of *unleſs*. MALONE.

Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I am not ſo nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewell, ſweet maſters, both; I muſt be gone.
[*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* Servant.
Luc. 'Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay. [*Exit.*
Hor. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wand'ring eyes on every ſtale,
Seize thee, that liſt: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*To* TRANIO.] this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio ſhould be married,
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law:
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays Lucentio to this ſhame of ours?
Kath. No ſhame but mine: I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudeſby, full of ſpleen;[2]
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour;
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll

[2] That is, *full of* humour, caprice, and inconſtancy. JOHNSON.

He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor Katharine,
And ſay,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptiſta too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune ſtays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Kath. 'Would, Katharine had never ſeen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA, *and Others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Maſter, maſter! news, old news, and ſuch news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, ſir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But, ſay, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candlecaſes, one buckled, another laced; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs; with two broken points: [3] His horſe

[3] How a ſword ſhould have *two broken points*, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a tranſpoſition cauſed by the ſeeming relation of *point* to *ſword*. I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced* with two broken points; *an old ruſty ſword—with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs.* JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect that ſeveral words giving an account of Petruchio's *belt* are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outſide of

horſe hip'd with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrups of no kindred: beſides, poſſeſs'd with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine; troubled with the lampaſs, infected with the faſhions, full of windgalls, ſped with ſpavins, raied with the yellows, paſt cure of the fives,[4] ſtark ſpoiled with the ſtaggers, begnawn with the bots: ſway'd in the back, and ſhoulder-ſhotten; ne'er-legg'd before,[5] and with a half-check'd bit, and a head-ſtall of ſheep's leather; which, being reſtrain'd to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repair'd with knots: one girt ſix times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,[6] which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, ſir, his lackey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe; with a linen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boothoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather: [7] a monſter, a very monſter in apparel; and not like a chriſtian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra.

the doublet.—*Two broken points* might therefore have concluded the deſcription of its oſtentatious meanneſs. STEEVENS.

The *broken points* might be the two broken tags of the laces. TOLLET.

I ſuppoſe, the boots had been long left off, and after having been converted into caſes to hold the ends of candels, returned to their firſt office. STEEVENS.

[4] *Faſhions.* So called in the Weſt of England, but by the beſt writers on farriery, *farcens*, or *farcy*.

Fives. So called in the Weſt: *vives* elſewhere, and *avives* by the French; a diſtemper in horſes, little differing from the ſtrangles. GREY.

[5] i. e. founder'd in his fore-feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never a fore leg* to ſtand on. The ſubſequent words—"which, being reſtrain'd, to keep him from *ſtumbling*,"—ſeem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read—*near-legg'd* before; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horſe.

[6] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr. STEEVENS.

[7] This was ſome ballad or drollery at that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's hat for a feather. His ſpeakers are perpetually quoting ſcraps and ſtanzas of old ballads, and often very obſcurely; for, ſo well are they adapted to the occaſion, that they ſeem of a piece with the reſt. In Shakſpeare's time, the

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;—
Yet often times he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howſoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, ſir; I ſay, his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by ſaint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

the kingdom was over-run with theſe doggrel compoſitions, and he ſeems to have borne them a particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers, with excellent humour. In *Much ado about Nothing*, he makes Benedick ſay, "Prove that ever I loſe more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen." As the bluntneſs would make the execution of it extremly painful. And again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Pandarus in his diſtreſs having repeated a very ſtupid ſtanza from an old ballad, ſays, with the higheſt humour, "There never was a truer rhyme; let's caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe. We ſee it, we ſee it." WARBURTON.

I have ſome doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been ſome ornament worn formerly in the hat. So Peacham, in his *Worth of a penny*, deſcribing "an indigent and diſcontented ſoldat," ſays "he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a ſword or rapier, that perhaps being ſomewhere in trouble; a *hat* without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for faſhion ſake." This lackey therefore did not wear a common *fancy* in his hat, but ſome fantaſtical ornament, comprizing the humour of forty different fancies, Such, I believe, is the meaning.

A *fancy*, however, meant alſo a love-ſong or ſonnet, or other poem. If the word was uſed here in this ſenſe, the meaning is, that the lackey had ſtuck forty ballads together, and made ſomething like a feather out of them. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton might have ſtrengthened his ſuppoſition by obſerving, that the *Humour of Forty Fancies* was probably a collection of thoſe ſhort poems which are called *Fancies*, by Falſtaff, in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV*: "——ſung thoſe tunes which he heard the carmen whiſtle, and ſwore they were his *Fancies*, his good-nights." Chance, at ſome future period, may eſtabliſh as a certainty what is now offered as a conjecture. A penny book, containing forty ſhort poems, would, properly managed, furniſh no unapt imitation of a plume of feathers for the hat of a humouriſt's ſervant. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?
Bap. You are welcome, ſir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not ſo well apparell'd
As I wiſh you were.
Pet. Were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?
Bap. Why, ſir, you know, this is your wedding day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eyeſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
Tra. And tell us, what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in ſome part enforced to digreſs; [8]
Which, at more leiſure, I will ſo excuſe
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll viſit her.
Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;
To me ſhe's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I can change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myſelf.

But

[8] To deviate from my promiſe. JOHNSON.

But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good-morrow to my bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs?

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and ſee the event of this. [*Exit.*

Tra. But, ſir, to her love [9] concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It ſkills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he ſhall be Vincentio of Piſa;
And make aſſurance, here in Padua,
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed.
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet Bianca with conſent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchoolmaſter
Doth watch Bianca's ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay—no,
I'll keep mine own, deſpite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint muſician, amorous Licio;
All for my maſter's ſake, Lucentio.—

[9] Mr. Theobald reads—*our* love. STEEVENS.

Our is an injudicious interpolation. The firſt folio reads—*But, ſir, love concerneth us to add, Her father's liking*—which, I think, ſhould be thus corrected:

But ſir, to her *love concerneth us to add*
Her father's liking.——

We muſt ſuppoſe, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here reſumes the converſation, by obſerving, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father's conſent*; and then goes on to propoſe a ſcheme for obtaining the latter. TYRWHITT.

Re-enter

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.[2]
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.
Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut! ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, ſir Lucentio; When the prieſt
Should aſk—if Katharine ſhould be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all amaz'd, the prieſt let fall the book;
And, as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any liſt.*
Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he aroſe again?
Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd, and ſwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carouſing to his mates
After a ſtorm:—Quaff'd off the muſcadel,[3]

And

[2] This is a proverbial ſaying. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

[3] It appears from this paſſage, and from one in *The Hiſtory of the two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the cuſtom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony.

In Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady*, the wine drank on this occaſion is called a "*knitting cup.*"

Again, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, by Middleton:

"Even when my lip touch'd the *contracting cup.*"

There was likewiſe a flower that borrowed its name from this ceremony:

"Bring ſweet carnations, and *ſops in wine*,
"Worne of paramours."

Hobbinol's Dittie, &c. by Spenſer.

Again, in the *Articles ordained by K. Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Houſehold*:

And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
Having no other reaſon, —
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And ſeem'd to aſk him ſops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiſs'd her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmack,
That, at the parting all the church did echo.[4]
I, ſeeing this, came thence for very ſhame;
And, after me, I know, the rout is coming:

Such

Houſehold: Article—"For the Marriage of a Princeſs."—"Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to bee ready, and to bee putt into the cupps with *ſoppe*, and to bee borne to the eſtates; and to take a *ſoppe* and drinke," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in an old canzonet on a wedding, ſet to muſick by Morley, 1606:

"*Sops in wine*, ſpice-cakes are a dealing." FARMER.

The faſhion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding to be drunk by the bride and bridegroom and perſons preſent, was very anciently a conſtant ceremony; and, as appears from this paſſage, not aboliſhed in our author's age. We find it practiſed at the magnificent marriage of Queen Mary and Philip, in Wincheſter cathedral, 1554: "The trumpetts ſounded, and they both returned to their traverſes in the quire, and there remayned untill maſſe was done: at which tyme, *wyne* and *ſopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both." *Collect. Append.* Vol. IV. p. 400, edit. 1770. T. WARTON.

I inſert the following quotation merely to ſhow that the cuſtom remained in Shakſpeare's time. At the marriage of the Elector Palatine to King James's daughter in February, 1612, we are told by one who aſſiſted at the ceremonial: "—In concluſion, a joy pronounced by the king and queen, and ſeconded with congratulation of the lords there preſent, which crowned with draughts of *Ippocras* out of a great golden bowle, as an health to the proſperity of the marriage, (began by the prince Palatine and anſwered by the princeſs). After which were ſerved up by ſix or ſeven barons ſo many bowles filled with wafers, ſo much of that work was conſummate." *Finet's Philoxenis*, 1656, p. 11. REED.

This cuſtom is of very high antiquity; for it ſubſiſted among our Gothick anceſtors. MALONE.

[4] It appears from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, that this was alſo part of the marriage ceremonial:

"The *kiſs thou gav'ſt me in the church*, here take.

STEEVENS.

This alſo is a very ancient cuſtom, as appears from the following rubrick, with which I was furniſhed by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle. "Surgant ambo, ſponſus et ſponſa, et accipiat ſponſus pacem à ſacerdote, et ferat ſponſæ, *oſculans eam*, et neminem alium, nec ipſe, nec ipſa." *Manuale Sarum*, Paris, 1533, 4to. fol. 69. MALONE.

Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minſtrels play. [*Muſick.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't poſſible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I muſt away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,
You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I muſt hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you ſtay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet. I am content you ſhall entreat me ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, ſtay.

Pet. Grumio, my horſes.

Gru. Ay, ſir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horſes.[6]

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I pleaſe myſelf.
The door is open, ſir, there lies your way,

You

[6] There is ſtill a ludicrous expreſſion uſed when horſes have ſtaid ſo long in a place as to have eaten more than they are worth—viz. that *their heads are too big for the ſtable-door.* I ſuppoſe Grumio has ſome ſuch meaning. STEEVENS.

You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I pleaſe myſelf:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What haſt thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.

Gre. Ay, marry, ſir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.

Pet. They ſhall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer,
Carouſe full meaſure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny Kate, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret;
I will be maſter of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs,[7] my any thing:
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in Padua.——Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs if thou be a man:—
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, *and* GRUMIO.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

Bian. That, being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For

[7] Alluding to the tenth commandment: "—Thou ſhalt not covet thy neighbour's *houſe*,——nor his *ox*, nor his *aſs*,—" RITSON.

For to ſupply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt;—
Lucentio, you ſhall ſupply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her ſiſter's room.

Tra. Shall ſweet Bianca practiſe how to bride it?

Bap. She ſhall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in Petruchio's *Country Houſe.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad maſters! and all foul ways! Was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo ray'd? [8] was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and ſoon hot,[9] my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, ſhall warm myſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; caſt on no water.[2]

Curt.

[8] That is, was ever man ſo mark'd with laſhes. JOHNSON. It rather means *beſray'd*, i. e. made dirty. TOLLET.

[9] This is a proverbial expreſſion.

[2] There is an old popular catch of three parts in theſe words:

"Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.
"Fire, fire;——Fire, fire;
"Caſt on ſome more water." BLACKSTONE.

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this froſt: but, thou know'ſt, winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and myſelf, fellow Curtis.[3]

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool![4] I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and ſo long am I, at the leaſt.[5] But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand,) thou ſhalt ſoon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

3 "*Winter*, ſays Grumio, tames *man*, *woman*, *and beaſt*; for it has tamed my old maſter, my new miſtreſs, and *myſelf*, fellow *Curtis*.——Away, you three inch fool, replies *Curtis*, *I am no beaſt*." Why, aſks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio called him one? he alters therefore *myſelf* to *thyſelf*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no neceſſity; if Grumio calls *himſelf* a *beaſt*, and *Curtis*, *fellow*; ſurely he calls *Curtis a beaſt*, likewiſe. Malvolio takes this ſenſe of the word, "let this *fellow* be look'd to!——*Fellow!* not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow!*"

In Ben Jonſon's *Caſe is Altered*, "What ſays my *Fellow Onion?*" quoth *Chriſtophero*.—"All of a houſe, replies *Onion*, but not *fellows*."

In the old play, called *The Return from Parnaſſus*, we have a curious paſſage, which ſhows the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning* of Shakſpeare; this uſe of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe are introduced to teach the univerſity-men the art of acting, and are repreſented (particulary Kempe) as *leaden ſpouts—very illiterate*. "Few of the univerſity (ſays Kempe) pen plays well; *they* ſmell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphoſis*:—why here's our *Fellow Shakſpeare* puts them all down."

FARMER.

The ſentence delivered by Grumio, is proverbial:

"Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beaſt."

See Ray's *Collection*.

4 i. e. with a ſkull three inches thick; a phraſe taken from the thicker ſort of planks. WARBURTON.

This contemptuous expreſſion alludes to Grumio's diminutive ſize. He has already mentioned it himſelf:—"Now, were not I a *little pot*—." His anſwer likewiſe, "—and ſo *long* am I, at the leaſt,"—ſhows that this is the meaning, and that Dr. Warburton was miſtaken in ſuppoſing that theſe words allude to the *thickneſs* of Grumio's *ſkull*. MALONE.

5 Though all the copies agree in this reading, Mr. Theobald ſays, yet he cannot find what horn Curtis had; therefore he alters it to *my horn*. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold. WARBURTON.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

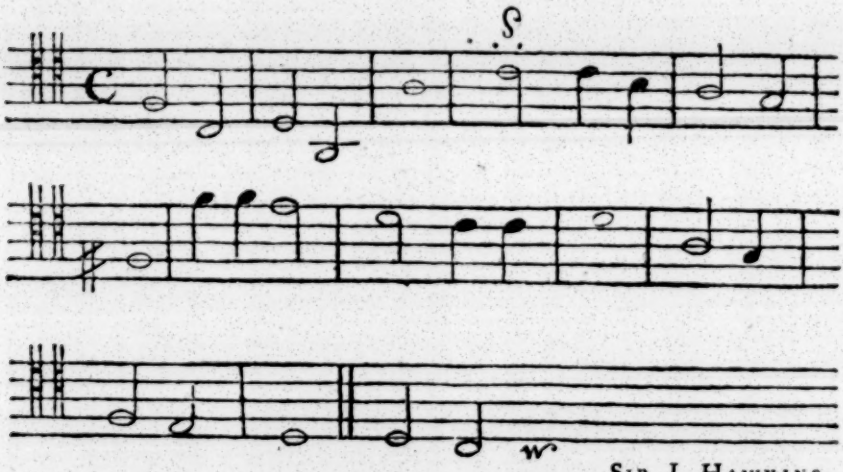
Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!*[6] and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of conycatching:—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept; the ſerving-men in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,[7] the carpets laid,[8] and every thing in order?

Curt.

[6] This is the beginning of an old round in three parts.



SIR J. HAWKINS.

[7] i. e. are the drinking veſſels clean, and the maid ſervants dreſs'd? But the Oxford editor alters it thus:

Are the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within?

What his conceit is in this, I confeſs I know not. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer's meaning ſeems to be this: "Are the men who are waiting without the houſe to receive my maſter, dreſs'd; and the maids, who are waiting within dreſs'd too?"

I believe

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. Firſt, know, my horſe is tired; my maſter and miſtreſs fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſtening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs:—

Curt. Both on one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:——But hadſt thou not croſs'd me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe; thou ſhould'ſt have heard, in how miry a place: how ſhe was bemoil'd;[9] how he left her with the horſe upon her; how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled; how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore; how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt;[2] how I loſt my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory;

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which ſignify *two drinking meaſures*, as well as *men* and *maid ſervants*. The diſtinction made in the queſtions concerning them, was owing to this: The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outſide, but were very apt to contract foulneſs within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inſide, like the leather. STEEVENS.

[8] In our author's time it was cuſtomary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the preſent paſſage and others, were ſtrewed with ruſhes. MALONE.

[9] i. e. be-draggled; bemired. STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. broken. So, in the firſt ſcene of this play. "You will not pay for the glaſſes you have *burſt*?" STEEVENS.

mory; which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly combed, their blue coats bruſhed,[3] and their garters of an indifferent knit: [4] let them curt'ſy with their left legs; and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter, to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems; that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter ſeveral Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Joſ. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru.

[3] The dreſs of ſervants at the time. So, in Decker's *Belman's Night's Walkes*. ſig. E. 3: "—the other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their *ſerving men*, though indeed they be all fellowes." REED.

[4] What is the ſenſe of this I know not, unleſs it means, that their *garters* ſhould be *fellows*: *indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other. JOHNSON.

Perhaps by "garters of an *indifferent* knit," the author meant *parti-coloured* garters; garters of a *different* knit. In Shakſpeare's time *indifferent* was ſometimes uſed for *different*.

That garters of a *different knit* were formerly worn, appears from TEXNOTAMIA, *or the Marriages of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following ſtage direction occurs. "Phantaſtes in a branched velvet jerkin,—red ſilk ſtockings, and *parti-colour'd garters*." MALONE.

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready: [5] How near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,——Cock's paſſion, ſilence!——I hear my maſter.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? What, no man at door,
To hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——

All Serv. Here, here, ſir; here ſir.

Pet. Here, ſir! here ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir!—
You loggerheaded and unpoliſh'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, ſir; as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You peaſant ſwain! you whorſon malthorſe drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, ſir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,[6]
And Walter's dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory,
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggarly
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.—

[*Exeunt ſome of the* Servants

Where the life that late I led[7] [Sings.

[5] Though in general it is proper to correct the falſe concords that are found in almoſt every page of the old copy, here it would be improper; becauſe the language ſuits the character. MALONE.

[6] A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, ſays—"This cozenage is uſed likewiſe in ſelling old hats found upon dunghills, inſtead of newe, blackt over with the *ſmoak of an old linke*." STEEVENS.

[7] A ſcrap of ſome old ballad. Ancient Piſtol ſomewhere quotes the ſame line. In an old black letter book intituled, "*A gorgious Gallery of Gallant*

Where are thoſe——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud! [8]

Re-enter Servants, *with ſupper.*

Why, when, I ſay?—Nay, good ſweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey,[9] [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what ho!—
Where's my ſpaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin Ferdinand come hither: [2]—

[*Exit* Servant.

One, Kate, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my ſlippers?—Shall I have ſome water?

[*A baſon is preſented to him.*

Come

lant Inventions, London, 1578, 4to. is a ſong to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led.*" RITSON.

This ballad was peculiarly ſuited to Petruchio's preſent ſituation: for it appears to have been deſcriptive of the ſtate of a lover who had newly reſigned his freedom. MALONE.

[3] That is, *ſweet, ſweet. Sot*, and ſometimes *ſoth*, is *ſweet*. So, in Milton, *to ſing ſoothly*, is to ſing ſweetly. JOHNSON

Theſe words ſeem merely intended to denote the humming of a tune, or ſome kind of ejaculation, for which it is not neceſſary to find out a meaning. M. MASON.

This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to expreſs the noiſe made by a perſon heated and fatigued. MALONE.

[9] Diſperſed through Shakſpeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of theſe being of the moſt beautiful and pathetic ſimplicity, Dr. Percy has ſelected ſome of them, and connected them together with a few ſupplemental ſtanzas; a work, which at once demonſtrates his own poetical abilities, as well as his reſpect to the truly venerable remains of our moſt ancient bards. STEEVENS.

[2] This couſin Ferdinand, who does not make his perſonal appearance on the ſcene, is mentioned, I ſuppoſe, for no other reaſon than to give Katharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his ſpaniel Troilus. STEEVENS.

Come, Kate, and waſh,[3] and welcome heartily :—
[Servant *lets the ewer fall.*
You whoreſon villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*
Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whorſon, beetleheaded, flapear'd knave!
Come, Kate, ſit down; I know you have a ſtomach.
Will you give thanks ſweet Kate; or elſe ſhall I?—
What is this? mutton?
1 *Serv.* Ay.
Pet. Who brought it?
1 *Serv.* I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt; and ſo is all the meat:
What dogs are theſe?—Where is the raſcal cook?
How durſt you, villains, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the ſtage.*
You heedleſs joltheads, and unmannerd ſlaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.
Kath. I pray you, huſband, be not ſo diſquiet;
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.

[3] It was the cuſtom in our author's time, (and long before,) to waſh the hands immediately before dinner and ſupper, as well as afterwards. So, in Ives's *Select Papers*, p. 139: "And after that the Queen [Elizabeth, the wife of K. Henry VII.] was retourned and *waſhed*, the Archbiſhop ſaid grace" Again, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: C. "The meate is coming, let us ſit downe. S. I would waſh firſt—. What ho, bring us ſome water to waſh our hands.—Give me a faire, cleane and white towel." From the ſame dialogue it appears that it was cuſtomary to waſh after meals likewiſe, and that ſetting the water on the table was then (as at preſent) peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland. "Bring ſome water (ſays one of the company) when dinner is ended, to waſh our hands, and ſet the bacin upon the board, *after the Engliſh faſhion*, that all may waſh."

That it was the practice to waſh the hands immediately before ſupper, as well as before dinner, is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *The Fountayne of Fame, erected in an Orcharde of amorous adventures*, by Anthony Munday, 1580: "Then was our *ſupper* brought up very orderly, and ſhe brought me *water to waſhe my handes*. And after I had waſhed, I ſat downe, and ſhe alſo; but concerning what good cheere we had, I need not make good report." MALONE.

As our anceſtors eat with their fingers, which might not be over clean before meals, and after them muſt be greaſy, we cannot wonder at ſuch repeated ablutions. STEEVENS.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dried away;
And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did faſt,—
Since, of ourſelves, ourſelves are cholerick,—
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh.
Be patient; to-morrow it ſhall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll faſt for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* CURTIS.

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didſt ever ſee the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a ſermon of continency to her:
And rails, and ſwears, and rates; that ſhe, poor ſoul,
Knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak;
And ſits as one new-riſen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My falcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty;
And, till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full gorg'd,[4]
For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,[5]
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is,—to watch her, as we watch theſe kites,
That bate,[6] and beat, and will not be obedient.

She

4 A hawk too much fed was never tractable.
The *lure* was only a thing ſtuffed like that kind of bird which the hawk was deſigned to purſue. The uſe of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

5 A *haggard* is a *wild hawk*; to *man* a hawk is to *tame* her.
JOHNSON.

6 i. e. flutter. STEEVENS.

To

She eat no meat to-day, nor none ſhall eat;
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to night ſhe ſhall not;
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, another way the ſheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,[7]
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And, if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headſtrong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeak; 'tis charity, to ſhow. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't poſſible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, ſir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to ſatisfy you in what I have ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They ſtand aſide.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, maſter, read you? firſt, reſolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profeſs, the art to love.
Bian. And may you prove, ſir, maſter of your art!

To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it ſwoops upon its prey. Minſheu ſuppoſes it to be derived either from *batre*, Fr. to beat, or from *s'abatre*, to deſcend. MALONE.

[7] *Intend* is ſometimes uſed by our author for *pretend*, and is, I believe, ſo uſed here.

Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart.

[*They retire.*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry![8] Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs Bianca
Lov'd none in the world ſo well as Lucentio.

Tra. O deſpiteful love! unconſtant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Miſtake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion:
Know, ſir, that I am call'd—Hortenſio.

Tra. Signior Hortenſio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you,—if you be ſo contented,—
Forſwear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiſs and court!——Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her though ſhe would entreat:
Fie on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forſworn!
For me,—that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard:
And ſo farewell, ſignior Lucentio,—
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA *advance.*

Tra. Miſtreſs Bianca, bleſs you with ſuch grace
As 'longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe!

Nay,

[8] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. To *proceed* Maſter of Arts, &c, is the academical term. MALONE.

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forſworn you, with Hortenſio.
Bian. Tranio, you jeſt; But have you both forſworn me?
Tra. Miſtreſs, we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.
Tra. I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.
Bian. He ſays ſo, Tranio.
Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-ſchool.
Bian. The taming-ſchool! what, is there ſuch a place?
Tra. Ay, miſtreſs, and Petruchio is the maſter;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a ſhrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running*.

Bion. O maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long
That I'm dog-weary; but at laſt I ſpied
An ancient angel [9] coming down the hill,
Will ſerve the turn.
Tra. What is he, Biondello?

[9] For *angel* Mr. Theobald, and after him Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, read *engle*. JOHNSON.

It is true that the word *engble*, which Sir T. Hanmer calls a gull, (deriving it from *engluer*, Fr. to catch with bird-lime,) is ſometimes uſed by Ben Jonſon. It cannot, however, bear that meaning at preſent, as Biondello confeſſes his ignorance of the quality of the perſon who is afterwards perſuaded to repreſent the father of Lucentio. The preciſe meaning of it is not aſcertained in Jonſon, neither is the word to be found in any of the original copies of Shakſpeare. I have alſo reaſon to ſuppoſe that the true import of the word *engble* is ſuch as can have no connection with this paſſage, and will not bear explanation.

Angel primitively ſignifies a *meſſenger*, but perhaps this ſenſe is inapplicable to the paſſage before us. So, Ben Jonſon, in *The Sad Shepherd*:

" ——the dear good *angel* of the ſpring,
" The nightingale——."

And Chapman, in his tranſlation of *Homer*, always calls a meſſenger an *angel*.

In *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, an old uſurer is indeed called

" ——old

Bion. Maſter, a mercatantè, or a pedant,[2]
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance ſurely like a father.[3]

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem Vincentio;
And give aſſurance to Baptiſta Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you, ſir!

Tra. And you, ſir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furtheſt?

Ped. Sir, at the furtheſt for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as Rome;
And ſo to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, ſir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careleſs of your life?

Ped.

"——old *angel* of gold."

It is poſſible, however, that inſtead of *ancient angel*, our author might have written—*angel-merchant*, one whoſe buſineſs it was to negociate money. He was afterwards called a *mercatantè*, and profeſſes himſelf to be one who has bills of exchange about him. STEEVENS.

[2] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercatantè* is frequently uſed in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no ſcruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it ſpelt in the folio, were obliged to ſupply a ſyllable to make out the verſe, which the Italian pronunciation renders unneceſſary. A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon: "He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a muſician, ſeen in his lodgings." STEEVENS.

Mercatantè,] So, Spenſer, in the third Book of his *Fairy Queen*:

"Sleeves dependant Albanesè wiſe."

And our author has *Veronesè* in his *Othello*. FARMER.

Charon, the ſage *Charon*, as Pope calls him, deſcribes a *pedant*, as ſynonymous to a *houſehold ſchoolmaſter*, and adds a general character of the fraternity by no means to their advantage. REED.

[3] I know not what he is, ſays the ſpeaker however, this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.

Ped. My life, sir! how I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
[*Aside.*
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance † of a dower in marriage
'Twixt

† *To pass assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-

'Twixt me and one Baptiſta's daughter here:
In all theſe circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with me, ſir, to clothe you as becomes you.[5] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Petruchio's *Houſe.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forſooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould entreat,—
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which ſpites me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who ſhould ſay,—if I ſhould ſleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death.——
I pr'ythee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru.

law-writers called, "The common *aſſurances* of the realm," becauſe thereby each man's property is *aſſured* to him. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this act, "they are buſied about a counterfeit *aſſurance*."

MALONE.

[5] *Go with me*, &c.] There is an old comedy called *Suppoſes*, tranſlated from Arioſto, by George Gaſcoigne. Thence Shakſpeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as ſome of the phraſeology) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There likewiſe he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young maſter and his man exchange habits, and perſuade a *Scenæſe*, as he is called, to perſonate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of government. FARMER.

In the ſame play our author likewiſe found the name of *Licio*.

MALONE.

Gru. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat: [6]—
How ſay you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What ſay you to a piece of beef, and muſtard?
Kath. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.[7]
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the muſtard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat;
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *with a diſh of meat; and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, ſweeting, all amort? [8]
Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou ſee'ſt how diligent I am,
To

[6] The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily reads—too *phlegmatick* a meat; which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

Though I have not diſplaced the oldeſt reading, that of the ſecond folio may be right. It prevents the repetition of *cholerick*, and preſerves its meaning; for *phlegmatick*, irregularly derived from φλεγμονὴ, might anciently have been a word in phyſical uſe, ſignifying *inflammatory*, as *phlegmonous* is at preſent. STEEVENS.

[7] This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In *The Glaſs of Humors*, no date, p. 60, it is ſaid, "But note here, that the firſt diet is not only in avoiding ſuperfluity of meats, and ſurfeits of drinks, but alſo in eſchewing ſuch as are moſt obnoxious, and leaſt agreeable with our happy temperate ſtate; as for a cholerick man to abſtain from all ſalt, *ſcorched, dry meats*, from *muſtard*, and ſuch like things as will aggravate his malignant humours," &c.

So Petruchio before objects to the over-roaſted mutton. REED.

[8] That is all ſunk and diſpirited. MALONE.

To dreſs thy meat myſelf, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the diſh on a table.*
I am ſure, ſweet Kate, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'ſt it not;
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof: [9]——
Here, take away this diſh.

Kath. 'Pray you, let it ſtand.

Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks;
And ſo ſhall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, ſir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame:
Come, miſtreſs Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortenſio, if thou lov'ſt me. [*Aſide.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe;
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs, and farthingales, and things; [2]
With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, haſt thou din'd? The tailor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treaſure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments; [3]

Enter

9 And all *my* labour has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing. "We tried an experiment, but it *ſorted* not." *Bacon.* JOHNSON.

2 Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to tranſpoſe the words *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement. JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet muſt be anſwerable for it, as he had uſed it before, Act II. ſc. v. when the rhyme did not force it upon him:

We will have rings and things, *and fine array.*

A *thing* is a trifle too inconſiderable to deſerve particular diſcrimination. STEEVENS.

3 In our poet's time, women's gowns were uſually made by men. So, in the epiſtle to the Ladies, prefixed to *Euphues and his England*, by John Lyly,

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, ſir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet diſh; fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.
Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haſte. [*Aſide.*
Kath. Why, ſir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak;[4]
And ſpeak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it ſhall I will be free
Even to the uttermoſt, as I pleaſe, in words.
Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true; it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin,[5] a bauble, a ſilken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.
Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: Come, tailor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, God! what maſking ſtuff is here?
What's this? a ſleeve? 'tis like a demicannon:
What!

Lyly, 1508: "If a *taylor make your gown* too little, you cover his fault with a broad ſtomacher; if too great, with a number of pleights; if too ſhort, with a fair guard; if too long, with a falſe gathering."
MALONE.

[4] Shakſpeare has here copied nature with great ſkill. Petruchio, by frightening, ſtarving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleneſs and ſubmiſſion. And the audience expects to hear no more of the ſhrew: when on her being croſſed in the article of faſhion and finery, the moſt inveterate folly of her ſex, ſhe flies out again, though for the laſt time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. WARBURTON.

[5] A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raiſed cruſt of a pie or cuſtard. STEEVENS.

What! up and down, carv'd like an appletart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer [6] in a barber's ſhop:
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee, ſhe's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aſide.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, ſir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Kath. I never ſaw a better-faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She ſays, your worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monſtrous arrogance! Thou lieſt, thou thread,
Thou thimble,[7]
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete [8] thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt!
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tai.

[6] *Cenſers* in barber's ſhops are now diſuſed, but they may eaſily be imagined to have been veſſels which, for the emiſſion of the ſmoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interſtices. JOHNSON.

I learn from an ancient print, that theſe *cenſers* reſembled in ſhape our modern *braſieres*. They had pierced convex covers, and ſtood on feet. They not only ſerved to ſweeten a barber's ſhop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on. STEEVENS.

[7] We ſhould only read:

O monſtrous arrogance! thou lieſt, thou thimble.

He calls him afterwards—a ſkein of *thread*. RITSON.

The tailor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged Engliſh, liable to ſarcaſms and contempt. JOHNSON.

[8] i. e. be-meaſure thee. STEEVENS.

Tai. Your worſhip is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction:
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tai. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, ſir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt faced many things.[9]

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men;[2] brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I ſay unto thee, I bid thy maſter cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:[3] *ergo*, thou lieſt.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tai. *Imprimis, a looſe-bodied gown:*

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gown,[4] ſew me in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a ſmall compaſs'd cape;*[5]

Gru.

[9] i. e. turned up many gowns, &c. with *facings*, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dreſs. STEEVENS.

[3] This ſcene appears to have been borrowed from a ſtory of Sir Philip Caulthorp, and John Drakes, a ſilly ſhoemaker of Norwich, which is related in Leigh's *Accidence of Armorie*, and in Camden's *Remaines*. DOUCE.

[4] I think the joke is impair'd, unleſs we read with the original play already quoted—a *looſe bodied* gown. It appears, however, that *looſe-bodied* gowns were the dreſs of *harlots*. STEEVENS.

[5] A *compaſs'd cape* is a round cape. To *compaſs* is *to come round*. JOHNSON.

Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, a circular bow window is called a—*compaſſed* window.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes*, 1565, gives a moſt elaborate deſcription of the gowns of women; and adds, "Some have *capes* reaching down to the midſt of their backs, faced with velvet, or elſe with ſome fine wrought taffata, at the leaſt, fringed about, very bravely." STEEVENS.

So, in the Regiſter of Mr. Henſlowe, proprietor of the Roſe theatre, "3 of June 1594. Lent, upon a womanes gowne of villet in grayne, with a velvet *cape* imbroidered with bugelles, for xxxvi s." MALONE.

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tai. With a trunk ſleeve; ——

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

Tai. The ſleeves curiouſly cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i'the bill, ſir; error i'the bill. I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhoud'ſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill,[6] give me thy mete yard,[7] and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, ſir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, ſir; 'tis for my miſtreſs.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy maſter's uſe!

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my miſtreſs' gown for thy maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, ſir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, ſir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my miſtreſs' gown to his maſter's uſe!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the tailor paid:—
[*Aſide.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter. [*Exit* Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father s,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments;
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?

Or

[6] The ſame quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-ſoldiers, is to be met with in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. thy meaſuring-yard. STEEVENS.

Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.——
Go, call my men, and let us ſtraight to him;
And bring our horſes unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.——
Let's ſee; I think, 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.
Kath. I dare aſſure you, ſir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be ſupper time, ere you come there.
Pet. It ſhall be ſeven, ere I go to horſe:
Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it.——Sirs, let's alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.
Hor. Why, ſo! this gallant will command the ſun.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.[8]

Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dreſſed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the houſe; Pleaſe it you, that I call?
Ped. Ay, what elſe? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptiſta may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegaſus.[9]

Tra.

[8] I cannot but think that the direction about the Tinker, who is always introduced at the ends of the acts, together with the change of the ſcene, and the proportion of each act to the reſt, make it probable that the fifth act begins here. JOHNSON.

[9] This line has in all the editions hitherto been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no propriety ſpeak this, either in his aſſumed or real character. Lucentio was too young to know any thing of lodging with his father, twenty years before at Genoa: and Tranio muſt be as much

too

Tra. 'Tis well;
And hold your own, in any caſe, with ſuch
Auſterity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, ſir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were ſchool'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I adviſe you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to Baptiſta?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptiſta;—ſet your countenance, ſir.——

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptiſta, you are happily met:—
Sir, [*To the* Pedant.]
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, ſtand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, ſon!—
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him,—to ſtay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,

To

too young, or very unfit to repreſent and perſonate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the line to the Pedant, to whom it muſt certainly belong, and is a ſequel of what he was before ſaying. THEOBALD.

Shakſpeare has taken a ſign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua*:

"Meet me an hour hence at the ſign of the *Pegaſus* in Cheapſide." *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606.

The *Pegaſus* is the arms of the Middle-Temple; and, from that circumſtance, became a popular ſign. STEEVENS.

To have him match'd; and,—if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, ſir,—upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you,[2]
Signior Baptiſta, of whom I hear ſo well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay;—
Your plainneſs, and your ſhortneſs, pleaſe me well.
Right true it is, your ſon Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you ſay no more than this,—
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dower,[3]
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

Tra. I thank you, ſir. Where then do you know beſt,
We be affied; [4] and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?

Bap. Not in my houſe, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants:
Beſides, old Gremio is heark'ning ſtill;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.[4]

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, ſir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.

The

[2] *Curious* is ſcrupulous. So, in Holinſhed, p. 888: "The emperor obeying more compaſſion than the reaſon of things, was not *curious* to condeſcend to performe ſo good an office." STEEVENS.

To *paſs* is, in this place, ſynonymous to *aſſure* or *convey*; as it ſometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchaſe deed, that the granter has power to bargain, ſell, &c. "and thereby to *paſs* and convey" the premiſes to the grantee. RITSON.

[3] i. e. betrothed. STEEVENS.

[4] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope reads:

And haply then *we might be interrupted.* STEEVENS.

Happily, in Shakſpeare's time, ſignified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. It is rather ſurpriſing, that an editor ſhould be guilty of ſo groſs a corruption of his author's language, for the ſake of *modernizing his orthography*.

TYRWHITT.

The worſt is this,—that, at ſo ſlender warning,
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready ſtraight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how ſhe's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods ſhe may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.[5]
Signior Baptiſta, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer:
Come, ſir; we'll better it in Piſa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, *and* BAPTISTA.

Bion. Cambio.——

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral[6] of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptiſta is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old prieſt at ſaint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance: Take you aſſurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolum:*[7] to the church;[8]—take the prieſt, clerk, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:

If

[5] It ſeems odd management to make Lucentio *go out* here for nothing that appears, but that he may *return* again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to ſuppoſe that he lingers upon the ſtage, till the reſt are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myſelf of the regulation propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*or* moral—] i. e. the ſecret purpoſe. MALONE.

[7] It is ſcarce neceſſary to obſerve that theſe are the words which

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſley to ſtuff a rabbit; and ſo may you, ſir; and ſo adieu, ſir. My maſter hath appointed me to go to ſaint Luke's, to bid the prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It ſhall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the ſun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I ſay, it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.

Kath. I know, it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:—
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.—
Evermore croſt, and croſt; nothing but croſt!

Hor. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, ſince we have come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.

Pet. I ſay, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is.[9]

commonly were put on books where an excluſive right had been granted for printing them. REED.

[8] i. e. go to the church, &c. TYRWHITT.

[9] The humour of this ſcene bears a very ſtriking reſemblance to what Monſ. Bernier tells us of the Mogul Omrahs, who continually bear in mind the Perſian proverb, "If the King ſaith at noon-day it is night, you are to behold the moon and the ſtars." *Hiſtory of the Mogul Empire*, Vol. IV. p. 45. DOUCE.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the bleſſed ſun.
Kath. Then, God be bleſs'd, it is the bleſſed ſun:—
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And ſo it ſhall be ſo, for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl ſhould run,
And not unluckily againſt the bias.——
But ſoft? what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dreſs.*

Good-morrow, gentle miſtreſs: Where away?—
[*To* VINCENTIO.
Tell me, ſweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.
Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.
Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!
Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.
Kath. Pardon, old father, my miſtaking eyes,
That have been ſo bedazzled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green: [2]
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet.

[2] Shakſpeare's obſervations on the phænomena of nature are very accurate. When one has ſat long in the ſunſhine, the ſurrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reaſon is aſſigned by many of the writers on opticks. BLACKSTONE.

Pet. Do, good old grandſire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travelleſt: if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair ſir,—and you my merry miſtreſs,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Piſa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle ſir.
Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy ſon.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The ſiſter to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy ſon by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified as may beſeem
The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true? or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do aſſure thee, father, ſo it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof;
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* VINCENTIO.
Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught Hortenſio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. Before Lucentio's *Houſe.*

Enter on one ſide BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other ſide.*

Bion. Softly and ſwiftly, ſir; for the prieſt is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back; and then come back to my maſter as ſoon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, *and* BIONDELLO.

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's houſe,
My father's bears more toward the marketplace;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, ſir.

Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drink before you go;
I think, I ſhall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, ſome cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're buſy within, you were beſt knock louder.

Enter Pedant *above, at a window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is ſignior Lucentio within, ſir?

Ped. He's within, ſir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf; he ſhall need none, ſo long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your ſon was belov'd in Padua.—— Do you hear, ſir? to leave frivolous circumſtances, I pray you, tell ſignior Lucentio, that his father is come from Piſa, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped

Ped. Thou lieſt; his father is come from Piſa,[3] and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, ſir; ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To* VINCEN.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the church together; God ſend 'em good ſhipping!—But who is here? mine old maſter, Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing* BIONDELLO.

Bion. I hope, I may chooſe, ſir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, ſir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy maſter's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, ſir; ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo, indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, ſon! help, ſignior Baptiſta! [*Exit, from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*They retire.*

[3] The reading of the old copies is *from Padua*, which is certainly wrong. The editors have made it *to Padua*; but it ſhould rather be *from Piſa*. Both parties agree that Lucentio's father is *come from Piſa*, as indeed they neceſſarily muſt; the point in diſpute is, whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out of the window*. TYRWHITT.

I ſuſpect we ſhou'd read—from *Mantua*, whence the pedant himſelf came, and which he would naturally name, ſuppoſing he forgot, as might well happen, that the real Vincentio was of Piſa. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Padua* and *Verona* occur in two different ſcenes, inſtead of *Milan*. MALONE.

Re-enter Pedant *below*; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, ſir? nay, what are you, ſir?——O immortal gods! O fine villain! A ſilken doublet! a velvet hoſe! a ſcarlet cloak! and a copatain hat![4]——O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good huſband at home, my ſon and my ſervant ſpend all at the univerſity.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhow you a madman: Why, ſir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a ſailmaker in Bergamo.

Bap. You, miſtake, ſir; you miſtake, ſir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad aſs! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me ſignior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his maſter!——Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my ſon, my ſon!—tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an* Officer.] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptiſta, I charge you, ſee, that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre.

4 Is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, ſuch as was anciently worn by well-dreſſed men. JOHNSON.

This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gaſcoigne.

In Stubb's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter "on the hattes of England," beginning thus:

"Sometimes they uſe them ſharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the ſpeare or ſhaft of a ſteeple, ſtanding a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads, &c. STEEVENS.

Gre. Stay, officer; he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, ſignior Gremio; I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, ſignior Baptiſta, leſt you be cony-catch'd [5] in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haled and abus'd:——O monſtrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are ſpoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweeteſt ſon?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and* Pedant *run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How haſt thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right ſon unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes blear'd thine eyne.[6]

Gre. Here's packing,[7] with a witneſs, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

[5] i. e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS

[6] The modern editors read *ſuppoſers*, but wrongly. This is a plain alluſion to Gaſcoigne's comedy entitled *Suppoſes*, from which ſeveral of the incidents in this play are borrowed. TYRWHITT.

This is highly probable; but yet *ſuppoſes* is a word often uſed in its common ſenſe, which, on the preſent occaſion is ſufficiently commodious. It appears likewiſe from the Preface to Greene's *Metamorphoſis*, that *ſuppoſes* was a game of ſome kind. "After *ſuppoſes*, and ſuch ordinary ſports, were paſt, they fell to prattle, &c.

To blear the eye, was an ancient phraſe ſignifying *to deceive*. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. plotting, underhand contrivance. STEEVENS.

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my ſtate with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs:—
What Tranio did, myſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear ſir? [*To* LUCENTIO.] Have you married my daughter without aſking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptiſta; we will content you, go to:
But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Gre. My cake is dough: [8] But I'll in among the reſt;
Out of hope of all,—but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *advance.*

Kath. Huſband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?

Kath. No, ſir; God forbid: but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, ſirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs: now pray thee, love, ſtay.

Pet.

[8] This is a proverbial expreſſion which alſo occurs in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*:

"Alas poor Tom, *his cake is dough.*" STEEVENS.

It was generally uſed when any project miſcarried. MALONE.

Rather when any diſappointment was ſuſtained, contrary to every appearance or expectation. Howell in one of his letters, mentioning the birth of Lewis the Fourteenth, ſays—"The Queen is delivered of a Dauphin, the wondrefulleſt thing of thiskind that any ſtory can parallel, for this is the three-and-twentieth year ſince ſhe was married, and hath continued childleſs all this while. So that now Monſieur's *cake is dough.*" REED.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my ſweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Lucentio's *Houſe.*

A Banquet ſet out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLLO, GRUMIO, *and Others, attending.*

Luc. At laſt, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown.——
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio,—ſiſter Katharina,—
And thou, Hortenſio, with thy loving widow,
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe;
My banquet [9] is to cloſe our ſtomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat. [*They ſit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſs, ſon Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortenſio fears his widow.[2]

Wid. Then never truſt me if I be afeared.

Pet. You are ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe;
I mean, Hortenſio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that? *Wid.*

9 A *banquet*, or (as it is called in ſome of our old books) an *afterpaſt*, was a ſlight refection, like our modern deſert, conſiſting of cakes, ſweetmeats, and fruit. STEEVENS.

2 To *fear*, as has been already obſerved, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow underſtands the word in the latter ſenſe; and Petruchio tells her, he uſed it in the former. MALONE.

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortenſio that?

Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiſs him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round: I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your huſband, being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my huſband's ſorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.[3]

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.

Bap. How likes Gremio theſe quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, ſir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt: an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, miſtreſs bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll ſleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you ſhall not; ſince you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jeſt or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, *and* Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me.——Here, ſignior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.

Tra. O, ſir, Lucentio ſlipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.

Pet.

[3] This paſſage will be beſt explained by another, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "Lady, you have *put him down*.—So I would not *be ſhould do me*, my lord, leſt I ſhould prove *the mother of fools*." STEEVENS.

Pet. A good ſwift [4] ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.
Tra. 'Tis well, ſir, that you hunted for yourſelf:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.[5]
Hor. Confeſs, confeſs; hath he not hit you here?
Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And, as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, ſon Petruchio,
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.
Pet. Well, I ſay—no: and therefore, for aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend unto his wife;
And he, whoſe wife is moſt obedient
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.
Hor. Content;——What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match; 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I. Go,
Biondello, bid your miſtreſs come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myſelf.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come.

[4] ——*ſwift*—] beſides the original ſenſe of *ſpeedy in motion*, ſignified *witty, quick-witted*. So, in *As you Like it*, the Duke ſays of the Clown, "He is very *ſwift* and ſententious." *Quick* is now uſed in almoſt the ſame ſenſe as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin ſays of Hales, than *he had known Laud for a* nimble *diſputant*. JOHNSON.

[5] A *gird* is a *ſarcaſm*, a *gibe*. STEEVENS.

Pet. How! ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come!
Is that an anſwer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, ſir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then ſhe needs muſt come.
Hor. I am afraid, ſir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?
Bion. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand;
She will not come; ſhe bids you come to her.
Pet. Worſe and worſe; ſhe will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your miſtreſs;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.
Hor. I know her anſwer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not come.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, ſir, that you ſend for me?
Pet. Where is your ſiſter, and Hortenſio's wife?
Kath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their huſbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And ſo it is; I wonder, what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy;
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

Bap.

Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and* Widow.

See, where ſhe comes; and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs!

Bian. Fie! what a fooliſh duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath coſt me an hundred crowns [6] ſince ſupper-time.

Bian. The more ~~fool~~ you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell theſe headſtrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and huſbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I ſay; and firſt begin with her.

Wid. She ſhall not.

Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall;—and firſt begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as froſts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet, or amiable.

A woman

[6] Old copy—*five* hundred. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the MS. from which our author's plays were printed, probably numbers were always expreſſed in figures, which has been the occaſion of many miſtakes in the early editions. MALONE.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou lieſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch, a woman oweth to her huſband:
And, when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And, not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?—
I am aſham'd, that women are ſo ſimple
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our ſoft conditions,[7] and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reaſon, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I ſee our lances are but ſtraws;
Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare,—
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we leaſt are.
Then vail your ſtomachs,[8] for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your huſband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet.

[7] The gentle qualities of our minds. MALONE.
[8] i. e. abate your pride, your ſpirit. STEEVENS.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiſs me Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:——

We three are married, but you two are ſped.[9]

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;[2]

[*To* LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt ſhrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

[9] i. e. the fate of you both is decided; for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of diſobedience. STEEVENS.

[2] To hit the *white* is a phraſe borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*.

JOHNSON.

The following are the obſervations of Dr. Hurd on the Induction to this comedy. They are taken from his *Notes on the Epiſtle to Auguſtus*: "The Induction, as Shakſpeare calls it, to *The Taming of the Shrew*, deſerves for the excellence of its moral deſign and beauty of execution, throughout, to be ſet in a juſt light.

"This *Prologue* ſets before us the picture of a *poor drunken beggar*, advanced, for a ſhort ſeaſon, into the proud rank of *nobility*. And the humour of the ſcene is taken to conſiſt in the ſurpriſe and aukward deportment of *Sly*, in this his ſtrange and unwonted ſituation. But the poet had a further deſign, and more worthy his genius, than this farcical pleaſantry. He would expoſe, under cover of this mimic fiction, the truly ridiculous figure of men of rank and quality, when they employ their great advantages of *place and fortune*, to no better purpoſes, than the ſoft and ſelfiſh gratification of their own intemperate paſſions: Of *thoſe*, who take the mighty privilege of *deſcent* and *wealth* to live in the freer indulgence of thoſe pleaſures, which the beggar as fully enjoys, and with infinitely more propriety and conſiſtency of character, than their *lordſhips*.

"To give a poignancy to his ſatire, the poet makes a *man of quality* himſelf, juſt returned from the chace, with all his mind intent upon his pleaſures, contrive this metamorphoſis of the beggar, in the way of ſport and deriſion only; not conſidering, how ſeverely the jeſt was going to turn upon himſelf. His firſt reflections, on ſeeing this brutal drunkard, are excellent:

'O! monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
'Grim death! how foul and loathſome is thy image!'

"The

" The *offence* is taken at *human nature*, degraded into *beſtiality*; and at a ſtate of ſtupid *inſenſibility*, *the image of death*. Nothing can be juſter, than this repreſentation. For theſe lordly ſenſualiſts have a very nice and faſtidious abhorrence of ſuch ignoble brutality. And what alarms their fears with the proſpect of death, cannot chooſe but preſent *a foul and loathſome image*. It is, alſo, ſaid in perfect conſiſtency with the true Epicurean character, as given by theſe, who underſtood it beſt, and which is, here, ſuſtained by this noble diſciple. For, though theſe great maſters of wiſdom made *pleaſure* the *ſupreme good*, yet, they were among the firſt, as we are told, to cry out againſt the *Aſotos*; meaning ſuch groſs ſenſualiſts, " qui in menſam vomunt & qui de conviviis auferuntur, crudique poſtridie ſe rurſus ingurgitant." But as for the " mundos, elegantes, optumis *cocis*, *piſtoribus*, *piſcatu*, *aucupio*, *venatione*, his omnibus exquiſitis, vitantes c uditatem," theſe they complimented with the name of *beatos* and *ſapientes*. [Cic. *de Fin.* lib. ii. 8.]

" And then, though their philoſophy promiſed an exemption from the terrors of death, yet the boaſted exemption conſiſted only in a trick of keeping it out of the memory by continual diſſipation; ſo that when accident forced it upon them, they could not help, on all occaſions, expreſſing the moſt dreadful apprehenſions of it.

" However, this tranſient gloom is ſoon ſucceeded by gayer proſpects. My *lord* bethinks himſelf to raiſe a little diverſion out of this adventure:

' Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man:'

And, ſo, propoſes to have him *conveyed to bed*, and bleſſed with all thoſe regalements of coſtly luxury, in which a ſelfiſh opulence is wont to find its ſupreme happineſs.

" The project is carried into execution. And now the jeſt begins. *Sly*, awakening from his drunken nap, calls out as uſual for a *cup of ale*. On which the *lord*, very characteriſtically, and (taking the poet's deſign, as here explained) with infinite ſatyr, replies:

' O! that a mighty man of ſuch deſcent,
' Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
' Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!'

" And again, afterwards:

' Oh! noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
' Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment;
' And baniſh hence theſe lowly abject themes.'

For, what is the recollection of this *high deſcent* and large *poſſeſſions* to do for him? And, for the introduction of what better thoughts and nobler purpoſes, are theſe *lowly abject themes* to be diſcarded? Why the whole inventory of Patrician pleaſures is called over; and he hath his choice of whichſoever of them ſuits beſt with his lordſhip's improved palate. A long train of *ſervants ready at his beck:* muſick, ſuch as *twenty caged nightingales do ſing:* couches, *ſofter and ſweeter than the luſtful bed of Semiramis: burning odours, and diſtilled waters: floors beſtrewed with carpets:* the diverſions of *hawks, hounds, and horſes;* in ſhort, all the objects of exquiſite indulgence are preſented to him.

" But

" But among theſe, one ſpecies of refined enjoyment, which requires a taſte, above the coarſe breeding of abject commonalty, is chiefly inſiſted on. We had a hint, of what we were to expect, before:

' Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
' And hang it round with all my *wanton pictures.*' Sc. ii.

And what lord, in the luxury of his wiſhes, could feign to himſelf a more delicious collection, than is here delineated?

' 2 *Man.* Doſt thou love *pictures?* We will fetch thee ſtraight
' *Adonis* painted by a running brook;
' And *Cytherea* all in ſedges hid;
' Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
' Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.
' *Lord.* We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid;
' And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriſed,
' As lively painted, as the deed was done.
' 3 *Man.* Or *Daphne*, roaming through a thorny wood;
' Scratching her legs, that one ſhould ſwear ſhe bleeds:
' So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.'

Theſe pictures, it will be owned, are, all of them, well choſen. But the ſervants were not ſo deep in the ſecret, as their maſter. They dwell entirely on circumſtantials. While his lordſhip, who had, probably, been trained in the *chaſt* ſchool of Titian, is for coming to the point more directly. There is a fine ridicule implied in this.

" After theſe incentives of *picture*, the charms of *beauty itſelf* are preſented, as the crowning privilege of his high ſtation:

' Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
' Than any woman in this waning age.'

Here indeed the poet plainly forgets himſelf. The *ſtate*, if not the *enjoyment*, of nobility, ſurely demanded a *miſtreſs*, inſtead of a *wife*. All that can be ſaid in excuſe of this indecorum, is, that he perhaps conceived, a ſimple beggar, all unuſed to the refinements of high life, would be too much ſhocked, at ſetting out, with a propoſal, ſo remote from all his former practices. Be it, as it will, *beauty* even in a *wife*, had ſuch an effect on this *mock Lord*, that, quite melted and overcome by it, he yields himſelf at laſt to the inchanting deception:

' I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
' I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:—
' *Upon my life, I am a Lord indeed.*'

The ſatyr is ſo ſtrongly marked in this laſt line, that one can no longer doubt of the writer's intention. If any *ſhould*, let me further remind him that the poet, in this fiction, but makes his Lord play the ſame game, *in jeſt*, as the Sicilian tyrant acted, long ago, very *ſeriouſly*. The two caſes are ſo ſimilar, that ſome readers may, perhaps, ſuſpect the poet of having taken the whole conceit from Tully. His deſcription of this inſtructive ſcenery is given in the following words:

" Viſne (inquit Dionyſius) ô Damocle, quoniam te hæc vita delectat, ipſe eandem deguſtare & fortunam experiri meam? Cum ſe ille cupere dixiſſet

dixiſſet, conlocari juſſit hominem in *aureo lecto, ſtrato pulcherrimo, textili ſtraguli magnificis operibus picto*: abacoſque complures ornavit *argento auroque cælato*: hinc ad menſam *eximiæ forma pueros* delectos juſſit conſiſtere, eoſque *nutum illius* intuentes diligenter miniſtrare: aderant *unguenta, coronæ: incendebantur odores: menſæ conquiſitiſſimis epulis extruebantur.*" [Tuſc. Diſp. Lib. V. 21.]

It follows, that *Damocles* fell into the ſweet deluſion of *Chriſtopher Sly*.

'*Fortunatus ſibi Democles videbatur.*'

"The event in theſe two dramas, was, indeed, different. For the philoſopher took care to make the *flatterer* ſenſible of his miſtake; while the poet did not think fit to diſabuſe the *beggar*. But this was according to the deſign of each. For, the *former* would ſhow the *miſery* of *regal luxury*; the *latter* its *vanity*. The *tyrant*, therefore, is painted *wretched*. And his *Lordſhip* only a *beggar* in *diſguiſe*.

"To conclude with our poet. The ſtrong ridicule and decorum of this *Induction* makes it appear, how impoſſible it was for Shakſpeare, in his idleſt hours, perhaps, when he was only reviſing the traſh of others, not to leave ſome ſtrokes of the *maſter* behind him. But the morality of its purpoſe ſhould chiefly recommend it to us. For the whole was written with the beſt deſign of expoſing that monſtrous Epicurean poſition, *that the true enjoyment of life conſiſts in a delirium of ſenſual pleaſure*. And this, in a way the moſt likely to work upon the *great*, by ſhowing their pride, that it was fit only to conſtitute the *ſummum bonum* of one

'No better than a poor and loathſome beggar.' Sc. iii.

"Nor let the poet be thought to have dealt too freely with his *betters*, in giving this repreſentation of *nobility*. He had the higheſt authority for what he did. For the great *maſter of life* himſelf gave no other of *Divinity*.

"*Ipſe pater veri Doctus Epicurus in arte*
"*Juſſit & hanc vitam dixit habere Deos.*"

Petron. c. 132. STEEVENS.

The circumſtance on which the *Induction* to the anonymous play, as well as that to the preſent comedy, is founded, is related (as Langbaine has obſerved) by Heuterus, *Rerum, Burgund.* Lib. IV. The earlieſt Engliſh original of this ſtory in proſe that I have met with, is the following, which is found in Goulart's ADMIRABLE AND MEMORABLE HISTORIES, tranſlated by E. Grimſtone, quarto, 1607; but this tale (which Goulart tranſlated from Heuterus) had undoubtedly appeared in Engliſh, in ſome other ſhape, before 1594:

"PHILIP called the good Duke of *Bourgundy*, in the memory of our anceſtors, being at Bruxells with his Court, and walking one night after ſupper through the ſtreets, accompanied with ſome of his favorits, he found lying upon the ſtones a certaine artiſan that was very dronke, and that ſlept ſoundly. It pleaſed the prince in this artiſan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before diſcourſed with his familiar friends. He therefore cauſed this ſleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of his richeſt beds; a rich-

riche night-cap to be given him; his foule ſhirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard had digeſted his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Dukes chamber, who drawe the curteines, and make many courteſies, and, being bare-headed, aſke him if it pleaſe him to riſe, and what apparell it would pleaſe him to put on that day.——They bring him rich apparell. The new *Monſieur* amazed at ſuch courteſie, and doubting whether he dreampt or waked, ſuffered himſelf to be dreſt, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which ſaluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Maſſe, where with great ceremonie they gave him the booke of the Goſpell, and the Pixe to kiſſe, as they did uſually to the Duke. From the Maſſe, they bring him backe unto the pallace; he waſhes his hands, and ſittes downe at the table well furniſhed. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commandes cardes to be brought, with a greate ſumme of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the gardein and to hunt the hare, and to hawke. They bring him backe unto the pallace where he ſups in ſtate. Candles being light, the muſitions begin to play; and, the tables taken way, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleaſant Comedie*, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had preſently ſtore of Ipocras and pretious wine, with all ſorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impreſſion; ſo as he was dronke, and fell ſoundlie aſleep. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he ſhould be diſrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his olde ragges, and carried into the ſame place where he had beene found the night before; where he ſpent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before;—he knewe not whether it were true indeede, or a dreame that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many diſcourſes, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him; and ſo entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehenſion."

MALONE.

From this play the *Tatler* formed a ſtory, Vol. IV. No. 231.

"THERE are very many ill habits that might with much eaſe have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourſelves in them, become incorrigible. We have a ſort of proverbial expreſſion, of *taking a woman down in her wedding ſhoes*, if you would bring her to reaſon. An early behaviour of this ſort, had a very remarkable good effect in a family wherein I was ſeveral years an intimate acquaintance.

"A gentleman in Lincolnſhire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her ſiſters, either in perſon or accompliſhments, had from her infancy diſcovered ſo imperious a temper, (uſually called a high ſpirit,) that it continually made great uneaſineſs in the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all lovers from declaring themſelves. However, in proceſs of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance having obſerved that quickneſs of ſpirit to be her only

only fault, made his addreſſes, and obtained her conſent in due form. The lawyers finiſhed the writings, (in which, by the way, there was no pin-money,) and they were married. After a decent time ſpent in the father's houſe, the bridegroom went to prepare his ſeat for her reception. During the whole courſe of his courtſhip, though a man of the moſt equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the moſt paſſionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her to underſtand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her againſt that conſtitution in himſelf. She at the ſame time thought herſelf highly obliged by the compoſed behaviour which he maintained in her preſence. Thus far he with great ſucceſs ſoothed her from being guilty of violences, and ſtill reſolved to give her ſuch a terrible apprehenſion of his fiery ſpirit, that ſhe ſhould never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home; but inſtead of a coach and ſix horſes, together with the gay equipage ſuitable to the occaſion, he appeared without a ſervant, mounted on a ſkeleton of a horſe, which his huntſman had the day before brought in to feaſt his dogs on the arrival of his new miſtreſs, with a pillion fixed behind, and a caſe of piſtols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but ſomewhat poſitive manner), deſired his lady to ſeat herſelf on the cuſhion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obſtructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the maſter, to ſhow the impatience of his temper, drew a piſtol and ſhot him dead. He had no ſooner done it, but he fell into a thouſand apologies for his unhappy raſhneſs, and begged as many pardons for his exceſſes before one for whom he had ſo profound a reſpect. Soon after their ſteed ſtumbled, but with ſome difficulty recovered; however the bridegroom took occaſion to ſwear, if he frightened his wife ſo again, he would run him through! And alas! the poor animal being now almoſt tired, made a ſecond trip; immediately on which the careful huſband alights, and with great ceremony, firſt takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his ſword, and ſaves the huntſman the trouble of killing him: then ſays to his wife, Child, pr'ythee, take up the ſaddle; which ſhe readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greateſt order, ſuitable to their fortune and the preſent occaſion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their huſbands, where when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen paſſing a toaſt about, our laſt married man took occaſion to obſerve to the reſt of his brethren, how much, to his great ſatisfaction, he found the world miſtaken as to the temper of his lady, for that ſhe was the moſt meek and humble woman breathing. The applauſe was received with a loud laugh; but as a trial which of them would appear the moſt maſter at home, he propoſed they ſhould all by turns ſend for their wives down to them. A ſervant was diſpatched, and anſwer made by one, 'Tell him I will come by and by;' and another, 'That ſhe would come when the cards were out of her hand;' and ſo on. But no ſooner was her huſband's deſire whiſpered in the ear of our laſt married

lady

lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down ſhe comes with, 'My dear, would you ſpeak with me?' He received her in his arms, and, after repeated careſſes, tells her the experiment, confeſſes his good-nature, and aſſures her, that ſince ſhe could now command her temper, he would no longer diſguiſe his own."

It cannot but ſeem ſtrange that Shakſpeare ſhould be ſo little known to the author of the *Tatler*, that he ſhould ſuffer this ſtory to be obtruded upon him; or ſo little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it paſs upon his readers as a real narrative of a tranſaction in Lincolnſhire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himſelf whence the ſtory was taken, or hoped that he might rob ſo obſcure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are ſo well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not diſtracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharina and Petruchio is eminently ſpritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleaſure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

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WINTER'S TALE.

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*** This play, throughout, is written in the very ſpirit of its author. And in telling this homely and ſimple, though agreeable, country tale,

Our ſweeteſt Shakſpeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

This was neceſſary to obſerve in mere juſtice to the play; as the meanneſs of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had miſled ſome of great name into a wrong judgement of its merit; which, as far as it regards ſentiment and character, is ſcarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

At Stationers' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered "A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Paſtime.*" STEEVENS.

The ſtory of this play is taken from *The Pleaſant Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

In this novel, the king of Sicilia whom Shakſpeare names

Leontes, is called	——		Egiſtus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia		——	Pandoſto.
Mamillius P. of Sicilia		——	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia		——	Doraſtus.
Camillo	——	——	Franion.
Old Shepherd	——	——	Porrus.
Hermione	——	——	Bellaria.
Perdita	——	——	Faunia.
Mopſa	——	——	Mopſa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poets own invention; but many circumſtances of the novel are omitted in the play. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, by "ſome of great name," means Dryden and Pope. See the Eſſay at the end of the Second Part of *The Conqueſt of Granada*: "Witneſs the lameneſs of their plots; [the plots of Shakſpeare and Fletcher;] many of which, eſpecially thoſe which they wrote firſt, (for even that age refined itſelf in ſome meaſure,) were made up of ſome ridiculous incoherent ſtory, which in one play many times took up the buſineſs of an age. I ſuppoſe I need not name *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, [and here, by-the-by, Dryden expreſsly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the hiſtorical plays of Shakſpeare; beſides many of the reſt, as *The Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *Meaſure for Meaſure*, which were either grounded on impoſſibilities, or at leaſt ſo meanly written, that the comedy neither cauſed your mirth, nor the ſerious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the ſame ill-conſidered judgement on the play before us. "I ſhould conjecture (ſays he) of ſome of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Loſt*, THE WINTER'S TALE, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been more cenſured for the breach of dramatick rules than *The Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place—"that Shakſpeare was not

ignorant of theſe rules, but diſregarded them,"—it may be obſerved, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once univerſally read and admired, Sir Philip Sidney, who in his *Defence of Poeſy*, 1595, has pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: "But if it be ſo in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the reſt, where you ſhall have Aſia of the one ſide, and Affricke of the other, and ſo manie other under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, muſt ever begin with telling where he is, or elſe the tale will not be conceived. —Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverſes ſhe is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is loſt, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres ſpace: which how abſurd it is in ſence, even ſence may imagine."

The Winter's Tale is ſneered at by B. Jonſon, in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "If there be never a ſervant-monſter in the fair, who can help it, *nor a neſt of antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like thoſe that beget TALES, *Tempeſts*, and ſuch like drolleries." By the *neſt of antiques*, the twelve ſatyrs who are introduced at the ſheep-ſhearing feſtival, are alluded to.—In his converſation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another ſtroke at his *beloved* friend: "He [Jonſon] ſaid, that Shakſpeare wanted art, and ſometimes ſenſe; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, ſaying they had ſuffered ſhipwreck in Bohemia, where is no ſea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonſon, *The Winter's Tale* was not printed. Theſe words therefore are a ſufficient anſwer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle ſuppoſition that *Bohemia* was an error of the preſs for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himſelf much needleſs concern that Shakſpeare ſhould conſider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia*: but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was *apt to believe* that *Doraſtus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play; but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588.——Cervantes ridicules theſe geographical miſtakes when he makes the princeſs Micomicona land at Oſſuna.——Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia "delighted in navigation, and had never a ſea-port in his dominions;" and my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines the prime miniſter of France, when he was ambaſſador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay "*upon the ſea?*"——There is a ſimilar miſtake in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

The *Winter's Tale* may be ranked among the hiſtoric plays of Shakſpeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have diſcovered the driſt of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Ann Boleyn. The addreſs of the poet appea o where to more advantage. The ſubject

was

was too delicate to be exhibited on the ſtage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured ſo home an alluſion on any other ground than compliment. The unreaſonable jealouſy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in conſequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boiſterous paſſions. Not only the general plan of the ſtory is moſt applicable, but ſeveral paſſages are ſo marked, that they touch the real hiſtory nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial ſays:

"——— for honour,
"'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
"And only that I ſtand for."

This ſeems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where ſhe pleads for the infant princeſs his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unneceſſary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the alluſion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a ſtill-born ſon. But the moſt ſtriking paſſage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, deſcribing the new-born princeſs, and her likeneſs to her father, ſays: "*She has the very trick of his frown.*" There is one ſentence indeed ſo applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I ſhould ſuſpect the poet inſerted it after her death. Paulina, ſpeaking of the child, tells the king:

"———'Tis yours;
"And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
"So like you, 'tis the worſe."——

The Winter's Tale was therefore in reality a ſecond part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia.
Mamillius, *his ſon.*
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes,
Dion,
} Sicilian *Lords.*
Another Sicilian *Lord.*
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia:
Florizel, *his ſon.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita:
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, *a Rogue.*
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *a Lady,*
Two other Ladies,
} *attending the Queen.*
Mopſa,
Dorcas,
} *Shepherdeſſes.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Guards, &c.

SCENE, ſometimes in Sicilia, *ſometimes in* Bohemia.

WINTER's TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO, *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you ſhall chance, Camillo, to viſit Bohemia, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot, you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming ſummer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us,[2] we will be juſtified in our loves: for, indeed,——

Cam. 'Beſeech you,—

Arch. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with ſuch magnificence—in ſo rare—I know not what to ſay. We will give you ſleepy drinks; that your ſenſes, unintelligent of our inſufficience, may, though they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me. I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhow himſelf over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chooſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal neceſſities, made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attorney'd,[3]

[2] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the conſciouſneſs of our good-will ſhall juſtify us. JOHNSON.

[3] Nobly ſupplied by ſubſtitution of embaſſies, &c. JOHNSON.

with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeem'd to be together, though abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds.[4] The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, phyſicks the ſubject,[5] makes old hearts freſh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, deſire yet their life, to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the king had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room of ſtate in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry ſtar have been
The ſhepherd's note, ſince we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,

Yet

[4] Shakſpeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinſhed, while writing the incantation of the weird ſiſters in *Macbeth*. There is alſo an alluſion to a print of one of the Henries holding a ſword adorned with crowns. In this paſſage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from oppoſite clouds, and joined as in token of friendſhip over a wide waſte of country. HENLEY.

[5] Affords a cordial to the ſtate; has the power of aſſuaging the ſenſe of miſery. JOHNSON.

Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thouſands more
That go before it.
Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.
Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence: That may blow
No ſneaping winds[6] at home, to make us ſay,
This is put forth too truly![7] Beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your royalty.
Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.
Pol. No longer ſtay.
Leon. One ſeven-night longer.
Pol. Very ſooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
I'll no gain-ſaying.
Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,

[6] —— that may *blow*
No ſneaping *winds* ——

Dr. Warburton calls this *nonſenſe*: and Dr. Johnſon tells us it is a *Galliciſm*. It happens however to be both *ſenſe* and *Engliſh*. *That*, for *Oh! that*—is not uncommon. In an old tranſlation of the famous *Alcoran of the Franciſcans*: "St. Francis obſerving the holineſs of friar Juniper, ſaid to the priors, *That* I had a wood of ſuch Junipers!" And, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*:

"——In thy rumination,
"*That* I poor man might eftſoons come between!"

And ſo in other places. This is the conſtruction of the paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"*That* runaway's eyes may wink!"

Which in other reſpects Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted.

FARMER.

—ſneaping *winds*—] *Nipping* winds. HOLT WHITE.

[7] i. e. to make me ſay, *I had too good reaſon for my fears* concerning what might happen in my abſence from home. MALONE.

To you a charge, and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, ſir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to ſtay. You, ſir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are ſure,
All in Bohemia's well: this ſatisfaction [8]
The by-gone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leon. Well ſaid, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong:
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.—
Yet of your royal preſence [*To* POLIXENES.] I'll adventure
To borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commiſſion, [9]
To let him there a month, behind the geſt [2]

Prefix'd

[8] We had ſatisfactory accounts yeſterday of the ſtate of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

[9] We ſhould read:

——*I'll give* you *my commiſſion*,

The verb *let*, or hinder, which follows, ſhows the neceſſity of it: for ſhe could not ſay ſhe would give her huſband a commiſſion to *let* or hinder himſelf. The commiſſion is given to Polixenes, to whom ſhe is ſpeaking to let or hinder her huſband. WARBURTON.

"I'll give him my licence of abſence, ſo as to obſtruct or retard his departure for a month," &c. To let *him*, however, may be uſed as many other reflective verbs are by Shakſpeare, for to let or hinder *himſelf*: then the meaning will be, "I'll give him my permiſſion to tarry for a month," &c. Dr. Warburton and the ſubſequent editors read, I think, without neceſſity,—I'll give *you* my commiſſion, &c. MALONE.

[2] Mr. Theobald ſays: *he can neither trace, nor underſtand the phraſe*, and therefore thinks it ſhould be *juſt*: But the word *geſt* is right, and ſignifies a ſtage or journey. In the time of *royal progreſſes* the king's ſtages, as we may ſee by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *geſts*; from the old French word *giſte*, *diverſorium*. WARBURTON.

Geſts, or rather *giſts*, from the Fr. *giſte*, (which ſignifies both a bed, and a lodging-place,) were the names of the houſes or towns where the king or prince intended to lie every night during his PROGRESS. They were written in a ſcroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furniſhed with a copy. MALONE.

Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed,[3] Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock [4] behind
What lady ſhe her lord.—You'll ſtay?
Pol. No, madam,
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would ſeek to unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You ſhall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt; ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread verily,
One of them you ſhall be.
Pol. Your gueſt then, madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſy to commit,
Than you to puniſh.
Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hoſteſs. Come, I'll queſtion you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings [5] then.
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,

[3] ——*yet*, good-deed,] ſignifies *indeed*, *in very deed*, as Shakſpeare in another place expreſſes it. *Good-deed* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by the Earl of Surry, Sir John Hayward, and Gaſcoigne.

Dr. Warburton would read—good *heed*,—meaning—take good heed. STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio reads—*good heed*, which, I believe, is right. TYRWHITT.

[4] A *jar* is, I believe, a ſingle repetition of the noiſe made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call the *ticking* of it. STEEVENS.

A *jar* perhaps means a minute, for I do not ſuppoſe that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the ſeconds. TOLLET.

To *jar* certainly means to *tick*, as in T. Heywood's *Troia Brittannica*, cant. IV. ſt. 107; edit. 1609. "He *bears* no waking-clocke, nor watch to *jarre*." HOLT WHITE.

[5] This diminutive of *lord* is often uſed by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'the ſun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we purſued that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.[6]

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd ſince.

Pol. O my moſt ſacred lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to us: for
In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no concluſion; leſt you ſay,[7]
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer;
If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us

You

[6] i. e. ſetting aſide *original ſin*; bating the impoſition from the offence of our firſt parents, we might have boldly proteſted our innocence to heaven. WARBURTON.

[7] Polixenes had ſaid, that ſince the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown to them*; for that, in that interval, the two queens were become women To each part of this obſervation the queen anſwers in order. To that of *temptation* ſhe replies, *Grace to boot!* i. e. though temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. *Grace to boot*, was a proverbial expreſſion on theſe occaſions. To the other part, ſhe replies, as for *our* tempting you, pray take heed you draw no concluſion from thence, for that would be making your queen and me devils, &c. WARBURTON.

This explanation may be right; but I have no great faith in the exiſtence of ſuch a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might ſeem to be ſullied by a ſpecies of argument that made them appear to have led their huſbands into temptation. MALONE.

You did continue fault, and that you ſlipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll ſtay, my lord.
Leon. At my requeſt, he would not.
Hermione, my deareſt, thou never ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.
Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praiſe, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages: You may ride us,
With one ſoft kiſs, a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre. But to the goal; [8]—
My laſt good deed was, to entreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I ſpoke to the purpoſe: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had four'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyſelf my love; [9] then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

[8] Thus this paſſage has been always printed; whence it appears, that the editors did not take the poet's conceit. They imagined that, *But to th' goal*, meant, *but to come to the purpoſe*; but the ſenſe is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus:

——— ——— *ere*
With ſpur we heat an acre, but to the goal.

i. e. good uſage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we ſtop ſhort, even there where both our intereſt and our inclination would otherwiſe have carried us. WARBURTON.

I have followed the old copy, the pointing of which appears to afford as apt a meaning as that produced by the change recommended by Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

[9] She open'd her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phraſe—*to clap up a bargain* i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. STEEVENS.

This

Her. It is Grace, indeed.[2]—
Why, lo you now, I have ſpoke to the purpoſe twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal huſband;
The other, for ſome while a friend.
[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,[3]
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking glaſs;—and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o'the deer;[4] O, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'ſecks?[5]
Why, that's my bawcock.[6] What, haſt ſmutch'd thy noſe?—
They ſay, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat;[7] not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,

Are

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakſpeare often alludes. MALONE.

[2] Referring to what ſhe had juſt ſaid—"O, would her name were *Grace!*" MALONE.

[3] I ſuppoſe that a letter dropped out at the preſs, and would read—from *bounty's* fertile boſom. MALONE.

By *fertile boſom*, I ſuppoſe, is meant a boſom like that of the earth, which yields a ſpontaneous produce. STEEVENS.

[4] A leſſon upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD.

[5] A ſuppoſed corruption of—*in faith*. Our preſent vulgar pronounce it—*fegs*. STEEVENS.

[6] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It is ſtill ſaid in vulgar language that ſuch a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. STEEVENS.

[7] Leontes, ſeeing his ſon's noſe ſmutch'd, cries, *we muſt be neat*; then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he ſays, *not neat, but cleanly*. JOHNSON.

Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling [8]
[*Obſerving* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I have,[9]
To be full like me:[2]—yet, they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing: But were they falſe
As o'er-died blacks,[3] as wind, as waters; falſe

As

[8] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*. JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very ſmall kind of ſpinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the leſſons in it have proved ſo difficult, as to baffle our moſt expert players on the harpſichord. STEEVENS.

A virginal was ſtrung like a ſpinnet, and ſhaped like a *piano forte*. MALONE.

[9] *Paſh* (ſays Sir T. Hanmer) is *kiſs*. *Pax*. Spaniſh, i. e. *thou want'ſt a mouth made rough by a beard, to kiſs with*. *Shoots* are *branches*, i. e. horns. Leontes is alluding to the enſigns of cuckoldom. A mad-brain'd boy is, however, call'd a mad *paſh* in Cheſhire. STEEVENS.

Thou want'ſt a rough *paſh*, and the *ſhoots* that I have, in connection with the context, ſignifies——*to make thee a* calf *thou muſt have the* tuft *on thy forehead and the* young horns *that* ſhoot *up in it, as I have*.

When in Cheſhire a *paſh* is uſed for a *mad-brained boy*, it is deſigned to characterize him from the wantonneſs of a calf that blunders on, and runs his head againſt any thing. HENLEY.

I have lately learned that *paſh* in Scotland ſignifies a *head*. The old reading therefore may ſtand. Many words, that are now uſed only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole iſland of Great Britain, or at leaſt to the northern part of England. The meaning therefore of the preſent paſſage, I ſuppoſe, is this. *You tell me* (ſays Leontes to his ſon) *that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the* horned *bull: thou wanteſt the* rough head and the horns *of that animal, completely to reſemble your father*. MALONE.

[2] *Full* is here as in other places, uſed by our author, adverbially;—to be *entirely* like me. MALONE.

[3] Sir T. Hanmer underſtands blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

It is common with tradeſmen to die their faded or damaged ſtuffs, black. *O'er died blacks* may mean thoſe which have received a die over their former colour.

As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourn [4] 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay, this boy were like me.—Come, ſir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye: [5] Sweet villain!
Moſt dear'ſt! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't be?
Affection! thy intention ſtabs the center: [6]
Thou doſt make poſſible, things not ſo held,[7]
Communicat'ſt with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'ſt nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,[8]
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething; and thou doſt;
(And that beyond commiſſion; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol.

It ſeems that *blacks* was the common term for mourning.

Black, however, will receive no other hue without diſcovering itſelf through it. "*Lanarum nigræ nullum colorem bibunt.*"

Plin. *Nat. Hiſt.* Lib. VIII. STEEVENS.

The following paſſage in a book which our author had certainly read, inclines me to believe that the laſt is the true interpretation. "Truly (quoth Camillo) my wool was *blacke*, and therefore *it could take no other colour.*" Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580. MALONE.

[4] *Bourn* is boundary. STEEVENS.

[5] Blue-eye; an eye of the ſame colour with the *welkin* or ſky. JOHNSON.

[6] *Affection*, I believe, ſignifies *imagination*. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expreſſes it, "when the mind with great earneſtneſs, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, conſiders it on every ſide, and will not be called off by the ordinary ſollicitation of other ideas." This vehemence of the mind ſeems to be what affects Leontes ſo deeply, or, in Shakſpeare's language,—*ſtabs him to the center.* STEEVENS.

Intention, in this paſſage, means eagerneſs of attention, or of deſire; and is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, where Falſtaff ſays—"She did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors, with ſuch a greedy *intention*," &c. M. MASON.

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affection* means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately, "the diſpoſition of the mind when ſtrongly *affected* or poſſeſſed by a particular idea." MALONE.

[7] i. e. thou doſt make thoſe things poſſible, which are conceived to be impoſſible. JOHNSON.

To expreſs the ſpeaker's meaning, it is neceſſary to make a ſhort pauſe after the word *poſſible*. I have therefore put a comma there though perhaps in ſtrictneſs it is improper. MALONE.

[8] —— *credent*,] i. e. credible. STEEVENS.

Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.
Pol. How, my lord?
What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?[9]
Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much diſtraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?
Leon. No, in good earneſt.——
How ſometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderneſs; and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! [*Aſide.*]——Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty three years; and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter, and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh,[2] this gentleman:—Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[3]

Mam.

[9] This line, which in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attributed to Polixenes, on the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hanmer had made the ſame emendation. MALONE.

[2] A ſquaſh is a pea-pod, in that ſtate when the young peas begin to ſwell in it. HENLEY.

[3] This ſeems to be a proverbial expreſſion, uſed when a man ſees himſelf wronged and makes no reſiſtance. Its original, or preciſe meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's neſt; he therefore that has eggs laid in his neſt is ſaid to be *cucullatus*, *cuckow'd*, or *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial ſaying, *A qui verdez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you deſign to affront? Mamillius's anſwer plainly proves it. Mam. *No, my lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

Leontes ſeems only to aſk his ſon if he would fly from an enemy.

Mamillius's reply to his father's queſtion appears ſo deciſive as to the true explanation of this paſſage, that it leaves no doubt with me even after I read the following note. The phraſe undoubtedly ſometimes means what Mr. Malone aſſerts, but not here. REED.

This phraſe ſeems to me to have meant originally,—Are you ſuch a poltron as to ſuffer another to uſe you as he pleaſes, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of ſo ſmall a value as a few eggs

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole![4]——My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, ſir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter:
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all:
He makes a July's day ſhort as December;
And, with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So ſtands this ſquire
Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps.——Hermione,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhow in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent[5] to my heart.

Her. If you would ſeek us,
We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents diſpoſe you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the ſky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
[*Aſide. Obſerving* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
How ſhe holds up the neb,[6] the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife

To

in exchange for it? This explanation appears to be perfectly conſiſtent with the paſſage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money* ſeems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame ſnake*. MALONE.

[4] May his *dole* or *ſhare* in life be to be a *happy man*. JOHNSON.

The expreſſion is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance of proviſion given to the poor, in great families. STEEVENS.

The alms immemorially given to the poor by the archbiſhops of Canterbury, is ſtill called the *dole*. See the Hiſtory of Lambeth Palace, p. 31, in Bibl. Top. Brit. NICHOLS.

[5] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*the neb*,] The word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It ſignifies here the *mouth*. STEEVENS.

To her allowing husband! [7] Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.[8]—
[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, *and attendants.*
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,[9] by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north and south: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.—
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.[2]

When

[7] *Allowing* in the old language is *approving*. MALONE.

[8] That is, a *horned one*; a *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

[9] This metaphor perhaps owed its introduction and currency, to the once frequent depredations of neighbours on each others fish, a complaint that often occurs in ancient correspondence. STEEVENS.

[2] This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold*. STEEVENS.

Leon. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions; made
His buſineſs more material.[3]

Leon. Didſt perceive it?—
They're here with me already; [4] whiſpering, rounding,[5]
Sicilia is a ſo-forth: [6] 'Tis far gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt.[7]—How cam't, Camillo,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking,[8] will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals,

Of

3 i. e. the more you requeſted him to ſtay, the more urgent he repreſented that buſineſs to be which ſummoned him away. STEEVENS.

4 Not Polixenes and Hermione, but caſual obſervers, people accidentally preſent. THIRLBY.

5 *To round in the ear* is to *whiſper*, or *to tell ſecretly*. The expreſſion is very copiouſly explained by M. Caſaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* JOHNSON.

6 This was a phraſe employed when the ſpeaker, through caution or diſguſt, wiſhed to eſcape the utterance of an obnoxious term. A commentator on Shakſpeare will often derive more advantage from liſtening to vulgar than to polite converſation. At the corner of Fleet-market, I lately heard one woman, deſcribing another, ſay—"every body knows that her huſband is a *ſo-forth*." As ſhe ſpoke the laſt word, her fingers expreſſed the emblem of cuckoldom. Mr. Malone reads—*Sicilia is a*—ſo-forth. STEEVENS.

In regulating this line I have adopted a hint ſuggeſted by Mr. M. Maſon. I have more than once obſerved that almoſt every abrupt ſentence in theſe plays is corrupted. Theſe words without the break now introduced are to me unintelligible. Leontes means—I think I already hear my courtiers whiſpering to each other, "Sicilia is a *cuckold*, a tame cuckold," to which (ſays he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of; for ſuch, I ſuppoſe, the meaning of the words—*ſo forth*. He avoids naming the word *cuckold* from a horrour of the very ſound. I ſuſpect, however, that our author wrote—Sicilia is—*and* ſo forth. MALONE.

7 ——*guſt it*——] i. e. taſte it. STEEVENS.

8 Dr. Grey would read—*in* ſoaking; but I think without neceſſity. Thy conceit is of an *abſorbent* nature, will draw in more, &c. ſeems to be the meaning. STEEVENS.

Of head-piece extraordinary? lower meſſes,[9]
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind: ſay.
Cam. Buſineſs, my lord? I think, moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.
Leon. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To ſatisfy your highneſs, and the entreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.
Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your miſtreſs?—ſatisfy?—
Let that ſuffice. I have truſted thee, Camillo,
With all the neareſt things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, prieſt-like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord?
Leon. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeſt: or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honeſty behind,[2] reſtraining
From courſe requir'd: Or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant, grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam.

[9] I believe, *lower meſſes* is only uſed as an expreſſion to ſignify the loweſt degree about the court. But this paſſage may be ſomewhat differently explained. It appears from a paſſage in *The merye Jeſt of a Man called Howlegl.s*, bl. l. no date, that it was anciently the cuſtom in publick houſes to keep ordinaries of different prices: "What table will you be at? for at the lordes table thei give me no leſs than to ſhylinges, and at the merchauntes table xvi pence, and at my houſhold ſervantes geve me twelve pence."—Leontes comprehends inferiority of underſtanding in the idea of inferiority of rank. STEEVENS.

Concerning the different *meſſes* in the great families of our ancient nobility, ſee the *Houſhold Book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland*, 8vo. 1770. PERCY.

[2] To *hox* is to ham-ſtring. STEEVENS.

The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough* or ham-ſtring. MALONE.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearful;
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance,[3] 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe, my lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But, 'beſeech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you ſeen, Camillo,
(But that's paſt doubt: you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that does not think it,)
My wife is ſlippery? If thou wilt confeſs,
(Or elſe be impudently negative,

To

[3] This is one of the expreſſions by which Shakſpeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This ſounding phraſe means, I think, no more than *a thing neceſſary to be done.* JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read—"the *now*-performance," which gives us this very reaſonable meaning:—*At the execution whereof, ſuch circumſtances diſcovered themſelves, as made it prudent to ſuſpend all further proceedings in it.* HEATH.

I do not ſee that this attempt does any thing more, than produce a harſher word without an eaſier ſenſe. JOHNSON.

I have preſerved this note, [Mr. Heath's] becauſe I think it a good interpretation of the original text. I have, however, no doubt, that Shakſpeare wrote *non-performance*, he having often entangled himſelf in the ſame manner; but it is clear that he *ſhould* have written, either—"againſt *the performance*," or—"*for* the non-performance." MALONE.

To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then ſay,
My wife's a hobbyhorſe; deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay it, and juſtify it.

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, though true.[4]

Leon. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes? [5]
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web,[6] but theirs, theirs only,
That would unſeen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay, thou lieſt Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a groſs lout, a mindleſs ſlave;
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, ſhe would not live

The

[4] i. e. your ſuſpicion is as great a ſin as would be that (if committed) for which you ſuſpect her. WARBURTON.

[5] Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noſes*; that is *meaſuring noſes*. JOHNSON.

[6] Diſorders in the eye. STEEVENS.

The running of one glaſs.[7]

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal,[8] hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who,—if I
Had ſervants true about me; that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which ſhould undo more doing:[9] Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heaven ſees earth, and earth ſees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'ſt beſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no raſh potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that ſhould not work
Maliciouſly, like poiſon: [2] But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,[3]———

Leon.

[7] i. e. of one *hour*-glaſs.

[8] Mr. Malone reads—*his* medal. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*her* medal, which was evidently an error of the preſs, either in conſequence of the compoſitor's eye glancing on the word *her* in the preceding line, or of an abbreviation being uſed in the Ms. It ſhould be remembered that it was cuſtomary for *gentlemen*, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. MALONE.

I ſuppoſe the poet meant to ſay, that Polixenes *wore her, as he would have worn a medal of her, about his neck.* Sir Chriſtopher Hatton is repreſented with a medal of Queen Elizabeth appended to his chain. STEEVENS.

[9] The latter word is uſed here in a wanton ſenſe. MALONE.

[2] ——— *with no* raſh *potion*,———
Maliciouſly, *like poiſon*:———

Raſh is *haſty*, as in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "———*raſh gunpowder.*" *Maliciouſly* is *malignantly*, with effects *openly hurtful.* JOHNSON.

[3] The laſt hemiſtich aſſign'd to Camillo muſt have been miſtakenly placed to him. It is diſreſpect and inſolence in Camillo to his king, to tell him that he has once lov'd him.—I have ventured at a tranſpoſition, which ſeems ſelf-evident. Camillo will not be perſuaded into a ſuſpicion of the diſloyalty imputed to his miſtreſs. The king, who believes nothing but his jealouſy, provoked that Camillo is ſo obſtinately diffident, finely ſtarts into a rage, and cries:

I've lov'd thee—Make't thy queſtion, and go rot! i. e.

Leon. Make't thy queſtion, and go rot! [4]
Doſt think, I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled,

To

i. e. I have tendered thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former reſpect at once. If thou any longer make a queſtion of my wife's diſloyalty, go from my preſence, and perdition overtake thee for thy ſtubbornneſs. THEOBALD.

I have admitted this alteration, as Dr. Warburton has done, but am not convinced that it is neceſſary. Camillo, deſirous to defend the queen, and willing to ſecure credit to his apology, begins, by telling the king that *he has loved him*, is about to give inſtances of his love, and to infer from them his preſent zeal, when he is interrupted. JOHNSON.

I have lov'd thee,] In the firſt and ſecond folio, theſe words are the concluſion of Camillo's ſpeech. The later editors have certainly done right in giving them to Leontes; but I think they would come in better at the end of the line:

Make that thy queſtion, and go rot!—I have lov'd thee. TYRWHITT.

I have reſtored the old reading. Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. The impatience of the king interrupts him by ſaying: *Make that thy queſtion*, i. e. make the love of which you boaſt, the ſubject of your future converſation, and go to the grave with it. *Queſtion*, in our author, very often has this meaning. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "But in the loſs of *queſtion*;" i. e. in converſation that is thrown away. Again, in *Hamlet*: "*queſtionable* ſhape" is a form propitious to converſation. Again, in *As you like it*: "an *unqueſtionable* ſpirit" is a ſpirit unwilling to be converſed with. STEEVENS.

I think Steevens right in reſtoring the old reading, but miſtaken in his interpretation of it. Camillo is about to expreſs his affection for Leontes, but the impatience of the latter will not ſuffer him to proceed. He takes no notice of that part of Camillo's ſpeech, but replies to that which gave him offence—the doubts he had expreſſed of the Queen's miſconduct; and ſays—"Make that thy queſtion and go rot." Nothing can be more natural than this interruption. M. MASON.

The commentators have differed much in explaining this paſſage, and ſome have wiſhed to transfer the words—"I have lov'd thee," from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words "being honourable" ſhould be placed in a parentheſis, and the full point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of theſe words, ought to be omitted. The ſenſe will then be: *Having ever had the higheſt reſpect for you, and thought you ſo eſtimable and* honourable *a character, ſo worthy of the love of my miſtreſs, I cannot believe that ſhe has played you falſe, has diſhonoured you.* However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the king inſtances of his love, and is interrupted. I ſee no ſufficient reaſon for transferring the words, *I have lov'd thee*, from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy there is a comma at the end of Camillo's ſpeech, to denote an abrupt ſpeech. MALONE.

[4] This refers to what Camillo has juſt ſaid relative to the queen's chaſtity. MALONE.

To appoint myſelf in this vexation? ſully
The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
Which to preſerve, is ſleep; which being ſpotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps?
Give ſcandal to the blood o'the prince my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man ſo blench? [5]

Cam. I muſt believe you, ſir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highneſs
Will take again your queen, as yours at firſt;
Even for your ſon's ſake; and, thereby, for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholeſome beverage,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt adviſ'd me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miſerable lady!—But, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could example[6]

Of

[5] To *blench* is to ſtart off, to ſhrink. Leontes means—could any man ſo ſtart or fly off from propriety of behaviour? STEEVENS.

[6] An alluſion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in king James's time. BLACKSTONE.

Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the court: to do't or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?——
Good-day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, moſt royal ſir!
Pol. What is the news i'the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me;[7] and
So leaves me, to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? [8] 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhows me mine chang'd too: for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.

[7] This is a ſtroke of nature worthy of Shakſpeare. Leontes had but a moment before aſſured Camillo that he would ſeem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealouſy gets the better of his reſolution, and he finds it impoſſible to reſtrain his hatred.
M. MASON.

[8] i. e. *do you know, and dare not confeſs to me that you know?*
TYRWHITT.

Cam. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk:
I have look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo. Camillo,——
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerklike, experienc'd, which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle,[9]—I beſeech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not anſwer.

Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well!
I muſt be anſwer'd.—Doſt thou hear, Camillo,
I cónjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counſel;
Which muſt be even as ſwiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourſelf and me
Cry, *loſt*, and ſo good-night.

Pol.

[9] I know not whether *ſucceſs* here does not mean *ſucceſſion*. JOHNSON.

Gentle in the text is evidently oppoſed to *ſimple*; alluding to the diſtinction between the gentry and yeomanry.

In whoſe *ſucceſs* we are gentle, may, indeed, mean in conſequence of whoſe *ſucceſs* in life, &c. STEEVENS.

Succeſs ſeems clearly to have been uſed for *ſucceſſion* by Shakſpeare, in this, as in other inſtances. HENLEY.

I think Dr. Johnſon's explanation of *ſucceſs* the true one. MALONE.

Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.[2]
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't,[3]—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O, then my beſt blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the beſt![4]
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe that the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular ſtar in heaven,[5] and

[2] i. e. I am the perſon appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.

[3] i. e. to draw, perſuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *tempter* to evil. WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an inſtrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So the bailiff ſpeaking of Falſtaff: "*If he come but within my vice*," &c. A *vice*, however, in the age of Shakſpeare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery. STEEVENS.

[4] Perhaps Judas. The word *beſt* is ſpelt with a capital letter thus, *Beſt*, in the firſt folio. HENDERSON.

[5] The tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter reconciles this paſſage to good ſenſe. Polixenes, in the preceding ſpeech, had been laying the deepeſt imprecations on himſelf, if he had ever abus'd Leontes in any familiarity with his queen. To which Camillo very pertinently replies:

——*Swear* this though *over*, &c. THEOBALD.

Swear his thought *over*—

may perhaps mean, *overſwear his preſent perſuaſion*, that is, endeavour to *overcome his opinion*, by ſwearing oaths numerous as the ſtars. JOHNSON.

It may mean: "Though you ſhould endeavour to *ſwear away* his jealouſy—though you ſhould ſtrive, by your oaths, to change his preſent thoughts."—The vulgar ſtill uſe a ſimilar expreſſion: "To *ſwear* a perſon *down*." MALONE.

This appears to me little better than nonſenſe; nor have either Malone or Johnſon explained it into ſenſe. I think therefore that Theobald's amendment is neceſſary and well imagined. M. MASON.

By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counſel, ſhake,
The fabrick of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith,[6] and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,—
That lies encloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will, by twos, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o'the city: For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine:[7] My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.——This jealouſy
Is for a precious creature: as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,

Muſt

Perhaps the conſtruction is—"Over ſwear his thought"—i. e. ſtrive to bear down, or overpower, his conception by oaths.—In our author we have *weigh out* for *outweigh*, *overcome* for *come over*, &c. and *over-ſwear*, for *ſwear-over* in *Twelfth Night*, Act V. STEEVENS.

6 This folly which is erected on the foundation of ſettled *belief*. STEEVENS.

7 Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—"And thy *paces* ſhall," &c. Thou ſhalt be my conductor, and we will both purſue the ſame path — The old reading however may mean—wherever thou art, I will ſtill be near thee. MALONE.

By *places*, our author means—*preferments*, or *honours*. STEEVENS.

Muſt it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man which ever
Profeſs'd to him, why, his revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'erſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion! [8] Come, Camillo;
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence: Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the poſterns: Pleaſe your highneſs
To take the urgent hour: come, ſir, away. [*Exeunt.*

[8] But how could this expedition comfort the queen? on the contrary, it would increaſe her huſband's ſuſpicion. We ſhould read:

——*and comfort*
The *gracious* queen's;

i. e. be expedition my friend, and be comfort the queen's friend.
WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, I think, juſt; but what ſhall be done with the following words, of which I can make nothing? Perhaps the line which connected them to the reſt is loſt.

——*and comfort*
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion!——

Jealouſy is a paſſion compounded of love and ſuſpicion; this paſſion is the *theme* or ſubject of the King's thoughts.—Polixenes, perhaps, wiſhes the queen, for her comfort, ſo much of that *theme* or ſubject as is good, but deprecates that which cauſes miſery. May part of the king's preſent ſentiments comfort the queen, but away with his ſuſpicion. This is ſuch meaning as can be picked out. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the ſenſe is—May that good ſpeed which is my friend, *comfort* likewiſe the queen who is *part of its theme*, i. e. *partly* on whoſe account I go away; but may not the ſame *comfort* extend itſelf to the groundleſs ſuſpicions of the king; i. e. may not my departure ſupport him in them! *His* for *its* is common with Shakſpeare. STEEVENS

Comfort is, I apprehend here uſed as a verb. Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen, by removing the object of her huſband's jealouſy;—the queen, who is the ſubject of his converſation, but without reaſon the object of his ſuſpicion! MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.
1. *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1. *Lady.* Why, my ſweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiſs me hard; and ſpeak to me as if
I were a baby ſtill.—I love you better.
2. *Lady.* And why ſo, my good lord?
Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.
2. *Lady.* Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?
1. *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.
2. *Lady.* Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince,
One of theſe days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
1. *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!
Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? Come, ſir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, ſit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?
Her. As merry as you will,

Mam.

Mam. A ſad tale's beſt for winter; [9]
I have one of ſprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, ſir.
Come on, ſit down:—Come on, and do your beſt
To fright me with your ſprites; you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man,——
Her. Nay, come, ſit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it ſoftly;
Yon crickets ſhall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and Others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1. *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcour ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.
Leon. How bleſs'd am I
In my juſt cenſure? in my true opinion? [2]
Alack, for leſſer knowledge! [3]—How accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt!—There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd, [4] and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent

[9] Hence, I ſuppoſe, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.

This ſuppoſition may ſeem to be countenanced by our author's 98th Sonnet:

"Yet not the lays of birds, &c.
"Could make me any *Summer's ſtory* tell."

And yet, I cannot help regarding the words—*for winter* (which ſpoil the meaſure) as a playhouſe interpolation. All children delight in telling diſmal ſtories; but why ſhould a diſmal ſtory be *beſt for winter?* STEEVENS.

[2] *Cenſure*, in the time of our author, was generally uſed (as in this inſtance) for judgement, opinion. MALONE.

[3] That is, *O that my knowledge were leſs.* JOHNSON.

[4] That ſpiders were eſteemed venomous, appears by the evidence of a perſon who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair. "The Counteſſe wiſhed me to get the *ſtrongeſt poyſon* I could, &c. Accordingly I bought *ſeven——great ſpiders*, and cantharides." HENDERSON.

This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet publiſhed in 1632: "—like the *ſpider*, which turneth all things to poiſon which it taſteth." MALONE.

The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his ſides,
With violent hefts: [5]—I have drank, and ſeen the ſpider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true, that is miſtruſted:—that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; [6] yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the poſterns
So eaſily open?

1. *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? ſport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made the ſwell thus.

Her. But I'd ſay, he had not,
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon.

[5] *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved up. STEEVENS.

[6] The ſenſe, I think, is, He hath now diſcovered my deſign, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they pleaſe. HEATH.

This ſenſe is poſſible; but many other meanings might ſerve as well. JOHNSON.

Pinched had anciently a more dignified meaning than it appears to have at preſent.

The ſenſe propoſed by the author of *The Reviſal* may, however, be ſupported by the following paſſage in *All's well that ends well*:—"If you *pinch* me like a paſty, [i. e. the cruſt round the lid of it, which was anciently moulded by the fingers into fantaſtick ſhapes,] I can ſay no more." STEEVENS.

The ſubſequent words—"a very *trick* for them to play at will," appear ſtrongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation. MALONE.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, *ſhe is a goodly lady*, and
The juſtice of your hearts, will thereto add,
'Tis pity, ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deſerves high ſpeech,) and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha; theſe petty brands,
That calumny doth uſe:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will ſear
Virtue itſelf: [7]—theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid, ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: But it be known,
From him that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an adultreſs.

Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but miſtake.

Leon. You have miſtook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have ſaid,
She's an adultreſs; I have ſaid, with whom:
More, ſhe's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her; [8] and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile principal, [9] that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe

7 That is, will ſtigmatize or brand as infamous. HENLEY.

8 A *federary* (perhaps a word of our author's coinage) is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEVENS.

We ſhould certainly read—a *feodary* with her. There is no ſuch word as *federary*. See *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. ii. MALONE.

9 One that knows what we ſhould be aſhamed of, even if the knowledge of it reſted only in her own breaſt and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant.—*But*, which is here uſed for *only* renders this paſſage ſomewhat obſcure. MALONE.

That vulgars give bold titles; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle my lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leon. No, no; if I miſtake
In thoſe foundations which I build upon,
The center [2] is not big enough to bear
A ſchoolboy's top.——Away with her to priſon:
He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.[3]

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns:
I muſt be patient, till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable.[4]—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our ſex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: 'Beſeech you all, my lords,
With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me;—and ſo
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [*To the guards.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'beſeech your highneſs,
My women may be with me; for, you ſee,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cauſe: when you ſhall know, your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,

As

[2] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not ſupport the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be truſted. JOHNSON.

[3] *Far* off *guilty*, ſignifies, *guilty in a remote degree.* JOHNSON.

[4] An aſtrological phraſe. The *aſpect* of ſtars was anciently a familiar term, and continued to be ſuch till the age in which Milton tells us

"——the ſwart ſtar ſparely *looks*." *Lycidas*, v. 138.

STEEVENS.

As I come out; this action, I now go on,[5]
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall——My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* LADIES.

1. *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1. *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; [6] I'll go in couples with her;

[5] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's sense, for *indictment*, *charge*, or *accusation*. JOHNSON.

We cannot say that a person *goes on* an indictment, charge, or accusation. I believe, Hermione only means, "What I am now about to do." M. MASON.

[6] *Stable-stand* (*stabilis statio*, as Spelman interprets it) is a term of the forest-laws, and signifies a place where a deer-stealer fixes his stand under some convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpose of killing deer as they pass by. From the place it came to be applied also to the person, and any man taken in a forest in that situation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was presumed to be an offender, and had the name of a *stable-stand*. In all former editions this hath been printed *stable*; and it may perhaps be objected, that another syllable added spoils the smoothness of the verse. But by pronouncing *stable* short, the measure will very well bear it, according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which Shakspeare never scruples to use; therefore I read, *stable stand*. HANMER.

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's addition to the text STEEVENS.

If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and, in that respect, my house shall resemble a stable, where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is a place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I suppose, as well as our author, has occasionally seen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a stable. A *dog-couple* is a term at this day.

Than when I feel, and ſee her, no further truſt her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh, is falſe,
If ſhe be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1. *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for ourſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter-on,[7]
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him: [8] Be ſhe honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven;
The ſecond, and the third, nine, and ſome five; [9]

If

In the Teutonick language, *hund-ſtall*, or *dog-ſtable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *ſtable*, however may mean *ſtation*, *ſtabilis ſtatio*, and two diſtinct propoſitions may be intended. I'll keep my ſtation in the ſame place where my wife is lodged; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. MALONE.

7 i. e. one who inſtigates. STEEVENS.

8 Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *ſtop his urine.* *Land* or *lant* being the old word for *urine.*

Land-damn is probably one of thoſe words which caprice brought into faſhion, and which, after a ſhort time, reaſon and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him, *condemn* him to quit the *land.* JOHNSON.

Land-damn him, if ſuch a reading can be admitted, may mean, *he would procure ſentence to be paſt on him in this world, on this earth.*

Antigonus could no way make good the threat of *ſtopping his urine.* Beſides, it appears too ridiculous a puniſhment for ſo atrocious a criminal. Yet it muſt be confeſſed, that what Sir T. Hanmer has ſaid concerning the word *lant*, is true. STEEVENS.

I am perſuaded that this is a corruption, and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line, or the tranſcriber was deceived by ſimilitude of ſounds.—What the poet's word was, cannot now be aſcertained; but the ſentiment was probably ſimilar to that in *Othello:*

"O heaven, that ſuch companions thoud'ſt unfold," &c.

I believe, we ſhould read—land-*dam*; i. e. kill him; bury him in earth. MALONE.

After all theſe aukward ſtruggles to obtain a meaning, we might, I think, not unſafely, read—

"I'd *laudanum* him,"——

i. e. poiſon him with *laudanum.* The word is much more ancient than the time of Shakſpeare. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

9 The ſecond folio reads—*ſonnes five.* REED.

This

If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.[2]

Leon. Ceaſe; no more.
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe: I ſee't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.[3]

Ant.

This line appears obſcure, becauſe the word *nine* ſeems to refer to both "*the ſecond and the third.*" But it is ſufficiently clear, *referendo ſingula ſingulis. The ſecond is of the age of nine, and the third is* ſome *five years old.*

The editor of the ſecond folio reads—*ſons* five; ſtartled probably by the difficulty that ariſes from the ſubſequent lines, the operation that Antigonus threatens to perform on his children, not being commonly applicable to females. But for this, let our author anſwer. Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1656, ſhows it may be done. Shakſpeare undoubtedly wrote *ſome*; for were we, with the ignorant editor above-mentioned, to read—*ſons* five, then the ſecond and third daughter would both be of the ſame age; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reaſonable to ſuppoſe. Beſides; daughters are by the law of England co-heirs, but ſons never. MALONE.

[2] For *glib* I think we ſhould read *lib*, which, in the northern language, is the ſame with *geld*. GREY.

[3] Some ſtage direction ſeems neceſſary in this place; but what that direction ſhould be, it is not eaſy to decide. Sir T. Hanmer gives—*Laying hold of his arm*; Dr. Johnſon—*ſtriking his brows*. STEEVENS.

As a ſtage direction is certainly requiſite, and as there is none in the old copy, I will venture to propoſe a different one from any hitherto mentioned. *Leontes*, perhaps, *touches the forehead of Antigonus with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a* SNAIL'S HORNS; for *theſe*, or imaginary horns of his own like them, are *the inſtruments that feel*, to which he alluded.——There is a ſimilar reference in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, from whence the direction of *ſtriking his brows* ſeems to have been adopted:——"he ſo takes on,—ſo curſes all Eve's daughters, and ſo *buffets himſelf on the forehead*, crying, *Peer out, peer out!*"——The word *lunes*, it ſhould be noted, occurs in the context of both paſſages, and in the ſame ſenſe. HENLEY.

I ſee and feel *my diſgrace*, as you, *Antigonus*, *now* feel *me*, *on my* doing thus *to you*, and *as you now* ſee the inſtruments that feel, i. e. my fingers. Leontes muſt here be ſuppoſed to lay hold of either the beard or arm, or ſome other part, of Antigonus. See a ſubſequent note in the laſt ſcene of this act. MALONE.

Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leon. What! lack I credit?
1. *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counſels; but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this: which,—if you (or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo in ſkill,) cannot, or will not,
Reliſh as truth, like us; inform yourſelves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wiſh, my liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgement tried it,
Without more overture.
Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only, nought for approbation,
But only ſeeing,[4] all other circumſtances
Made up to the deed,) doth puſh on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild,) I have deſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency: [5] Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

1 *Lord.*

[4] *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*. JOHNSON.
[5] That is, of abilities more than enough. JOHNSON.

1. *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am ſatisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to the minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free perſon ſhe ſhould be confin'd;
Leſt that the treachery of the two,[6] fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to ſpeak in publick; for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.

Ant. [*Aſide.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. The outer Room of a Priſon.

Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the priſon,—call to him;
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doſt thou then in priſon?—Now, good ſir,

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have expreſs commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honeſty and honour from
The acceſs of gentle viſitors?—Is it lawful,

Pray

[6] He has before declared, that there is a *plot againſt his life and crown*, and that Hermione is *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo. JOHNSON.

Pray you, to ſee her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So pleaſe you, madam, to put
Apart theſe your attendants, I ſhall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now, call her.
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt* Attend.

Keep. And, madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it ſo, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Keeper.
Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: ſays, *My poor priſoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be ſworn:—
Theſe dangerous unſafe lunes o'the king![7] beſhrew them!
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall: the office
Becomes a woman beſt; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more;—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my beſt obedience to the queen;
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,

I'll

[7] I have no where, but in our author, obſerved this word adopted in our tongue, to ſignify, *frenzy*, *lunacy*. But it is a mode of expreſſion with the French.—*Il y a de la* lune: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. "*Lune*, folie. *Les femmes ont des* lunes *dans la tête*. Richelet." THEOBALD.

A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *As you like it*, Act III. ſc. ii: "At which time would I, being but a *moniſh* youth, &c. STEEVENS.

I'll ſhow't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudeſt: We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'the child;
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

Emil. Moſt worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodneſs, is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Pleaſe your ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently
Acquaint the queen of your moſt noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this deſign:
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll uſe that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldneſs from my boſom, let it not be doubted
I ſhall do good.

Emil. Now be you bleſt for it!
I'll to the queen: Pleaſe you, come ſomething nearer.

Keep. Madam, if 't pleaſe the queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur, to paſs it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, ſir:
The child was priſoner to the womb; and is,
By law and proceſs of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour, I will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no reſt: It is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; mere weakneſs, if

The

The cauſe were not in being;—part o'the cauſe,
She, the adultreſs;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain,[8] plot-proof: but ſhe
I can hook to me: Say, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1. *Atten.* My lord? [*advancing.*

Leon. How does the boy?

1. *Atten.* He took good reſt to-night;
'Tis hop'd, his ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leon. To ſee,
His nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd.—Leave me ſolely: [9] go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attend.]—Fie, fie! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himſelf too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may ſerve: for preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1. *Lord.* You muſt not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 *Attend.*

[8] Beyond the *aim* of any attempt that I can make againſt him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of archery. JOHNSON.

Blank and *level*, mean *mark* and *aim*; but they are terms of gunnery, not of archery. DOUCE.

[9] That is, leave me alone. M. MASON.

1. *Attен.* Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night; commanded
None ſhould come at him.

Paul. Not ſo hot, good ſir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you,—
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings,—ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honeſt, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.

Leon. What noiſe there, ho?

Paul. No noiſe, my lord; but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your highneſs.

Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew, ſhe would.

Ant. I told her ſo, my lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril, and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.

Leon. What, canſt not rule her?

Paul. From all diſhoneſty, he can; in this,
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run;
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beſeech you, hear me, who profeſs
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor; yet that dare
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,[2]
Than ſuch as moſt ſeem yours:—I ſay, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul.

[2] *Comforting* is here uſed in the legal ſenſe of *comforting* and abetting in a criminal action. M. MASON.

To *comfort*, in old language, is to *aid and encourage*. *Evils* here mean *wicked courſes*. MALONE.

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I ſay, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, the worſt about you.[3]

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but triſles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, firſt, I'll do mine errand.—The good queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.

[*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch![4] Hence with her, out o' door:
A moſt intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not ſo:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In ſo entitling me: and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.

Leon.

[3] The *worſt* means only the *loweſt*. Were I the meaneſt of your ſervants, I would yet claim the combat againſt any accuſer. JOHNSON.

The *worſt*, (as Mr. M. Maſon and Mr. Henley obſerve,) rather means the *weakeſt*, or the *leaſt expert in the uſe of arms*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Edwards obſerves, that "The worſt about you" may mean the weakeſt, or leaſt warlike. So, "a *better man*, the *beſt man* in company, frequently refer to ſkill in fighting, not to moral goodneſs." I think he is right. MALONE.

[4] A *mankind* woman is yet uſed in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and miſchievous. It has the ſame ſenſe in this paſſage.

Witches are ſuppoſed to be *mankind*, to put off the ſoftneſs and delicacy of women; therefore ſir Hugh, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſays of a woman ſuſpected to be a witch, "*that he does not like when a woman has a beard.*" Of this meaning Mr. Theobald has given examples. JOHNSON.

I ſhall offer an etymology of the adjective *mankind*, which may perhaps more fully explain it. Dr. Hickes's Anglo-Saxon grammar, p. 119. edit. 1705, obſerves: "*Saxonicè man* eſt a *mein* quod *Cimbricè* eſt *nocumentum*, *Francicè* eſt *nefas*, *ſcelus*." So that *mankind* may ſignify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, miſchief or wickedneſs, and from *kind*, nature. TOLLET.

Notwithſtanding the many learned notes on this expreſſion, I am confident that *mankind*, in this paſſage, means nothing more than *maſculine*. M. MASON.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? Give her the baſtard:—
Thou, dotard, [*To* ANTIGONUS.] thou art woman-tir'd,[5] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet[6] here,—take up the baſtard;
Take't up, I ſay; give't to thy crone.[7]
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt up the princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs[8]
Which he has put upon't?
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A neſt of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himſelf: for he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, his babe's,[9] betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's; and will not
(For, as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or ſtone, was ſound.
Leon. A callat,
Of boundleſs tongue; who late hath beat her huſband,
And now baits me!—That brat is none of mine;
It is the iſſue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul.

[5] *Woman-tir'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman; *hen-pecked*. The phraſe is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[6] *Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old ſtory book of *Reynard the Fox*. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothleſs ſheep; thence an old woman. STEEVENS.

[8] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the baſtard*; Paulina forbids him to touch the princeſs under that appellation. *Forced* is *falſe*, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.

A *baſe* ſon was a common term in our author's time. MALONE.

[9] The female infant then on the ſtage. MALONE.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, noſe, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his ſmiles;[2]
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddeſs nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't;[3] leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's![4]
Leon. A groſs hag!—
And, lozel,[5] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the huſbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon.

[2] Theſe two redundant words might be rejected, eſpecially as the child has already been repreſented as the inheritor of its father's *dimples and frowns*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Yellow* is the colour of jealouſy. JOHNSON.

[4] In the ardour of compoſition Shakſpeare ſeems here to have forgotten the difference of ſexes. No ſuſpicion that the babe in queſtion might entertain of her future huſband's *fidelity*, could affect the legitimacy of her offſpring. Unleſs ſhe were *herſelf* a "bed-ſwerver," (which is not ſuppoſed,) ſhe could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealouſy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the preſent inſtance, a pang that it can never give. MALONE.

I regard this circumſtance as a beauty, rather than a defect. The ſeeming abſurdity in the laſt clauſe of Paulina's ardent addreſs to Nature, was undoubtedly deſigned, being an extravagance characteriſtically preferable to languid correctneſs, and chaſtiſed declamation. STEEVENS.

[5] "A *Loſel* is one that hath loſt, neglected, or caſt off his owne good and welfare, and ſo is become lewde and careleſſe of credit and honeſty." *Verſtegan's Reſtitution*, 1605, p. 335. REED.

This is a term of contempt, frequently uſed by Spenſer. A *lozel* is a worthleſs fellow. STEEVENS.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not;
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not ſhe, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this moſt cruel uſage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you, do not puſh me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit!—What need theſe hands?—
You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo:—Farewell; we are gone, [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimony,) or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: If thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo;
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, ſir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.
1. *Lord.* We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You are liars all.
1. *Lord.* 'Beſeech your highneſs, give us better credit:
We have always truly ſerv'd you; and beſeech
So to eſteem of us: And on our knees we beg,

(As

(As recompence of our dear ſervices,
Paſt, and to come,) that you do change this purpoſe;
Which, being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But, be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither.—You, ſir, come you hither;
[*To* ANTIGONUS.
You, that have been ſo tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To ſave this baſtard's life:—for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey,[6]—what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent: any thing poſſible.

Leon. It ſhall be poſſible: Swear by this ſword,[7]
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (ſeeſt thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence; and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without

[6] The king muſt mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on a former occaſion, (ſee p. 59, n. 6.) it was intended, he ſhould lay hold of. Leontes has himſelf told us that twenty three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of courſe his age at the opening of this play muſt be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. MALONE.

[7] It was anciently the cuſtom to ſwear by the croſs on the handle of a ſword. See *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc v. STEEVENS.

I remember to have ſeen the name of Jeſus engraved upon the pummel of the ſword of a Cruſader in the Church at Winchelſea. DOUCE.

Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,—
On thy ſoul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,[8]
Where chance may nurſe, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I ſwear to do this: though a preſent death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurſes! Wolves, and bears, they ſay,
Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide, have done
Like offices of pity.——Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require! and bleſſing,[9]
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loſs![2] [*Exit, with the child.*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

1. *Attend.* Pleaſe your highneſs, poſts,
From thoſe you ſent to the oracle, are come
An hour ſince: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to the court.

1. *Lord.* So pleaſe you, ſir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been abſent: 'Tis good ſpeed;[3] foretels,
The great Apollo ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal lady: for, as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open trial. While ſhe lives,

[8] *Commit* it to ſome place, *as a ſtranger*, without more proviſion. JOHNSON.

To *commend* is to *commit*. See Minſheu's Dict. in v. MALONE.

[9] i. e. the favour of heaven. MALONE.

[2] i. e. to expoſure, ſimilar to that of a child whom its parents have *loſt*. MALONE.

[3] Surely we ſhould read the paſſage thus:
This good ſpeed foretels, &c. M. MASON.

My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Street in ſome town.

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.[4]

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air moſt ſweet;
Fertile the iſle;[5] the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.
Dion. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me,[6] the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks, I ſo ſhould term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice!
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burſt
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the queen,—O, be't ſo!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,

The

[4] Theſe two names, and thoſe of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's Plutarch. MALONE.

[5] But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an iſland, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakſpeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an iſland of the Cyclades. If it was the editor's blunder, then Shakſpeare wrote: *Fertile the* ſoil,——which is more elegant too, than the preſent reading. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare is little careful of geography. There is no need of this emendation in a play of which the whole plot depends upon a geographical error, by which Bohemia is ſuppoſed to be a maritime country. JOHNSON.

In the *Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Faunia*, the queen deſires the king to ſend "ſix of his noblemen, whom he beſt truſted, to the *iſle* of Delphos," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *It* may relate to the whole ſpectacle. JOHNSON.

The time is worth the uſe on't.[7]

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the beſt! Theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the buſineſs: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine ſeal'd up,)
Shall the contents diſcover, ſomething rare,
Even then will ruſh to knowledge.—Go,—freſh horſes;—
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Court of Juſtice.

LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers, *appear properly ſeated.*

Leon. This ſeſſions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Even puſhes 'gainſt our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.——Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice; which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.[8]——
Produce the priſoner.

Offi. It is his highneſs' pleaſure, that the queen
Appear in perſon here in court.——Silence!

[7] *The time is worth the uſe on't*, means, the time which we have ſpent in viſiting Delos, has recompenſed us for the trouble of ſo ſpending it. JOHNSON.

If the event prove fortunate to the queen, *the time which we have ſpent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath coſt us.* In other words, the happy iſſue of our journey will compenſate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the ſame expreſſion in Florio's tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, 1603: "The common ſaying is, the *time* we live, is *worth the* money *we pay for it.*" MALONE.

[8] Mr. Roderick obſerves, that the word *even* is not to be underſtood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, ſignifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEEVENS.

The epithet *even-handed*, as applied in Macbeth to *Juſtice*, ſeems to unite both ſenſes. HENLEY.

HERMIONE *is brought in, guarded;* PAULINA *and Ladies, attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *queen to the worthy* Leontes, *king of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *king of* Bohemia; *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our ſovereign lord the king, thy royal huſband: the pretence* [9] *whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, *Not guilty:* mine integrity,[2]
Being counted falſehood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.——You, my lord, beſt know,
(Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo,) my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which [3] is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take ſpectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here ſtanding,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life,[4] I prize it

As

9 Is, in this place, taken for a *ſcheme laid*, a *deſign formed*; to *pretend* means to *deſign*, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* JOHNSON.

2 That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedneſs*, my aſſertion of it will paſs but for a *lie*. *Falſehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

3 That is, which unhappineſs. MALONE.

4 *Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as ſuch only is conſidered by me; I would therefore willingly diſmiſs it. JOHNSON.

As I weigh grief, which I would ſpare :[5] for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine, [6]
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, ſir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd, to appear thus : [7] if one jot beyond

[5] To *ſpare* any thing is to *let it go, to quit the poſſeſſion of it.* JOHNSON.

[6] This ſentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Eccleſiaſticus*, iii. 11. cannot be too often impreſſed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and *a mother in diſhonour, is a reproach unto her children.*" STEEVENS.

[7] Theſe lines I do not underſtand; with the licence of all editors, what I cannot underſtand I ſuppoſe unintelligible, and therefore propoſe that they may be altered thus:

——— *Since he came,*
With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I
Been ſtain'd *to appear thus?*

At leaſt I think it might be read:

With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I
Strain'd to appear thus? If one jot beyond— JOHNSON.

The ſenſe ſeems to be this:—*what ſudden ſlip have I made, that I ſhould catch a wrench in my character.* An *uncurrent encounter* ſeems to mean an irregular, unjuſtifiable congreſs. Perhaps it may be a metaphor from *tilting*, in which the ſhock of meeting adverſaries was ſo called.

The ſenſe would then be:———In what baſe reciprocation of love have I caught this ſtrain? *Uncurrent* is what will not paſs, and is, at preſent, only applied to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of—*ſome* ſtrain *in her character*, and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cuſtom of the Country*, the ſame expreſſion occurs.

To *ſtrain*, I believe, means to *go awry.* STEEVENS.

The *bounds of honour*, which are mentioned immediately after, juſtify Mr. Steevens in ſuppoſing the imagery to have been taken from *tilting.* HENLEY.

Johnſon thinks it neceſſary for the ſenſe, to tranſpoſe theſe words and read, "With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I ſtrained to appear thus?" But he could not have propoſed that alteration, had he conſidered, with attention, the conſtruction of the paſſage, which runs thus: "I appeal to your own conſcience with what encounter," &c. That is, "I appeal to your own conſcience *to declare* with what encounter ſo uncurrent I have ſtrained to appear thus." He was probably miſled by the point of interrogation at the end of the ſentence, which ought not to have been there. M. MASON.

The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of theſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gainſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.[8]

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a ſaying, ſir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than miſtreſs of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confeſs,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So, and no other, as yourſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,

That

The preciſe meaning of the word *encounter* in this paſſage may be gathered from our author's uſe of it elſewhere:

"Who hath—
"Confeſs'd the vile *encounters* they have had
"A thouſand times in ſecret." *Much ado about Nothing.*

As, to paſs or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe our author in the preſent paſſage, with his accuſtomed licence, uſes the word *uncurrent* as ſynonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *ſtrain'd*, may perhaps mean—I have ſwerved or deflected from the ſtrict line of duty.

"To appear *thus*," is, to appear in ſuch an aſſembly as this; to be put on my trial. MALONE.

[8] It is apparent that according to the proper, at leaſt according to the preſent, uſe of words, *leſs* ſhould be *more*, or *wanted* ſhould be *had*. But Shakſpeare is very uncertain in his uſe of negatives. It may be neceſſary once to obſerve, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but ſtrengthen the negation. This mode of ſpeech was in time changed, but, as the change was made in oppoſition to long cuſtom, i proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confuſion. JOHNSON.

That it was yours. Now, for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes; though it be diſh'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honeſt man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themſelves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his abſence.

Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not:
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,[9]
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a baſtard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo,) ſo paſt all truth: [2]
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: [3]
For as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to itſelf,

9 To be *in the level* is, by a metaphor from archery, *to be within the reach.* JOHNSON.

This metaphor, (as Mr. Douce has already obſerved,) is from *gunnery.* STEEVENS.

2 I do not remember that *fact* is uſed any where abſolutely for *guilt*, which muſt be its ſenſe in this place. Perhaps we ſhould read:

Thoſe of your pack *are ſo.*

Pack is a low coarſe word well ſuited to the reſt of this royal invective. JOHNSON.

I ſhould gueſs *ſect* to be the right word. See *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv.

In Middleton's *Mad World, my Maſters*, a Courtezan ſays: "It is the eaſieſt art and cunning for our *ſect* to counterfeit ſick, that are always full of fits when we are well." FARMER.

Thus, Falſtaff, ſpeaking of Dol Tearſheet: "So is all her *ſect*: if they be once in a calm, they are ſick." *Thoſe of your fact* may, however, mean—thoſe who have done as you do. STEEVENS.

That *fact* is the true reading, is proved deciſively from the words of the novel, which our author had in his mind, both here, and in a former paſſage ["I ne'er heard yet, That any of theſe bolder vices, &c.]: "And as for her [ſaid Pandoſto] it was her part to *deny* ſuch a monſtrous crime, and to be impudent in forſwearing the *fact*, ſince ſhe had *paſſed all ſhame* in committing the fault." MALONE.

3 It is your *buſineſs* to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be uſeleſs; will prove nothing. MALONE.

No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Look for no leſs than death.

Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I ſeek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life,[4] your favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My ſecond joy,
And firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd moſt unluckily,[5] is from my breaſt
The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet; With immodeſt hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion;—Laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit.[6] Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; miſtake me not;——No! life,
I prize it not a ſtraw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes; all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.——Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1. *Lord.* This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt: therefore, bring forth,

And

[4] The *ſupreme bleſſing* of my life. MALONE.

[5] i. e. born under an inauſpicious planet. STEEVENS.

[6] I know not well how *ſtrength* of *limit* can mean *ſtrength to paſs the limits* of the child-bed chamber; which yet it muſt mean in this place, unleſs we read in a more eaſy phraſe, *ſtrength of* limb. *And* now, &c. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Maſon judiciouſly conceives *ſtrength of limit* to mean, *the limited degree of ſtrength which it is cuſtomary for women to acquire, before they are ſuffered to go abroad after child bearing.* STEEVENS.

And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain* Officers.

Her. The emperor of Ruſſia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but ſee
The fatneſs of my miſery;[7] yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Offi. You here ſhall ſwear upon this ſword of juſtice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's prieſt; and that, ſince then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy ſeal,
Nor read the ſecrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we ſwear.

Leon. Break up the ſeals, and read.

Offi. [*reads.*] Hermione *is chaſte*, Polixenes *blameleſs*, Camillo *a true ſubject*, Leontes *a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king ſhall live without an heir, if that, which is loſt, be not found.*

Lords. Now bleſſed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praiſed!

Leon. Haſt thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even ſo
As it is here ſet down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The ſeſſions ſhall proceed; this is mere falſehood.

Enter a Servant, *haſtily.*

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the buſineſs?

Serv. O ſir, I ſhall be hated to report it:
The prince your ſon, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's ſpeed,[8] is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

[7] That is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.
[8] Of the *event* of the queen's trial: ſo we ſtill ſay, he *ſped* well or ill. JOHNSON.

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice. [HERMIONE *faints.*] How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And ſee what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; ſhe will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:—
'Beſeech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and ladies, with* HERMIONE.
My great profaneneſs 'gainſt thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poiſon
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My ſwift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, moſt humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour:—How he gliſters
Thorough my ruſt! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker! [9]

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1. *Lord.*

[9] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confeſſion of more crimes than he was ſuſpected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the viciſſitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppreſſed with guilt. JOHNSON.

1. *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What ſtudied torments, tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Muſt I receive; whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealouſies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; ſtark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but ſhow thee, of a fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ungrateful: [2] nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good Camillo's honour,[3]
To have him kill a king; poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't: [4]
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death

[2] I have ventured at a ſlight alteration here, againſt the authority of all the copies, and for *fool* read—*ſoul*. It is certainly too groſs and blunt in Paulina, though ſhe might impeach the king of fooleries in ſome of his paſt actions and conduct, to call him downright a fool. And it is much more pardonable in her to arraign his morals, and the qualities of his mind, than rudely to call him *idiot* to his face. THEOBALD.

——— *ſhow thee of a fool,*] So all the copies. We ſhould read:

——— *ſhow thee off, a fool,* ———

i. e. repreſent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconſtant, &c. WARBURTON.

Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deſerve much notice. Dr. Warburton too might have ſpared his ſagacity, if he had remembered that the preſent reading, by a mode of ſpeech anciently much uſed, means only, *I ſhow'd thee* firſt *a fool*, then *inconſtant and ungrateful.* JOHNSON.

Damnable is here uſed adverbially. MALONE.

[3] How ſhould Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himſelf, while Paulina was abſent, attending on Hermione. The poet ſeems to have forgotten this circumſtance. MALONE.

[4] i. e. a devil would have ſhed tears of pity o'er the damn'd, ere he would have committed ſuch an action. STEEVENS.

Of the young prince; whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender,) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a groſs and fooliſh fire
Blemiſh'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer: But the laſt,—O, lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1. *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I ſay, ſhe's dead; I'll ſwear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture, or luſtre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the gods.——But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterеſt.

1. *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'the boldneſs of your ſpeech.

Paul. I am ſorry for't; [5]
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have ſhow'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal ſir, forgive a fooliſh woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—

I'll

5. This is another inſtance of the ſudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds. JOHNSON.

I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of mine own lord,
Who is loſt too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.
Leon. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and ſon:
One grave ſhall be for both; upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear, unto
Our ſhame perpetual: Once a day I'll viſit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exerciſe,
So long I daily vow to uſe it. Come,
And lead me to theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bohemia. *A deſert country near the ſea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Child*; *and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then,[6] our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The deſerts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the ſkies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.
Ant. Their ſacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your beſt haſte; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;

Beſides

[6] *Perfect* is often uſed by Shakſpeare for *certain*, *well aſſured*, or *well informed*. JOHNSON.

It is ſo uſed by almoſt all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.
Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow inſtantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ſo rid o'the buſineſs. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:——
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the ſpirits of the dead
May walk again: if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow,
So fill'd, and ſo becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes,
Became two ſpouts: the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good* Antigonus,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle buſineſs,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife Paulina *more:*—and ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf; and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of king Polixenes, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.——Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*Laying down the child.*

There

There lie; and there thy character: [7] there theſe;
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty,
And ſtill reſt thine.——The ſtorm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.——Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw
The heavens ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour? [8]—
Well may I get aboard!——This is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, purſued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing, fighting.——Hark you now!—Would any but theſe boil'd brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have ſcared away two of my beſt ſheep; which, I fear, the wolf will ſooner find, than the maſter: if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, browzing on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! [9] A boy, or a child,[2] I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, ſome ſcape: though I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up

[7] Thy deſcription; i. e. the writing afterwards diſcovered with Perdita. STEEVENS.

[8] This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then ſeeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the *animal purſued*. JOHNSON.

[9] i. e. child. It is a North Country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; ſeeming to anſwer to the Latin *nati*. STEEVENS.

[2] I am told, that in ſome of our inland counties, a *female infant*, in contradiſtinction to a *male one*, is ſtill termed, among the peaſantry,—*a child*. STEEVENS.

up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my ſon come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art ſo near? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

Clown. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea, and by land;—but I am not to ſay, it is a ſea, for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore! but that's not to the point: O, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls! ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her mainmaſt; and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land ſervice,—To ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and ſaid, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ſhip:—to ſee how the ſea flap dragon'd it:[3]—but, firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man![4]

Clown.

[3] i. e. ſwallowed it, as our ancient topers ſwallowed *flap-dragons*. STEEVENS.

[4] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, I am perſuaded, we ought to reſtore, *nobleman*. The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus's age; beſides, the Clown hath juſt told his father, that he ſaid his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman*; and no leſs than three times in this ſhort ſcene, the Clown, ſpeaking of him, calls him the *gentleman*. THEOBALD.

I ſuppoſe the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himſelf; or perhaps Shakſpeare, who was conſcious that he himſelf

Clown. I would you had been by the ſhip ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

[*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth [5] for a ſquire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy: open't. So, let's ſee;—It was told me, I ſhould be rich by the fairies: this is ſome changeling:[6]—open't: What's within, boy?

Clown. You're a made old man; [7] if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold!—all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove ſo: up with it, keep it cloſe; home, home, the next way.[8] We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecrecy.—Let my ſheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath

himſelf deſigned Antigonus for an *old* man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the Shepherd who had never ſeen him. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding ſpeech: "—nor the bear half dined on the *old* gentleman:" Mr. Steevens's ſecond conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one. MALONE.

[5] *A bearing cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is uſually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

[6] i. e. ſome child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had ſtolen. STEEVENS.

[7] In former copies:—*You're a* mad *old man*; *if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!*—This the Clown ſays upon his opening his fardel, and diſcovering the wealth in it. But this is no reaſon why he ſhould call his father a *mad* old *man*. I have ventured to correct in the text——*You're a* made *old man*; i. e. your fortune's made by this adventitious treaſure. So our poet, in a number of other paſſages. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton did not accept this emendation, but it is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: "The good man deſired his wife to be quiet: if ſhe would hold peace, they were *made* for ever." FARMER.

[8] i. e. the neareſt way. STEEVENS.

hath eaten: they are never curſt, but when they are hungry:[9] if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the ſight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I,—that pleaſe ſome, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,[2]—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years,[3] and leave the growth untried

Of

[9] Curſt, ſignifies *miſchievous*. Thus the adage: *Curſt* cows have ſhort horns. HENLEY.

[2] This does not, in my opinion, take in the poet's thought. Time does not *make* miſtakes, and *diſcover them*, at different conjunctures; but the poet means, that Time often for a ſeaſon *covers* errors, which he afterwards *diſplays* and *brings to light*. I chuſe therefore to read:

—— *that* maſk *and* unfold *error*, —— THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is ſurely unneceſſary. *Departed time* renders many facts obſcure, and in that ſenſe is the cauſe of error. *Time to come* brings diſcoveries with it.

"Theſe very comments on Shakſpeare (ſays Mr. M. Maſon) prove that time can both make and unfold error." STEEVENS.

[3] This treſpaſs, in reſpect of dramatic unity, will appear venial to thoſe who have read the once famous *Lyly's Endymion*, or (as he himſelf calls it in the prologue) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the ſpace of forty years, Endymion lying down to ſleep at the end of the ſecond, and waking in the firſt ſcene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconſcionable length. Lyly has likewiſe been guilty of much greater abſurdities than ever Shakſpeare committed; for he ſuppoſes that Endymion's hair, features, and perſon, were changed by age during his ſleep, while all the other perſonages of the drama remained without alteration.

George

Of that wide gap; [4] ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow law,[5] and in one ſelf-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom: Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now received: I witneſs to
The times that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To the freſheſt things now reigning; and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
As you had ſlept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealouſies; ſo grieving,
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be

In

George Whetſtone, in the epiſtle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Meaſure for Meaſure* is formed) had pointed out many of theſe abſurdities and offences againſt the laws of the Drama. It muſt be owned therefore that Shakſpeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were. "For at this daye, the Italian is ſo laſcivious in his comedies, that honeſt hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he preſents on everye common ſtage, what preachers ſhould pronounce in pulpits. The Engliſhman in this quallitie, is moſt vaine, indiſcreete, and out of order. He firſt grounds his worke on impoſſibilities; then in three hours ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monſters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell," &c. This quotation will ſerve to ſhow that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but, like Achilles, denied that laws were deſigned to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and ſecure of graces beyond the reach of art. STEEVENS.

[4] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is ſomewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progreſſion of the time which filled up the *gap* of the ſtory between Perdita's birth and her ſixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is *to leave the paſſages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have choſen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

[5] The reaſoning of *Time* is not very clear; he ſeems to mean, that he who has broke ſo many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her ſixteenth year; and he intreats that he may paſs as of old, before any *order* or ſucceſſion of objects, ancient or modern, diſtinguiſhed his periods. JOHNSON.

In fair Bohemia; [6] and remember well,
I mentioned a ſon o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her enſues,
I liſt not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: [7] Of this allow, [8]
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now;
If never yet, that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickneſs, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, [9] ſince I ſaw my country: though I have, for the moſt part, been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent king, my maſter, hath ſent for me: to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo; which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol.

[6] *Time* is every where alike. I know not whether both ſenſe and grammar may not dictate:

—— *imagine* we,
Gentle ſpectators, that you *now may be*, &c.

Let *us* imagine that *you*, who behold theſe ſcenes, are now in Bohemia. JOHNSON.

Imagine *me*, means imagine *with me*, or imagine *for me*; and is a common mode of expreſſion. Thus we ſay "do *me* ſuch a thing," "ſpell *me* ſuch a word." M. MASON.

[7] *Argument* is the ſame with *ſubject*. JOHNSON.

[8] To *allow* in our author's time ſignified to *approve*. MALONE.

[9] We ſhould read—*ſixteen*. *Time* has juſt ſaid:

—— *that I ſlide*
O'er ſixteen *years*—— STEEVENS.

Pol. As thou loveſt me, Camillo, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices, by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee; thou, having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thyſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done: which if I have not enough conſider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips.[2] Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee ſpeak no more: whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled king, my brother; whoſe loſs of his moſt precious queen, and children, are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the prince Florizel my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, ſince I ſaw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, miſſingly, noted,[3] he is of late much retired from court; and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, Camillo; and with ſome care; ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, ſir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter

[2] The ſenſe of *heaping friendſhips*, though like many other of our author's, unuſual, at leaſt unuſual to modern ears, is not very obſcure. *To be more thankful ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profits therein the heaping friendſhips.* That is, *I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I ſhall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I ſhall heap friendſhips, as I confer favours on thee I ſhall increaſe the friendſhip between us.* JOHNSON.

Friendſhips is, I believe, here uſed, with ſufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices.* MALONE.

[3] *Miſſingly* noted means, I have obſerved him at *intervals*, not conſtantly or regularly, but occaſionally. STEEVENS.

ter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle [4] that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have ſome queſtion [5] with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſy to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt Camillo!—We muſt diſguiſe ourſelves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, [6] *ſinging.*

When daffodils begin to peer, [7]——
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale.—
Why, then comes in the ſweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale. [8]

The

[4] Mr. Theobald reads,—*and* I fear the *engle*. JOHNSON.

Angle in this place means a *fiſhing-rod*, which he repreſents as drawing his ſon, like a fiſh, away. STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. ſome talk. MALONE.

[6] *Autolycus* was the ſon of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father:

"*Non fuit Autolyci tam piceata manus.*" Martial. STEEVENS.

[7] *When daffodils begin to peer,*——

and

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,] "Two *nonſenſical* ſongs, by the rogue Autolycus," ſays Dr. Burney.—But could not the many compliments paid by Shakſpeare to muſical ſcience, intercede for a better epithet than *nonſenſical*?

The Dr. ſubſequently obſerves, that "This Autolycus is the true *ancient* Minſtrel, as deſcribed in the old Fabliaux."

I believe that many of our readers will puſh the compariſon a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our *modern* minſtrels of the opera, like their predeceſſor Autolycus, are *pick-pockets* as well as ſingers of *nonſenſical* ballads. STEEVENS.

[8] This line has ſuffered a great variety of alterations, but I am perſuaded

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O, how they ſing!
Doth ſet my pugging tooth [9] *on edge;*
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants.—
With, hey! with, hey! the thruſh and the jay:—
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts, [2]
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; [3] but now I am out of ſervice:

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do moſt go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-ſkin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffick is ſheets; [4] when the kite builds, look to leſſer linen.

ſuaded the old reading is the true one. The firſt folio has "the *winter's pale*;" and the meaning is, the red, the *ſpring* blood now *reigns o'er* the parts lately under the *dominion of winter*. The *Engliſh pale*, the *Iriſh pale*, were frequent expreſſions in Shakſpeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were choſen for the ſake of the *antitheſis*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer is certainly right. I had offered this explanation to Dr. Johnſon, who rejected it. STEEVENS.

[9] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*progging tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now underſtood. But Dr. Thirlby obſerves, that it is the cant of gypſies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is uſed by Greene in one of his pieces; and a *puggard* was a cant name for ſome particular kind of thief. STEEVENS.

[2] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*. STEEVENS.

[3] i. e. rich velvet. STEEVENS.

[4] Autolycus means, that his practice was to ſteal ſheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the ſmaller pieces for the kites to build with. M. MASON.

Leſſer

linen. My father named me, Autolycus; [5] who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchaſed this caparifon; [6] and my revenue is the ſilly cheat [7]: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: [8] beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Leſſer linen is an ancient term, for which our modern laundreſſes have ſubſtituted—*ſmall clothes*. STEEVENS.

This paſſage, I find, is not generally underſtood. When the good women, in ſolitary cottages near the woods where kites build, miſs any of their *leſſer linen*, as it hangs to dry on the hedge in ſpring, they conclude that the kite has been marauding for a lining to her neſt; and there adventurous boys often find it employed for that purpoſe. HOLT WHITE.

[5] Mr. Theobald ſays, *the alluſion is unqueſtionably to Ovid.* He is miſtaken. Not only the alluſion, but the whole ſpeech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from ſeveral places of his works. It is from *his diſcourſe on judicial aſtrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the ſame manner; and 'tis on this account that he is called the ſon of Mercury by the ancients, namely becauſe he was born under that planet. And as the infant was ſuppoſed by the aſtrologers to communicate of the nature of the ſtar which predominated, ſo Autolycus was a thief. WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was tranſlated long before the time of Shakſpeare. I have ſeen it, but it had no date. STEEVENS.

[6] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myſelf to this ſhabby dreſs. PERCY.

[7] *Silly* is uſed by the writers of our author's time, for ſimple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the ſpeech conſiſts. I don't aſpire to arduous and high things, as Bridewell or the gallows; I am contented with this humble and low way of life, as a *ſnapper up of unconſidered trifles*. But the Oxford editor, who, by his emendations, ſeems to have declared war againſt all Shakſpeare's humour, alters it to,—*the ſly cheat*. WARBURTON.

The *ſilly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coney-catching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned among the reſt, in his treatiſe on that ancient and honourable ſcience. I think it means *picking pockets*. STEEVENS.

[8] The reſiſtance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the puniſhment which he ſuffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the ſilly cheat and petty theft. JOHNSON.

Clown.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Let me ſee:—Every 'leven wether tods;[9] every tod yields—pound and odd ſhilling: fifteen hundred ſhorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the ſpringe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aſide.*

Clown. I cannot do't without counters.[2]—Let me ſee; what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt?[3] *Three pound of ſugar; five pound of currants; rice*——What will this

[9] A *tod* is twenty eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

I was led into an errour concerning this paſſage by the word *tods*, which I conceived to be a ſubſtantive, but which is uſed ungrammatically as the third perſon ſingular of the verb to *tod*, in concord with the preceding words—*every 'leven wether*. The ſame diſregard of grammar is found in almoſt every page of the old copies, and has been properly corrected, but here is in character, and ſhould be preſerved.

Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that to *tod* is uſed as a verb by dealers in wool; thus, they ſay, "Twenty ſheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool," &c. The meaning therefore of the clown's words is, "Every eleven wether *tods*; i. e. *will produce a tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool; every tod yields a pound and ſome odd ſhillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?"

The occupation of his father furniſhed our poet with accurate knowledge on this ſubject; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a ſheep at the time of ſhearing. About thirty ſhillings a tod is a high price at this day. It is ſingular, as Sir Henry Engleſield remarks to me, that there ſhould be ſo little variation between the price of wool in Shakſpeare's time and the preſent.——In 1425, as I learn from Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*, a tod of wool ſold for nine ſhillings and ſix pence. MALONE.

This has been rightly expounded to mean that the wool of *eleven ſheep* would weigh a *tod*, or 28*lb.* Each fleece would, therefore, be 2*lb.* 8*oz.* 11½*dr.* and the whole produce of *fifteen hundred ſhorn* 136 *tod.* 9*lb.* 6*oz.* 2 *dr.* which *at pound and odd ſhilling per* tod would yield £.143 3 0. Our author was too familiar with the ſubject to be ſuſpected of inaccuracy. RITSON.

[2] By the help of ſmall circular pieces of baſe metal, all reckonings were anciently adjuſted among the illiterate and vulgar. Thus Iago, in contempt of Caſſio, calls him—*counter-caſter*. STEEVENS.

[3] The expence attending theſe feſtivities, appears to have afforded matter of complaint. Thus in *Queſtions of Profitable and Pleaſant Concernings*, &c. 1594: "If it be a *ſheep-ſhearing feaſt*, maiſter Baily can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maiſter of three ſheap-heard's wages, ſpent on freſh cates, beſides *ſpices* and *ſaffron* pottage." STEEVENS.

ſiſter of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noſegays for the ſhearers: three-man ſong-men all,[4] and very good ones; but they are moſt of them means and baſes:[5] but one Puritan amongſt them, and he ſings pſalms to hornpipes. I muſt have *ſaffron*, to colour the warden pies;[6] *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs, ſeven*; *a race, or two, of ginger*;—but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes, and as many of raiſins o'the ſun.*

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*Groveling on the ground.*

Clown. I'the name of me,[7] ———

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off theſe rags; and then, death, death!

Clown. Alack, poor ſoul; thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. O, ſir, the loathſomeneſs of them offends me more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, ſir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, ſweet ſir, a foot-man.

Clown.

[4] i. e. ſingers of catches in three parts. *A ſix-man ſong* occurs in *The Tournament of Tottenham.* See *The Relques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

[5] ——— means *and baſes:*] *Means* are tenors. STEEVENS.

[6] *Wardens* are a ſpecies of large pears. I believe the name is diſuſed at preſent. It however afforded Ben Jonſon room for a quibble in his maſque of *Gypſies Metamorphoſed*:

"A deputy tart, a church-*warden* pye."

It appears from a paſſage in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, that theſe pears were uſually eaten roaſted:

"I would have had him *roaſted like a warden*,
"In brown paper."

The French call this pear the *poire de garde*. STEEVENS.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, voce *Warden Tree*, [*Volemum*] ſays, *Volema autem pyra* ſunt prægrandia, ita dicta quod impleant volam. REED.

[7] This is a vulgar exclamation, which I have often heard uſed. So, ſir Andrew Ague-cheek:—"Before *me*, ſhe's a good wench." STEEVENS.

Clown. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horſeman's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O! good ſir, tenderly, oh!

Clown. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O, good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I fear, ſir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear ſir; [*picks his pocket.*] good ſir, ſoftly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir; no, I beſeech you, ſir: I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, ſir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: [8] I knew him once a ſervant of the prince; I cannot tell, good ſir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cheriſh it, to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide.[9]

Aut. Vices I would ſay, ſir. I know this man well: he

[8] *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. WARBURTON.

In Dr Jones's old treatiſe on *Buckſtone Bathes*, he ſays: "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or ſofte, after their own diſcretion: the paſtyme *troule in madame*, is termed." FARMER.

The old Engliſh title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the archers in the machine through which the balls are rolled, reſemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-houſe*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is perfectly accurate in his deſcription of the game of *Trou-madame*, or *pigeon holes*. *Nine holes* is quite another thing; Thus:

o o o being ſo many holes made in the ground, into which they
o o o are to bowl a pellet. I have ſeen both played at.
o o o RITSON.

[9] To *abide*, here, muſt ſignify, to *ſojourn*, to live for a time without a ſettled habitation. JOHNSON.

hath been ſince an ape-bearer; then a proceſs-ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a motion of the prodigal ſon,[2] and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in rogue; ſome call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: [3] he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, ſir; he, ſir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, ſir, I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet ſir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced ſir; no, ſweet ſir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I muſt go buy ſpices for our ſheep ſhearing.

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet ſir!—[*Exit* Clown.] Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue! [4]

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way, [5]
And merrily hent the ſtile-a: [6]
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE

[2] i. e. the *puppet-ſhew*, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author. WARBURTON.

[3] To *prig* is to *filch*. MALONE.

In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and therefore in *The Beggars Buſh*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knaviſh beggar. WHALLEY.

[4] Begging gypſies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had ſomething of the ſhow of an incorporated body. From this noble ſociety he wiſhes he may be unrolled, if he does not ſo and ſo. WARBURTON.

[5] Theſe lines are part of a catch printed in "*an Antidote againſt Melancholy*,

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. Theſe your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes,[7] it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o'the land,[8] you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſslike prank'd up:[9] But that our feaſts
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.[2]

lancholy, made up in Pills compounded of witty ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry catches, 1661," 4to. p. 69. REED.

6 To *hent* the ſtile, is to take hold of it. I was miſtaken when I ſaid in a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act IV. ſc. ult. that the verb was—to *bend*. It is to *hent*, and comes from the Saxon penzan. STEEVENS.

7 This is, your *exceſſes*, the *extravagance* of your praiſes. JOHNSON.

By his *extremes*, Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praiſes*, as Johnſon ſuppoſes: but the *extravagance of his conduct*, in obſcuring himſelf "in a ſwain's wearing," while he "prank'd her up moſt goddeſs-like." The following words, *O pardon that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning. M. MASON.

8 The *object* of all men's *notice* and expectation. JOHNSON.

9 To *prank* is to dreſs with oſtentation. STEEVENS.

2 i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a ſhepherd, you had ſworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glaſs, you ſhew me how much below yourſelf you muſt deſcend before you can get upon a level with me. The ſentiment is fine, and expreſſes all the delicacy, as well as humble modeſty of the character. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to Sir T. Hanmer's emendation, which certainly

Flo. I bleſs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight acroſs
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cauſe!
To me, the difference forges dread; [3] your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vilely bound up? [4] What would he ſay? Or how

Should

tainly makes an eaſy ſenſe, and is, in my opinion, preferable to the preſent reading. But concerning this paſſage I know not what to decide.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has well enough explained this paſſage according to the old reading. Though I cannot help offering a tranſpoſition, which I would explain thus:

——— *But that our feaſts*
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom, (ſworn I think,)
To ſee you ſo attired, I ſhould bluſh
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.

I. e.—But that our ruſtick feaſts are in every part accompanied with abſurdity of the ſame kind, which cuſtom has authorized, (cuſtom which one would think the gueſts had ſworn to obſerve,) I ſhould bluſh to preſent myſelf before a glaſs, which would ſhow me my own perſon adorned in a manner ſo foreign to my humble ſtate, or ſo much better habited than even that of my prince. STEEVENS.

I think ſhe means only to ſay, that the prince, by the *ruſtick* habit that he wears, ſeems as if he had ſworn to ſhow her a glaſs, in which ſhe might behold how ſhe *ought* to be atttired, inſtead of being "moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up."

Florizel is here Perdita's glaſs. Sir T Hanmer reads—*ſwoon*, inſtead of *ſworn*. There is, in my opinion, no need of change; and the words "to *ſhew* myſelf" appear to me inconſiſtent with that reading.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the ſimilitude of the words *ſworn* and *ſwoon* favourable to his emendation; but he forgot that *ſwoon* in the old copies of theſe plays is always written *ſound* or *ſwound*.

MALONE.

3 Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. M. MASON.

4 It is impoſſible for any man to rid his mind of his profeſſion. The authorſhip of Shakſpeare has ſupplied him with a metaphor, which rather than he would loſe it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind paſſed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor.

JOHNSON.

Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way [5] so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, [6] I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune
Stand you auspicious!

[5] Read:—Nor *any* way. RITSON.

It must be remembered that the transformations of Gods were generally for illicit amours; and consequently were not "in a way so chaste" as that of Florizel, whose object was to marry Perdita. A. C.

[6] That is, thoughts far-fetched, and not arising from the present objects. M. MASON.

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *diſguiſed*; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others*.

Flo. See, your gueſts approach:
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and ſervant: welcom'd all; ſerv'd all:
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, ſhe took to quench it,
She would to each one ſip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: Pray you, bid
Theſe unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes; and preſent yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o'the feaſt: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.

Per. Welcome, ſir! [*To* POL.
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o'the day;—You're welcome, ſir!
[*To* CAMILLO.
Give me thoſe flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend ſirs,
For you there's roſemary, and rue; theſe keep
Seeming, and ſavour, all the winter long;
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,[7]

And

[7] Ophelia diſtributes the ſame plants, and accompanies them with the ſame documents. "There's *roſemary*, that's for *remembrance*. There's *rue* for you: we may call it herb of *grace*." The qualities of retaining *ſeeming* and *ſavour*, appear to be the reaſon why theſe plants were conſidered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. The noſegay diſtributed by Perdita with the ſignifications annexed to each flower, reminds one of the ænigmatical letter from a Turkiſh lover, deſcribed by lady M. W. Montagu. HENLEY.

Rue was called *herb of Grace*. *Roſemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unleſs becauſe it was carried at funerals. JOHNSON.

Roſemary

And welcome to our ſhearing!

Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the faireſt flowers o'the ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gillyflowers,
Which ſome call, nature's baſtards; of that kind
Our ruſtick garden's barren; and I care not
To get ſlips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an art, which, in their piedneſs, ſhares
With great creating nature.[8]

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; ſo, o'er that art,
Which, you ſay, adds to nature, is an art,
That nature makes. You ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler ſcion to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race; This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but
The art itſelf is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,[9]
And do not call them baſtards.

Roſemary was anciently ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory, and is preſcribed for that purpoſe in the books of ancient phyſick. STEEVENS.

[8] That is, as Mr. T. Warton obſerves, "There is an art which can produce flowers, with *as great a variety of colours* as nature herſelf."
This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of ſome of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but, being utterly impracticable, is not worth exemplification. STEEVENS.

[9] There is ſome further conceit relative to *gillyflowers* than has yet been diſcovered. The old copy, (in both inſtances where this word occurs,) reads—*Gilly'vors*, a term ſtill uſed by low people in Suſſex, to denote

Per. I'll not put
The dibble [2] in earth to ſet one ſlip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the ſun,
And with him riſes weeping; theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age; You are very welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of January
Would blow you through and through.——Now, my faireſt friend,
I would, I had ſome flowers o'the ſpring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing;—O Proſerpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall

From

note a harlot. In *A Wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following paſſage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his miſtreſs as they are going into a garden, and after ſhe has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: "You have fair roſes, have you not?" "Yes, ſir, (ſays ſhe,) but no *gillyflowers*." Meaning, perhaps, that ſhe would not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e. wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I ſuppoſe *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilly flower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phraſe, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female.

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the ſame variability in this ſpecies of flower:

"——— the fond carnation loves to ſhoot
"Two various colours from one parent root."

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, ſome ſorts of *gilliflowers* are called *ſmall boneſties, cuckoo gilloſers*, &c. And in *A. W's. Commendation of Gaſcoigne and his Poſies*, is the following remark on this ſpecies of flower:

"Some thinke that *gilliflowers do yield a gelous ſmell.*"

See Gaſcoigne's Works, 1587. STEEVENS.

[2] An inſtrument uſed by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minſheu*. STEEVENS.

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,[3]
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroſes,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold [4]
Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength, a malady
Moſt incident to maids; bold oxlips,[5] and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, theſe I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my ſweet friend,
To ſtrew him o'er and o'er.

P 6 *Flo.*

3 I ſuſpect that our author miſtakes Juno for Pallas, who was the *goddeſs of blue eyes*. Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd image: but perhaps he uſes *ſweet* in the general ſenſe, for *delightful*. JOHNSON.

It was formerly the faſhion to kiſs the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderneſs. I have ſomewhere met with an account of the firſt reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is ſaid to have *kiſſed her fayre eyes*. So, in an ancient MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Strutt the engraver:

"O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,
"But let me kiſſe thine *eyes*, my ſweet delight." p. 6. b.

The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as thoſe of Pallas.

——— Βοώπις πότνια Ἥρη. *Homer.*

But (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) "we are not told that Pallas was the goddeſs of blue eye-*lids*; beſides, as Shakſpeare joins in the compariſon, the breath of Cytherea with the eye-lids of Juno, it is evident that he does not allude to the colour, but to the fragrance of violets." STEEVENS.

4 So, in Milton's *Lycidas*:

"——— the rathe *primroſe* that *forſaken dies*."

Mr. Warton, in a note on this quotation, aſks this, "But why does the Primroſe die *unmarried*? Not becauſe it blooms and decays before the appearance of other flowers; as in a ſtate of ſolitude, and without ſociety. Shakſpeare's reaſon, why it dies *unmarried*, is unintelligible, or rather is ſuch as I do not wiſh to underſtand. The true reaſon is, becauſe it grows in the ſhade, uncheriſhed or unſeen by the ſun, who was ſuppoſed to be in love with ſome ſorts of flowers." STEEVENS.

5 *Gold* is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer; the former editions have *bold*. JOHNSON.

The *old reading* is certainly the *true one*. The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible ſtalk like the *cowſlip*, but erects itſelf *boldly* in the face of the ſun. Wallis, in his *Hiſt. of Northumberland*, ſays, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. It ſhould be confeſſed, however, that the colour of the *oxlip* is taken notice of by other writers. STEEVENS.

Flo. What? like a corſe?
Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corſe: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſun' paſtorals: ſure, this robe of mine
Does change my diſpoſition.
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, ſweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To ſing them too: When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'the ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo, and own
No other function: Each your doing,[6]
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are queens.
Per. O Doricles,
Your praiſes are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the falſe way.
Flo. I think, you have
As little ſkill to fear,[7] as I have purpoſe

To

[6] That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. JOHNSON.

[7] *To have ſkill to do a thing* was a phraſe then in uſe equivalent to our *to have a reaſon to do a thing*. The Oxford editor, ignorant of this, alters it to:

As little ſkill in *fear.*

which has no kind of ſenſe in this place. WARBURTON.

I cannot approve of Warburton's explanation of this paſſage, or believe that *to have a ſkill* to do a thing, ever meant, to *have reaſon* to do it; of which, when he aſſerted it, he ought to have produced one example at leaſt.

The fears of women, on ſuch occaſions, are generally owing to their experience. They fear, as they bluſh, becauſe they underſtand. It is to this that Florizel alludes, when he ſays, that Perdita had *little ſkill to fear*. M. MASON.

To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.[8]
Pol. This is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſward: nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf;
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her ſomething,
That makes her blood look out:[9] Good ſooth, ſhe is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clown. Come on, ſtrike up.
Dor. Mopſa muſt be your miſtreſs: marry, garlick,
To mend her kiſſing with.——
Mop. Now, in good time!
Clown. Not a word, a word; we ſtand[2] upon our manners.——
Come, ſtrike up. [*Muſick.*

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what
Fair ſwain is this, which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy feeding:[3] but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;

He

[8] I fancy this half line is placed to a wrong perſon. And that the king begins his ſpeech aſide:

Pol. *I'll ſwear for 'em,*
This is the prettieſt, &c. JOHNSON.

We ſhould doubtleſs read thus:

I'll ſwear for *one*.

i. e. I will anſwer or engage for myſelf. Some alteration is abſolutely neceſſary. This ſeems the eaſieſt, and the reply will then be perfectly becoming her character. RITSON.

[9] The meaning muſt be this. The prince tells her ſomething *that calls the blood up into her cheeks, and makes her bluſh.* THEOBALD.

[2] That is, we are now on our behaviour. JOHNSON.

[3] I conceive *feeding* to be a *paſture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of paſturage not inconſiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON.

He looks like ſooth :[4] He ſays, he loves my daughter;
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiſs to chooſe,
Who loves another beſt.[5]

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So ſhe does any thing; though I report it,
That ſhould be ſilent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bagpipe could not move you: he ſings ſeveral tunes, faſter than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better: he ſhall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily ſet down, or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs, for man, or woman, of all ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves:[6] he has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids; ſo without bawdry, which is ſtrange; with ſuch delicate burdens of *dildo's*[7] and *fadings*:[8] *jump her and thump her*; and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*[9]

Pol.

4 *Sooth* is truth. Obſolete. STEEVENS.

5 Surely we ſhould read—Who loves *the other* beſt. M. MASON.

6 In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men. MALONE.

7 "With a hie *dildo* dill" is the burthen of the *Bachelors Feaſt*, an ancient ballad, and is likewiſe called the *Tune* of it. STEEVENS.

8 An Iriſh dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonſon, in *The Iriſh Maſque at Court*. TYRWHITT.

9 This was the name of an old ſong. In the famous hiſtory of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad *to the tune of*, "*Oh! do me no harme, good man.*" FARMER.

This

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?[2]

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,[3] though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes,[4] cambricks, lawns: why, he ſings them over, 'as they were gods or goddeſſes; you would think, a ſmock were a ſhe-angel; he ſo chants to the ſleeve-hand, and the work about the ſquare on't.[5]

Clown.

This tune is preſerved in a collection intitled "Ayres, to ſing and play to the Lvte and Baſſe Violl. with Pauins, Galliards, Almaines, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl. By William Corbine:" 1610. fol. RITSON.

[2] Surely we muſt read *braided*, for ſuch are all the *wares* mentioned in the anſwer. JOHNSON.

I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means, has he any thing beſides *laces* which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity ſold by ballad-ſinging pedlers. Yes, replies the ſervant, *he has ribands*, &c. which are things *not braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's queſtion, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly ſold by ſuch vagrants; any thing worthy to be preſented to his miſtreſs: or, as probably, by enquiring for ſomething which pedlars uſually have not, to eſcape laying out his money at all. STEEVENS.

Unbraided wares my be wares of the beſt manufacture. *Braid* in Shakſpeare's *All's Well*, &c. Act IV. ſc. ii. ſignifies deceitful. *Braided* in Bailey's Dict. means *faded*, or having loſt its colour; and why then may not *unbraided* import whatever is undamaged, or what is of the better ſort? Several old ſtatutes forbid the importation of ribands, laces, &c. as "falſely and deceitfully wrought." TOLLET.

Probably *unbraided* wares means, "wares *not ornamented with braid*." M. MASON.

The clown is perhaps inquiring not for ſomething better than common, but for ſmooth and plain goods. Has he any plain wares, not twiſted into braids? Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all anſwer to this deſcription. MALONE.

[3] The *points* that afford Autolycus a ſubject for this quibble, were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguilettes*, Fr. MALONE.

[4] *Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worſted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow ſlight ſerge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape alſo. MALONE.

[5] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—ſleeve-*band*. JOHNSON.

The old reading is right, or we muſt alter ſome paſſages in other authors.

The

Clown. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him, that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in his tunes.

Clown. You have of theſe pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *ſinging.*

Lawn, as white as driven ſnow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as ſweet as damaſk roſes;
Maſks for faces, and for noſes;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,[6]
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-ſticks of ſteel,[7]
What maids lack from head to heel:

Come,

The word *ſleeve-hands* occurs in Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, Vol. IV. p. 323: "A ſurcoat [of crimſon velvet] furred with mynever pure, the coller, ſkirts, and *ſleeve-hands* garniſhed with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemiſe.*" is Engliſhed "the wriſtband, or gathering at the *ſleeve-hand* of a ſhirt." TOLLET.

[6] Place only a comma after *amber.* "Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and ſays that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, ſome *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *head-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. ſc. iii. Petruchio mentions *amber-bracelets*, beads," &c. T. WARTON.

[7] Theſe *poking-ſticks* were heated in the fire, and made uſe of to adjuſt the plaits of ruffs. They are ſeveral times mentioned in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633, ſecond part; and in the *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1619, which has been attributed to Shakſpeare. In the books of the Stationers' Company, July 1590, was entered "A ballat entitled Bl'ewe Starche and *Poking-ſticks.* Allowed under the hand of the Biſhop of London."

Stowe informs us, that "about the ſixteenth yeare of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of ſteele *poking-ſticks*, and untill that time all lawndreſſes uſed ſetting ſtickes made of wood or bone." See Vol. IV. p. 486. STEEVENS.

Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry:
Come, buy, &c.

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopſa, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promiſed them againſt the feaſt; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promiſed you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promiſed you: may be, he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,[8] to whiſtle off theſe ſecrets; but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'Tis well they are whiſpering: Clamour your tongues,[9] and not a word more.

Mop.

[8] The mouth of the oven. The word is ſpelt in the old copy *kill*-hole, and I ſhould have ſuppoſed it an intentional blunder, but that Mrs. Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windſor* deſires Falſtaff to "creep into the *kiln-hole*;" and there the ſame falſe ſpelling is found. Mrs. Ford was certainly not intended for a blunderer. MALONE.

Kiln-hole is the place into which coals are put under a ſtove, a copper, or a *kiln* in which lime, &c. are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-hole*, or *ſtoking-hole*, is part of the office of female ſervants in farm-houſes. *Kiln*, at leaſt in England, is not a ſynonyme to *oven*.

STEEVENS.

[9] The phraſe is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to ceaſe them, the repetition of the ſtrokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. The alluſion is humourous.

WARBURTON.

The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not ſignify in Shakſpeare a ceaſing, but a continued ringing. Perhaps the meaning is, *Give one grand peal, and then have done.* "A good *Clam*" (as I learn from Mr. Nichols) in ſome villages is uſed in this ſenſe, ſignifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I ſuſpect that Dr. Warburton's is a mere *gratis dictum*.

In a note on *Othello*, Dr. Johnſon ſays, that "to *clam* a bell is to cover the

Mop. I have done. Come, you promiſed me a tawdry lace,[2] and a pair of ſweet gloves.[3]

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, ſir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown.

the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the ſound." If this be ſo, it affords an eaſy interpretation of the paſſage before us. MALONE.

Admitting this to be the ſenſe, the diſputed phraſe may anſwer to the modern one of—*ringing a dumb peal*, i. e. with *muffled* bells. STEEVENS.

[2] *Tawdry lace* is thus deſcribed in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henſhawe: "*Tawdrie lace*, aſtrigmenta, timbriæ, ſeu faſciolæ, emtæ Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut rectè monet Doc. Thomas Henſhawe." Etymol. in *voce*. T. WARTON.

So, in *The Life and death of Jack Straw*, a comedy, 1593:

"Will you in faith, and I'll give you a *tawdrie lace*."

Tom, the miller, offers this preſent to the queen, if ſhe will procure his pardon.

It may be worth while to obſerve, that theſe *tawdry laces* were not the ſtrings with which the ladies faſten their ſtays, but were worn about their heads, and their waiſts. STEEVENS.

[3] Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are frequently mentioned by Shakſpeare, and were very faſhionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the ſong juſt preceding this paſſage, offers to ſale:

"*Gloves as ſweet as damaſk roſes.*"

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the Engliſh could not "make any coſtly waſh or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, ſweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleaſant things: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roſes, of cullered ſilke. The queene took ſuch pleaſure in thoſe gloves, that ſhee was pictured with thoſe gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume*. *Stowe's Annals* by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868. col. 2.

In the *computus* of the burſars of Trinity college, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs: "*Solut. pro fumigandis chirothecis.*" Gloves makes a conſtant and conſiderable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; and without doubt in thoſe of many other ſocieties. They were annually given (a cuſtom ſtill ſubſiſting) to the college-tenants, and often preſented to gueſts of diſtinction. But it appears (at leaſt, from accompts of the ſaid college in preceding years) that the practice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpoſe was fallen into diſuſe ſoon after the reign of Charles the Firſt. T. WARTON.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, ſir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome: I love a ballad in print, a'life;[4] for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a uſurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden: and how ſhe long'd to eat adder's heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one miſtreſs Taleporter; and five or ſix honeſt wives' that were preſent: Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fiſh,[5] that appear'd upon the coaſt, on Wedneſday the fourſcore of April, forty thouſand fathom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, ſhe was a woman, and was

[4] Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed,——*or* a life. The text, however, is right; only it ſhould be printed thus:——*a'-life* It is the abbreviation, I ſuppoſe, of—*at life*; as *a'work* is, of *at work*. TYRWHITT.

This reſtoration is certainly proper. So, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1606: "Now in good deed I love them *a'-life* too." STEEVENS.

[5] Perhaps in later times proſe has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meaneſt departments; for all dying ſpeeches, confeſſions, narratives of murders, executions, &c. ſeem anciently to have been written in verſe. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry, or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occaſionally beſtowed on theſe compoſitions,) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this play:——"Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that *ballad-makers* cannot be able to expreſs it." STEEVENS.

In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A ſtrange reporte of a monſtrous *fiſh* that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waiſt upward, ſeene in the ſea." To this it is highly probable that Shakſpeare alludes. MALONE.

was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for [6] ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices' hands at it; and witneſſes, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's ſcarce a maid weſtward, but ſhe ſings it; 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I muſt go;*
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. *Whither?* M. *O, whither?* D. *Whither?*
M. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell:
D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'ſt to the grange, or mill:*
D. *If to either thou doſt ill.*
A. *Neither.* D. *What neither?* A. *Neither.*
D. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;*
M. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'ſt? ſay, whither?

Clown. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves: My father and the gentlemen are in ſad [7] talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll

[6] i. e. becauſe. REED.
So, in *Othello*: "Haply, *for* I am black. MALONE.

[7] ——*ſad*—] For *ſerious*. JOHNSON.

I'll buy for you both:—Pedler, let's have the firſt choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em. [*Aſide.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any ſilk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's wear-a.[8]

[*Exeunt* Clown, AUTOLICUS, DORCAS, *and* MOPSA.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Maſter, there is three carters, three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, three ſwine-herds, that have made themſelves all men of hair;[9] they call themſelves ſaltiers:[a] and they have a dance

[8] To *utter*. To *bring out*, or *produce*. JOHNSON.

To *utter* is a legal phraſe often made uſe of in law proceedings and acts of Parliament, and ſignifies to vend by retail. From many inſtances I ſhall ſelect the firſt which occurs. Stat. 21 Jac. I. c. 3. declares that the proviſions therein contained ſhall not prejudice certain letters patent or commiſſion granted to a corporation "concerning the licenſing of the keeping of any tavern or taverns, or ſelling, *uttering*, or retailing of wines to be drunk or ſpent in the manſion-houſe of the party ſo ſelling or *uttering* the ſame." REED.

See Minſheu's Dict. 1617: "An *utterance*, or ſale." MALONE.

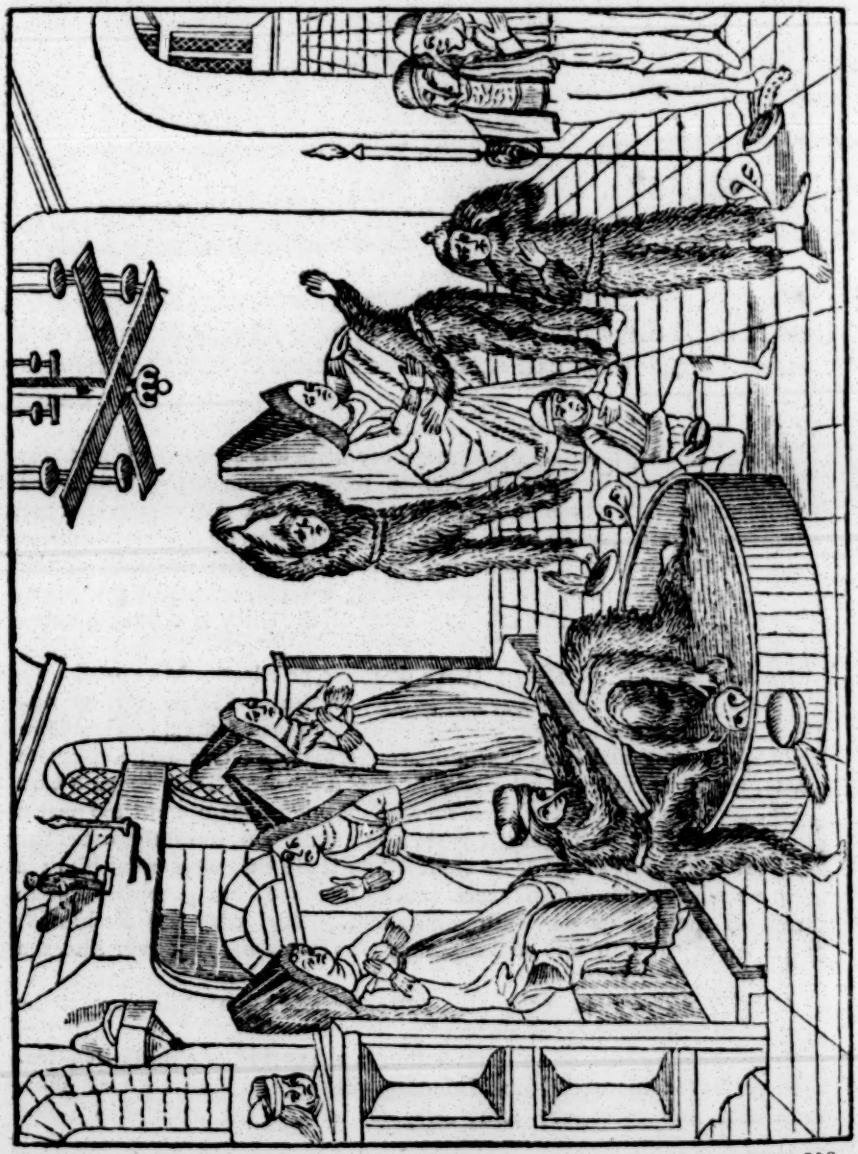
[9] *Men of hair*, are *hairy men*, or *ſatyrs*. A dance of ſatyrs was no unuſual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great feſtival celebrated in France, the king and ſome of the nobles perſonated ſatyrs dreſſed in cloſe habits, tufted or ſhagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and ſet fire to his ſatyr's garb, the flame ran inſtantly over the looſe tufts, and ſpread itſelf to the dreſs of thoſe that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly ſcorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguiſh them. The king had ſet himſelf in the lap of the dutcheſs of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and ſaved him. JOHNSON.

Melvil's Memoirs, p. 152, edit. 1735, bear additional teſtimony to the prevalence of this ſpecies of mummery.

The following copy of an illumination in a fine Mſ. of Froiſſart's Chronicle preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum, will ſerve to illuſtrate Dr. Johnſon's note, and to convey ſome idea, not only of the manner in which theſe

dance which the wenches ſay is a gallimaufry [3] of gambols, becauſe they are not in't; but they themſelves are o'the mind; (if

theſe *hairy men* were habited, but alſo of the rude ſimplicity of an ancient Ball-room and Maſquerade. See the ſtory at large in Froiſſart, B. IV. chap. lii. edit. 1559. Douce.



(if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowl-ing,[4]) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, ſir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe that refreſh us: Pray, let's ſee theſe four threes of herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, ſir, hath danced before the king; and not the worſt of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the ſquire.[5]

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleaſed, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they ſtay at door, ſir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, *with twelve ruſticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.[6] —
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's ſimple, and tells much. [*Aſide.*]—How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething, that does take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,

And

[2] He means *Satyrs*. Their dreſs was perhaps made of goat's ſkin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spaniſh writer, Lopè de Rueda, "all the furniture and utenſils of the actors conſiſted of four ſhepherds' jerkins, made of the ſkins of ſheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four paſtoral crooks;—little more or leſs." Probably a ſimilar ſhepherd's jerkin was uſed in our author's theatre. MALONE.

[3] Cockeram, in his *Dictionarie of hard words*, 12mo. 1622, ſays, a *gallimaufry* is "a confuſed heape of things together." STEEVENS.

[4] *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of ſmooth motion, without great exertion of agility. JOHNSON.

The alluſion is not to a ſmooth dance, as Johnſon ſuppoſes, but to the ſmoothneſs of a bowling green. M. MASON.

[5] i. e. by the foot-rule: *Eſquierre*, Fr. MALONE.

[6] This is replied by the king in anſwer to the ſhepherd's ſaying, *ſince theſe good men are pleaſed*. WARBURTON.

This dance which has intervened would take up too much time to preſerve any connection between the two ſpeeches. The line ſpoken by the king ſeems to be in reply to ſome unexpreſſed queſtion from the old ſhepherd. RITSON.

This is an anſwer to ſomething which the Shepherd is ſuppoſed to have ſaid to Polixenes during the dance. M. MASON.

And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were ſtraited[7]
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old ſir, I know
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are:
The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breath my life
Before this ancient ſir, who, it ſhould ſeem,
Hath ſometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd ſnow,
That's bolted by the northern blaſts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your proteſtation; let me hear
What you profeſs.

Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch,
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This ſhows a ſound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per.

[7] ——*ſtraited*] i. e. put to difficulties. STEEVENS.

Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain;——
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't;
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that muſt be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.
Shep. Come, your hand;——
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, ſwain, a while, 'beſeech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: But what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?[8]
Lies he not bed rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?
Flo. No, good ſir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong

[8] Perhaps for *diſpute* we might read *compute*; but *diſpute his eſtate* may be the ſame with *talk over his affairs*. JOHNSON.

Does not this allude to the next heir ſuing for the eſtate in caſe of imbecillity, lunacy, &c? CHAMIER.

It probably means—"Can he aſſert and vindicate his right to his own property?" M. MASON.

Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon
Should chooſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father, (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity,) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.
Flo. I yield all this;
But, for ſome other reaſons, my grave ſir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He ſhall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he muſt not.
Shep. Let him, my ſon; he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come he muſt not:—
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young ſir,
[*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call; thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a ſcepter's heir,
That thus affect's a ſheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, muſt know
The royal fool thou cop'ſt with;——
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou doſt but ſigh,
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, (as never
I mean thou ſhalt,) we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than [9] Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
Follow

[9] I think for *far than* we ſhould read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even ſo far off as Deucalion the common anceſtor of all. JOHNSON.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the *Gloſſaries* to Robert of Gloceſter and Robert of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was ſoftened into *ferre*. TYRWHITT.

Follow us to the court —Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea, him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard:[2] for once, or twice,
I was about to ſpeak; and tell him plainly,
The ſelfſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.[3] —Wilt pleaſe you, ſir, be gone?
[*To* FLORIZEL.
I told you, what would come of this: 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O ſir,
[*To* FLORIZEL.
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,[4]
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,

[2] The character is here finely ſuſtained. To have made her quite aſtoniſhed at the king's diſcovery of himſelf had not become her birth; and to have given her preſence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education. WARBURTON.

[3] To *look upon*, without any ſubſtantive annexed, is a mode of expreſſion, which, though now unuſual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakſpeare's time. MALONE.

To look *upon*, in more modern phraſe, is to look *on*, i. e. to be a mere idle ſpectator. In this ſenſe it is employed in the two preceding inſtances. STEEVENS.

"For he maketh his ſun to riſe on the evil and the good." St. Matthew, v. 45. DOUCE.

[4] Theſe ſentiments, which the poet has heighten'd by a ſtrain of ridicule

To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones: but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels-in duſt.[5]—O curſed wretch!
[*To* PERDITA.
That knew'ſt this was the prince, and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech,—which, I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight as yet, I fear:
Then, 'till the fury of his highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature cruſh the ſides o'the earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within!—Lift up thy looks:[6]

From

cule that runs through them, admirably characterize the ſpeaker; whoſe ſelfiſhneſs is ſeen in concealing the adventure of Perdita; and here ſupported, by ſhowing no regard for his ſon or her, but being taken up entirely with himſelf, though *fourſcore three*. WARBURTON.

5 This part of the *prieſt's* office might be remembered in Shakſpeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

That is—in pronouncing the words *earth to earth*, &c. HENLEY.

6 "*Lift up* the light of thy countenance." Pſalm, iv. 6. STEEVENS.

From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be adviſ'd.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy:[7] if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;
If not, my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is deſperate, ſir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more,) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; Let myſelf, and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver,—I am put to ſea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need, I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O, my lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, Perdita.——[*Takes her aſide.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* CAMILLO.
Cam. He's irremovable,
Reſolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour:
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear Sicilia,

[7] It muſt be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*. JOHNSON.

And that unhappy king, my maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſick,
To ſpeak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and ſettled project
May ſuffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your highneſs; where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; (from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,)
Your diſcontenting father ſtrive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.[8]

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And, after that, truſt to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty

To

[8] And where you may, by letters, intreaties, &c. endeavour to ſoften your incenſed father, and reconcile him to the match; to effect which, my beſt ſervices ſhall not be wanting during your abſence. Mr. Pope, without either authority or neceſſity, reads—*I'll* ſtrive to qualify;—which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors.

Diſcontenting is in our author's language the ſame as *diſcontented*.

MALONE.

To what we wildly do;[9] ſo we profeſs
Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of chance,[2] and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;
And there preſent yourſelf, and your fair princeſs,
(For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be,) 'fore Leontes;
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I ſee
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: aſks thee, the ſon, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'the father's perſon: kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh princeſs: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindneſs and his kindneſs; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow;
Faſter than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which ſhall point you forth, at every ſitting,
What you muſt ſay;[3] that he ſhall not perceive,

[9] *Guilty to*, though it ſounds harſh to our ears, was the phraſeology of the time, or at leaſt of Shakſpeare: and this is one of thoſe paſſages that ſhou'd caution us not to diſturb his text merely becauſe the language appears different from that now in uſe. MALONE.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected diſcovery made by Polixenes. M. MASON.

[2] As *chance* has driven me to theſe extremities, ſo I commit myſelf to *chance*, to be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

[3] *Every ſitting*, ſays Mr. Theobald, *methinks, gives but a very poor idea.* But a poor idea is better than none; which it comes to, when he has alter'd it to *every ſitting*. The truth is, the common reading is very expreſſive; and means, at every audience you ſhall have of the king and council. The council-days being, in our author's time, called, in common ſpeech, *the ſittings*. WARBURTON.

Howel

But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.

Cam. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of yourſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain, as your anchors; who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love;
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of theſe is true:
I think, affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.[4]

Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I'the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks inſtructions; for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.

Per. Your pardon, ſir, for this;
I'll bluſh you thanks.

Flo. My prettieſt Perdita.——
But, O, the thorns we ſtand upon!—Camillo,—
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our houſe!—how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like Bohemia's ſon;
Nor ſhall appear in Sicily——

Cam.

Howel, in one of his letters, ſays: "My lord preſident hopes to be at the next *ſitting* in York." FARMER.

[4] To *take in* anciently meant to *conquer*, to *get the better of*.

Mr. Henley, however, ſuppoſes that to *take in*, in the preſent inſtance, is ſimply to *include* or *comprehend*. STEEVENS.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The ſcene you play, were mine. For inſtance, ſir,
That you may know you ſhall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aſide.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honeſty is! and truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a riband, glaſs, pomander,[5] brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from faſting: they throng who ſhall buy firſt; as if my trinkets had been hallowed,[6] and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and, what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man,) grew ſo in love with the wenches' ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears:[7] you might have pinch'd a placket,[8] it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my ſir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a hubbub againſt his daughter and the king's ſon, and ſcared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

[5] A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. In a tract, intituled, *Certain neceſſary Directions, as well for curing the Plague, as for preventing infection*, printed 1636, there are directions for making two ſorts of *pomanders*, one for the rich, and another for the poor. GREY.

[6] This alludes to beads often ſold by the Romaniſts, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of ſome relick. JOHNSON.

[7] Read—"ſtuck in *their* ears." M. MASON.

[8] *Placket* is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. It is here figuratively uſed, as perhaps in *King Lear*: "Keep thy hand out of *plackets*." STEEVENS.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA, *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

Flo. And thoſe that you'll procure from king Leontes,—

Cam. Shall ſatisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All, that you ſpeak, ſhows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?——
[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,——why hanging.
[*Aſide.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why ſhakeſt thou ſo? Fear not man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, ſir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's nobody will ſteal that from thee: Yet for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange: therefore, diſcaſe thee inſtantly, (thou muſt think, there's neceſſity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.[9]

Aut. I am a poor fellow, ſir:—I know ye well enough.
[*Aſide.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, deſpatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.[2]

Aut. Are you in earneſt, ſir?—I ſmell the trick of it.—
[*Aſide.*

Flo. Deſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earneſt; but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—
[FLO. *and* AUTOL. *exchange garments.*
Fortunate miſtreſs,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert: take your ſweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Diſmantle

[9] That is, *ſomething over and above*, or, as we now ſay, *ſomething to boot.* JOHNSON.

[2] I ſuppoſe Camillo means to ſay no more, than that Florizel is half *ſtripped* already. MALONE.

Diſmantle you; and as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to ſhipboard
Get undeſcried.

Per. I ſee, the play ſo lies,
That I muſt bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, ſir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converſe apart.*

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be, to tell the king [*Aſide.*
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall review Sicilia; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!—
Thus we ſet on, Camillo, to the ſea-ſide.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better.

[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* CAMILLO.

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for the other ſenſes. I ſee, this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my profeſſion.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, ſee; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king ſhe's a changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the king; and, ſo, your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Show thoſe things you found about her; thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her: This being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his ſon's pranks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furtheſt off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely; puppies! [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clown. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.[3]—[*Takes off his falſe beard.*] How now, ruſticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,[4] breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, diſcover.

Clown.

[3] Is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

[4] i. e. eſtate, property. STEEVENS.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, ſir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel; therefore they do not give us the lie.[5]

Clown. Your worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourſelf with the manner.[6]

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'ſt thou not the air of the court, in theſe unfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the meaſure of the court?[7] receives not thy noſe court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toze[8] from thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-peè; and one that will either puſh on, or pluck back thy buſineſs there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, ſir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant;[9] ſay, you have none.

Shep. None, ſir; I have no pheaſant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bleſs'd are we, that are not ſimple men!

Yet

[5] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie, they *ſell* it us. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*with the manner.*] In the fact. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. the ſtately tread of courtiers. MALONE.

[8] To *teaze*, or *toze*, is to diſentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraſeology which he ſuppoſes to be intelligible to the Clown, who would not have underſtood the word *inſinuate*, without ſuch a comment on it. STEEVENS.

To *inſinuate*, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condeſcenſion and humility. To *touſe*, ſays Minſhieu, is, to *pull*, to *tug*. MALONE.

To *inſinuate*, and to *teaſe*, or *toaze*, are oppoſites. The former ſignifies to introduce itſelf obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get ſomething out that was knotted up in it. Milton has uſed each word in its proper ſenſe. *Par. Loſt*, B. IV. l. 347. and *Comus*, l. 749. HENLEY.

[9] As he was a ſuitor from the country, the Clown ſuppoſes his father ſhould have brought a preſent of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus aſks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheaſant*. STEEVENS.

Yet nature might have made me as theſe are,
Therefore I'll not diſdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomely.

Clown. He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.[2]

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies ſuch ſecrets in this fardel, and box, which none muſt know but the king; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to the ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, ſir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip to purge melancholy, and air himſelf: For, if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, ſir; about his ſon that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clown. Think you ſo, ſir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some ſay, he ſhall be ſtoned; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: Draw our throne into a ſheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a ſon, ſir, do you hear, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive; then 'nointed over with honey,[3] ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt; then ſtand, till

[2] It ſeems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of ſome pretenſion to greatneſs or elegance. JOHNSON.

[3] A puniſhment of this ſort is recorded in a book which Shakſpeare might

till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or ſome other hot infuſion: then raw as he is, and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims,[4] ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men,) what you have to the king: being ſomething gently conſidered,[5] I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, beſides the king, to effect your ſuits, here is man ſhall do it.

Clown. He ſeems to be of great authority: cloſe with him, give him gold; and though authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold: ſhow the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ſtoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't pleaſe you, ſir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, ſir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clown. In ſome ſort, ſir: but though my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown.

might have ſeen:—"he cauſed a cage of yron to be made, and ſet it in the ſunne: and, after annointing the pore Prince over with hony, forced him naked to enter into it, where hee long time endured the greateſt languor and torment in the worlde, with ſwarmes of flies that dayly fed on hym; and in this ſorte, with paine and famine, ended his miſerable life." *The Stage of popiſh Toyes*, 1581, p. 33. REED.

[4] That is, *the hotteſt day foretold in the almanack.* JOHNSON.

Almanacks were in Shakſpeare's time publiſhed under this title. "An Almanack and *Prognoſtication* made for the year of our Lord God, 1595." MALONE.

[5] Means *I having a gentlemanlike conſideration given me*, i. e. a bribe, *will bring you*, &c. STEEVENS.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort: We muſt to the king, and ſhow our ſtrange ſights: he muſt know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my ſiſter; we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd; and remain, as he ſays, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you. Walk before toward the ſea ſide; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shepherd *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee, fortune would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion; gold, and a means to do the prince my maſter good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to ſhore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: To him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, *and others.*

Cle. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs: At the laſt,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leon.

Leon. Whilſt I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them; and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf: which was ſo much,
That heirleſs it hath made my kingdom; and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,[6]
To make a perfect woman; ſhe, you kill'd,
Would be unparallell'd.

Leon. I think ſo. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did ſo: but thou ſtrikeſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have ſpoken a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers, by his highneſs' fail of iſſue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?[7]
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,—
To bleſs the bed of majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone. Beſides, the gods

Will

[6] This is a favourite thought; it was beſtowed on Miranda and Roſalind before. JOHNSON.

[7] i. e. at reſt; dead. MALONE.

This phraſe ſeems to have been adopted from Scripture. See 2 Kings, iv. 26. HENLEY.

Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine Apollo ſaid,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes ſhall not have an heir,
Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My lord ſhould to the heavens be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills.—Care not for iſſue;
[*To* LEONTES.
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who haſt the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treaſure from her lips,——

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth.
No more ſuch wives; therefore, no wife: one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corps; and, on this ſtage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) ſoul vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me!*

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe.[8]

Leon. She had; and would incenſe me[9]
To murder her I married.

Paul.

[8] The firſt and ſecond folio read—*ſhe had juſt ſuch cauſe*. REED.
We ſhould certainly read, "ſhe had juſt cauſe." The inſertion of the word *ſuch*, hurts both the ſenſe and the metre. M. MASON.
There is nothing to which the word *ſuch* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inſerted by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word, which confirms the obſervation. MALONE.

[9] i. e. inſtigate, ſet me on. STEEVENS.

Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choſe her: then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift [2] to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, very ſtars,
And all eyes elſe, dead coals!—fear thou no wife
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witneſs to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unleſs another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.[3]

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, ſir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chooſe you a queen: ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We ſhall not marry, till thou bid'ſt us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your firſt queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himſelf prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princeſs, (ſhe
The faireſt I have yet beheld,) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs: his approach,

So

[2] *Should* rift ——] i. e. ſplit. STEEVENS.
[3] To *affront*, is *to meet*. JOHNSON.

So out of circumſtance, and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.
Leon. His princeſs, ſay you, with him?
Gent. Ay; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now.[4] Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo,[5] (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,[6]) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay, you have ſeen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almoſt forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is ſuch a creature,
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe; make proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourſelf, aſſiſted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis ſtrange,
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, *and* Gentleman,
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,
(Jewel of children,) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well

[4] *Thy grave* here means—thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the continent for the contents. EDWARDS.

[5] The reader muſt obſerve, that *ſo* relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that *ſhe had not been——equall'd*. JOHNSON.

[6] i. e. than the lifeleſs body of Hermione, the *theme* or *ſubject* of your writing. MALONE.

Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'ſt,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon.—They are come.——

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and Attendants.*

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, prince;
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him; and ſpeak of ſomething, wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome!
And your fair princeſs, goddeſs!—O, alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I loſt
(All mine own folly,) the ſociety,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing miſery, I deſire my life
Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can ſend his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me ſay ſo,) more than all the ſcepters,
And thoſe that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, ſtir
Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters

Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs!—Welcome hither,
As is the ſpring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful uſage
(At leaſt, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leſs
The adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
The noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt royal ſir, from thence; from him, whoſe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:[7] thence
(A proſperous ſouth-wind friendly,) we have croſs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For viſiting your highneſs: My beſt train
I have from your Sicilian ſhores diſmiſs'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to ſignify
Not only my ſucceſs in Libia, ſir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in ſafety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The bleſſed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman;[8] againſt whoſe perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done ſin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me iſſueleſs; and your father's bleſs'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter

[7] This is very ungrammatical and obſcure. We may better read:

——— *whoſe daughter*
His tears proclaim'd her *parting with her.*

The prince firſt tells that the lady came from *Libya*; the king, interrupting him, ſays, *from Smalus? from him*, ſays the prince, *whoſe tears, at parting, ſhowed her to be his daughter.* JOHNSON.

The obſcurity ariſes from want of proper punctuation. By placing a *comma* after *his*, I think the ſenſe is clear'd. STEEVENS.

[8] i. e. full of grace and virtue. M. MASON.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt noble ſir,
That, which I ſhall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo nigh. Pleaſe you, great ſir,
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me:
Deſires you to attach his ſon; who has
(His dignity and duty both caſt off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A ſhepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? ſpeak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I ſpeak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my meſſage. To your court
Whiles he was haſt'ning, (in the chaſe it ſeems
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whoſe honour, and whoſe honeſty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay'ſt ſo, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, ſir; I ſpake with him; who now
Has theſe poor men in queſtion.[9] Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, ſir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt.—
The odds for high and low's alike.[2]

Leon.

[9] i. e. in converſation. STEEVENS.
[2] A quibble upon the falſe dice ſo called. DOUCE.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.
Leon. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
Moſt ſorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as ſorry,
Your choice is not ſo rich in worth as beauty,[3]
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe, to change our loves.—'Beſeech you, ſir,
Remember ſince you ow'd no more to time[4]
Than I do now: with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.
Leon. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made.—But your petition
[*To* FLORIZEL.
Is yet unanſwer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *Worth* ſignifies any kind of *worthineſs*, and among others that of high deſcent. The king means that he is ſorry the prince's choice is not in other reſpects as worthy of him as in beauty. JOHNSON.

Our author often uſes *worth* for *wealth*; which may alſo, together with high birth, be here in contemplation. MALONE.

[4] Recollect the period when you were of my age. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beſeech you, ſir, were you preſent at this relation?

1. *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1. *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs;—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration, they ſeemed almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes; there was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd: A notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if the importance were joy, or ſorrow; [5] but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2. *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's ſteward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, ſir? this news, which is call'd true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion: Has the king found his heir?

[5] *Importance* here means, the thing *imported*. M. MASON.

3. *Gent.* Moſt true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance: that, which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione; —her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleneſs,[6] which nature ſhows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two kings.

2. *Gent.* No.

3. *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; ſo, and in ſuch manner,[7] that, it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.[8] Our king, being ready to leap out of himſelf for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then aſks Bohemia forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her:[9] now he thanks the old ſhepherd, which ſtands by, like a weather-bitten conduit[2] of many kings' reigns. I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

2. *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill; which will have matter to rehearſe, though credit be aſleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon; who has not only his innocence (which ſeems much,) to juſtify him,

6 *Affection* here perhaps means *diſpoſition* or *quality*. MALONE.

7 Our author ſeems to have picked up this little piece of tautology in his clerkſhip. It is the technical language of conveyancers. RITSON.

8 i. e. countenance, features. STEEVENS.

9 i. e. embracing her. STEEVENS.

2 Conduits, repreſenting a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, ſtill exiſts at Hoddeſdon in Herts. HENLEY.

him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1. *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. *Gent.* Wreck'd, the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death; and in the view of the ſhepherd: ſo that all the inſtruments, which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and ſorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loſs of her huſband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princeſs from the earth; and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1. *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3. *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fiſh,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, (bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter: till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an *alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for, I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble there,[3] changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed: if all the world could have ſeen it, the woe had been univerſal.

1. *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3. *Gent.* No: the princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian maſter, Julio Romano:[4] who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put

[3] i. e. moſt petrified with wonder. STEEVENS.

It means thoſe who had the hardeſt hearts. It would not be extraordinary that thoſe perſons ſhould change colour who were petrified with wonder, though it was, that hardened hearts ſhould be moved by a ſcene of tenderneſs. M. MASON.

[4] This excellent artiſt was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546. Fine and generous, as this tribute of praiſe muſt be owned, yet it was a ſtrange abſurdity, ſure, to thruſt it into a tale, the action of which is ſuppoſed within the period of heatheniſm, and whilſt the oracles of Apollo were conſulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachroniſm. THEOBALD.

breath into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom,[5] ſo perfectly he is her ape: he ſo near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, to ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer: thither with all greedineſs of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to ſup.

2. *Gent.* I thought, ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand; for ſhe hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever ſince the death of Hermione, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1. *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs![6] every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born: our

By *eternity* Shakſpeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; ſo we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may ſubſiſt without *divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature. JOHNSON.

I wiſh we could underſtand this paſſage, as if *Julio Romano* had only painted the ſtatue carved by another. Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the faſhion of colouring even regal ſtatues for the ſtronger expreſſion of affection, which he takes leave to call an Engliſh barbariſm. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unleſs the ſuppoſed ſtatue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddineſs upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily ſeem to bear blood*, as the poet expreſſes it afterwards. TOLLET.

Our author expreſsly ſays, in a ſubſequent paſſage, that it was painted; and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano. MALONE.

Sir H. Wotton could not poſſibly know what has been lately proved by Sir William Hamilton in the MS. accounts which accompany ſeveral valuable drawings of the diſcoveries made at *Pompeii*, and preſented by him to our Antiquary Society, *viz.* that it was uſual to colour ſtatues among the ancients. In the chapel of Iſis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddeſs had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has ſince informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the ancients, obſerves from Pauſanias, and Herodotus, that ſometimes the ſtatues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures. STEEVENS.

[5] That is, *of her trade*,—would draw her cuſtomers from her. JOHNSON.

[6] It was, I ſuppoſe, only to ſpare his own labour that the poet put this whole ſcene into narrative, for though part of the tranſaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be ſhewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the ſtage, and, after the examination of the old ſhepherd, the young lady might have been recogniſed in ſight of the ſpectators. JOHNSON.

our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter, (ſo he then took her to be,) who began to be much ſeaſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remained undiſcovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepherd, *and* Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, ſir: You denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no gentleman born: See you theſe clothes? ſay, you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no gentleman born: you were beſt ſay, theſe robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, ſir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clown. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's ſon took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princeſs, my ſiſter, call'd my father, father; and ſo we wept: and there was the firſt gentlemanlike tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clown. Ay; or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo preposterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, ſir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the prince my maſter.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worſhip.

Clown. Give me thy hand: I will ſwear to the prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clown. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins ſay it,[7] I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clown. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll ſwear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands,[8] and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it: and I would, thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, ſir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dareſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters.[9] [*Exeunt.*

[7] *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. JOHNSON.

[8] *Tall*, in that time, was the word uſed for *ſtout*. JOHNSON.

A tall fellow of thy hands means, a ſtout fellow of your ſize. We meaſure horſes by hands, which contain four inches, and from thence the phraſe is taken. M. MASON.

I think, in old books it generally means *a ſtrong ſtout fellow*. MALONE.

[9] The Clown conceits himſelf already a man of conſequence at court. It was the faſhion for an inferior, or ſuitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good maſter* to him. Many letters written at this period run in this ſtyle.

Thus Fiſher, Biſhop of Rocheſter, when in priſon, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing: "Furthermore, I beſeeche you to be *gode maſter* unto one in my neceſſities, for I have neither ſhirt, nor ſute, nor yet other clothes, that are neceſſary for me to wear." WHALLEY.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Paulina's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, ſovereign ſir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my ſervices,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchſaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit,
It is a ſurplus of your grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our queen: your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The ſtatue of her mother.
Paul. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: [2] But here it is: prepare
To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death: behold; and ſay, 'tis well.
[PAULINA *undraws a curtain, and diſcovers a ſtatue.*
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhows off

[2] The old copy—*lovely.* STEEVENS.
Lovely, i. e. charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderneſs. The Oxford editor reads:
Lonely, *apart:*——
As if it could be *apart* without being *alone.* WARBURTON.
I am yet inclined to *lonely*, which in the old angular writing cannot be diſtinguiſhed from *lovely.* To ſay, that *I keep it alone ſeparate from the reſt*, is a pleonaſm which ſcarcely any nicety declines. JOHNSON.

Your wonder: But yet ſpeak;—firſt, you, my liege.
Comes it not ſomething near?
Leon. Her natural poſture!—
Chide me, dear ſtone; that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.——But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this ſeems.
Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years, and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.
Leon. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. O, thus ſhe ſtood,
Even with ſuch life of majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands,) when firſt I woo'd her!
I am aſham'd: Does not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majeſty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daugher took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee!
Per. And give me leave;
And do not ſay, 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiſs.
Paul. O, patience;[3]
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on;
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers, dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, have power

To

[3] That is, *Stay a while, be not ſo eager.* JOHNSON.

To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought [4] you, (for the ſtone is mine,)
I'd not have ſhow'd it.[5]

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't; leſt your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already [6]—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Maſterly done:
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,[7]
As we are mock'd with art.[8]

[4] i. e. worked, agitated. STEEVENS.

[5] I do not know whether we ſhould not read, without a parentheſis:

——— for the ſtone i'th' mine
I'd not have ſhew'd it.

A *mine* of *ſtone*, or *marble*, would not perhaps at preſent be eſteemed an accurate expreſſion, but it may ſtill have been uſed by Shakſpeare, as it has been uſed by Holinſhed. *Deſcript. of Engl.* c. ix. p. 235: "Now if you have regard to their ornature, how many *mines of ſundrie kinds of coarſe and fine marble* are there to be had in England?"——And a little lower he uſes the ſame word again for a quarry of ſtone, or plaiſter: "*And ſuch is the mine of it, that the ſtones thereof lie in flakes*," &c.

TYRWHITT.

To change an accurate expreſſion for an expreſſion confeſſedly not accurate, has ſomewhat of retrogradation. JOHNSON.

[6] The ſentence compleated is,

——— *but that, methinks, already I converſe with the dead.*

But there his paſſion made him break off. WARBURTON.

[7] The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a ſtatue always is,] yet it ſeems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living perſon, how much ſoever one endeavour to fix it. EDWARDS.

[8] *As* is uſed by our author here, as in ſome other places, for "as *if*."

MALONE.

Mr. M. Maſon and Mr. Malone, very properly obſerve that *as*, in this inſtance is uſed, as in ſome other places, for *as if*. The former of theſe gentlemen

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.
Leon. O ſweet Paulina,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together;
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let's alone.
Paul. I am ſorry, ſir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you: but
I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not theſe twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the chapel; or reſolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I proteſt againſt,) I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as eaſy
To make her ſpeak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all ſtand ſtill;

Or

gentlemen would read *were* inſtead of *are*, but unneceſſarily, I think, conſidering the looſe grammar of Shakſpeare's age.——*With*, however, has the force of *by*. A paſſage parallel to that before us, occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*—"And *mock* our eyes *with* air." STEEVENS.

Or thoſe, that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir.
Paul. Muſick; awake her: ſtrike.— [*Muſick.*
'Tis time; deſcend; be ſtone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbneſs, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, ſhe ſtirs:
[HERMIONE *comes down from the pedeſtal.*
Start not: her actions ſhall be holy, as,
You hear, my ſpell is lawful: do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, preſent your hand:
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.
Leon. O, ſhe's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.
Pol. Ay, and make't manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or, how ſtol'n from the dead?
Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears, ſhe lives,
Though yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.—
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
[*Preſenting* PERDITA, *who kneels to* HERMIONE.
Her. You gods, look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces[9]

[9] The expreſſion ſeems to have been taken from the ſacred writings; "And I heard a great voice out of the temple, ſaying to the angels, go your ways, and *pour out the vials* of the wrath of God upon the earth."—Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE.

Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou ſhalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being,—have preſerv'd myſelf,
To ſee the iſſue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; [2] your exultation
Partake to every one.[3] I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am loſt.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou ſhould'ſt a huſband take by my conſent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine;
But how, is to be queſtion'd: for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable huſband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whoſe worth, and honeſty,[4]
Is richly noted; and here juſtify'd
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother;—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpicion.—This your ſon-in-law,

And

[2] You who by this diſcovery have *gained* what you deſired, may join in feſtivity, in which I, who have loſt what never can be recovered, can have no part. JOHNSON.

[3] *Partake* here means *participate*. It is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the old play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. MALONE.

It is alſo thus employed by Spenſer:

"My friend, hight Philemon, I did *partake*
"Of all my love, and all my privity." STEEVENS.

[4] The word *whoſe*, evidently refers to *Camillo*, though *Paulina* is the immediate antecedent. M. MASON.

And ſon unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd; Haſtily lead away. [*Exeunt.*[5]

[5] This play, as Dr. Warburton juſtly obſerves, is, with all its abſurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and ſtrongly repreſented. JOHNSON.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

*** Shakſpeare might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whoſe verſion of the acroſtical argument hereafter quoted, is as follows:

" Two twinne borne ſonnes a Sicill marchant had,
" Menechmus one, and Soſicles the other;
" The firſt his father loſt, a little lad;
" The grandſire namde the latter like his brother:
" This (growne a man) long travell took to ſeeke
" His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
" Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him ſo like,
" That citizens there take him for the ſame:
" Father, wife, neighbours, each miſtaking either,
" Much pleaſant error, ere they meet togither."

Perhaps the laſt of theſe lines ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the title for his piece.

See this tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, among *ſix old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing croſs.

At the beginning of an addreſs *Ad Lectorem*, prefixed to the errata of Dekker's *Satiromaſtix*, &c. 1602, is the following paſſage, which apparently alludes to the title of the comedy before us.

" In ſteed of the Trumpets ſounding thrice before the play begin, it ſhall not be amiſſe (for him that will read) firſt to beholde this ſhort *Comedy of Errors*, and where the greateſt enter, to give them inſtead of a hiſſe, a gentle correction." STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect this and all other plays where much rhime is uſed, and eſpecially long hobbling verſes, to have been among Shakſpeare's more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

I am poſſibly ſingular in thinking that Shakſpeare was not under the ſlighteſt obligation, in forming this comedy, to Warner's tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*. The additions of *Erotes* and *Sereptus*, which do not occur in that tranſlation, and he could never invent, are alone, a ſufficient inducement to believe that he was no way indebted to it. But a further and more convincing proof is, that he has not a name, line or word, from the old play, nor any one incident but what muſt, of courſe, be common to every tranſlation. Sir William Blackſtone, I obſerve, ſuſpects " this and all other plays where much rhime is uſed, and eſpecially long hobbling verſes, to have been among Shakſpeare's more early productions." But I much doubt whether any of theſe " long hobbling verſes" have the honour of proceeding from his pen; and, in fact, the ſuperior elegance and harmony of his language is no leſs diſtinguiſhable in his earlieſt than his lateſt production. The truth is if any inference can be drawn from the moſt ſtriking diſſimilarity of ſtile, a tiſſue as different as ſilk and worſted, that this comedy though boaſting the embelliſhments of our author's genius, in additional words, lines, ſpeeches, and ſcenes, was not originally his, but proceeded from ſome inferior playwright, who was capable of reading the *Menæchmi* without the help of a tranſlation, or, at leaſt, did not make

uſe

uſe of Warner's. And this I take to have been the caſe, not only with the three parts of *King Henry VI.* as I think a late editor (*O ſi ſic omnia!*) has ſatisfactorily proved, but with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and *K. Richard II.* in all which pieces Shakſpeare's new work is as apparent as the brighteſt touches of Titian would be on the pooreſt performance of the verieſt canvaſs ſpoiler that ever handled a bruſh. The originals of theſe plays (except the *ſecond* and *third parts of K. Henry VI.*) were never printed, and may be thought to have been put into his hands by the manager for the purpoſe of alteration and improvement, which we find to have been an ordinary practice of the theatre in his time. We are therefore no longer to look upon the above "pleaſant and fine conceited comedie," as intitled to a ſituation among the "*ſix plays on which Shakſpeare founded his Meaſure for Meaſure*, &c." of which I ſhould hope to ſee a new and improved edition. RITSON.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays.* MALONE.

PERSONS

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Solinus, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.

Antipholus *of* Epheſus,[a] } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to Ægeon*
Antipholus *of* Syracuſe, } *and Æmilia, but unknown to*
each other.

Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants on the*
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, } *two* Antipholus's.

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus *of* Syracuſe.
Pinch, *a Schoolmaſter, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholus *of* Epheſus.
Luciana, *her Siſter.*
Luce, *her Servant.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Epheſus.

[a] In the o'd copy, theſe brothers are occaſionally ſtyled, Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errotis*; and Antipholus *Sereptus*; meaning, perhaps—*erraticus*, and *ſurreptus*. One of theſe twins *wandered* in ſearch of his brother, who had been *forced* from Æmilia by fiſhermen of Corinth. The following acroſtic is the argument to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus: Delph. Edit. p. 654.

Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,
Ei, ſurrepto altero, mors obtigit.
Nomen ſurreptitii illi indit qui domi eſt
Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Soſiclem.
Et is germanum, poſtquam adolevit, quæritat
Circum omnes oras Poſt Epidamnum devenit:
Hic fuerat auctus ille ſurreptitius.
Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam:
Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, et ſocer.
Ii ſe cognoſcunt fratres poſtremò invicem.

The *tranſlator*, W. W. calls the brothers Menæchmus *Soſicles*, and *Menæchmus* the *traveller*. Whenceſoever *Shakſpeare* adopted *erraticus* and *ſurreptus* (which either he or his editors have miſ-ſpelt) theſe diſtinctions were ſoon dropped, and throughout the reſt of the entries the *twins* are ſtyled of *Syracuſe* or *Epheſus*. STEEVENS.

COMEDY

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, *Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuſa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws;
The enmity and diſcord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, ſince the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the Syracuſans and ourſelves,
To admit no traffick to our adverſe towns;
Nay, more,
If any, born at Epheſus, be ſeen
At any Syracuſan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracuſan born,
Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies,
His goods confiſcate to the duke's diſpoſe;
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance valued at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.

Duke. Well, Syracuſan, ſay, in brief, the cauſe
Why thou departedſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to Epheſus.

Æge. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my griefs unſpeakable:
Yet, that the world may witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,[3]
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuſa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By proſperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And he, great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe:
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting, under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.

That

[3] All his hearers underſtood that the puniſhment he was about to undergo was in conſequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two ſtates, to one of which he belonged: but it was a general ſuperſtition amongſt the ancients, that every great and ſudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven purſuing men for their ſecret offences. Hence the ſentiment put into the mouth of the ſpeaker was proper. By my paſt life (ſays he) which I am going to relate, the world may underſtand, that my preſent death is according to the ordinary courſe of Providence [*wrought by nature*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*] WARBURTON.

The real meaning of this paſſage is much leſs abſtruſe, than that which Warburton attributes to it. By *nature* is meant *natural affection.* —— Ægeon came to Epheſus in ſearch of his ſon, and tells his ſtory, in order to ſhew that his death was in conſequence of natural affection for his child, not of any criminal intention. M. MASON.

That very hour, and in the ſelfſame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burden, male twins, both alike:
Thoſe, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too ſoon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we ſail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic inſtance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obſcured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas wax'd calm, and we diſcovered

Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came, – O, let me ſay no more!
Gather the ſequel by that went before.
Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.
Æge. O, had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us!
For, ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt,
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike,
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carried with more ſpeed before the wind;
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to ſave
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwreck'd gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.
Duke. And, for the ſake of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.
Æge. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,[4]
At eighteen years became inquiſitive

After

4 Shakſpeare has here been guilty of a little forgetfulneſs. Ægeon had ſaid, that the *youngeſt ſon* was that which his wife had taken care of:—

"My wife, more careful for the *latter born*,
"Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt."

After his brother; and impórtun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in furtheſt Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Aſia,
And, coaſting homeward, came to Epheſus;
Hopeleſs to find, yet loath to leave unſought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire miſhap!
Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not diſannul,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To ſeek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in Epheſus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him to thy cuſtody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeleſs, and helpleſs, doth Ægeon wend,[5]
But to procraſtinate his lifeleſs end. [*Exeunt.*

He himſelf did the ſame by the other; and then each, fixing their eyes on whom their care was fixed, faſtened themſelves at either end of the maſt. M. MASON.

i. e. go. An obſolete word. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A publick Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuſe, and a* Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day, a Syracuſan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinnertime:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and ſleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a mean. [*Exit* DRO. S.

Ant. S. A truſty villain,[6] ſir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, ſir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards conſort you till bed-time;
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go loſe myſelf,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer.

[6] *A truſty* villain,] i. e. ſervant. DOUCE.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit* Merchant.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen, inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe myſelf.

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd ſo ſoon?

Dro. E. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit;
The clock hath ſtrucken twelve upon the bell,
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek:
She is ſo hot, becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt;
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, ſir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—ſix-pence, that I had o'Wedneſday laſt,
To pay the ſaddler for my miſtreſs' crupper;—
The ſaddler had it, ſir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a ſportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jeſt, ſir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt;
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed;
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.[7]
Methinks,

[7] Perhaps before writing was a general accompliſhment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares iſſued out of a ſhop, was kept by chalk

Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon;
Reſerve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me ſir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, ſir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs,
And tell me, how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the Phœnix, ſir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs, and her ſiſter, ſtay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a chriſtian, anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my money;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours,[8]
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd:
Where is the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?

Dro. E. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders,
But not a thouſand marks between you both.—
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy miſtreſs' marks! what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou?

Dro. E. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the Phœnix;
She that doth faſt, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, ſir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, ſir? for God's ſake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, ſir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit* DROMIO. E.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught[9] of all my money.

They

or notches on a *poſt*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So *Kitely* the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities uſed to his wife, *Cob* anſwers:——

"—— if I ſaw any body to be kiſs'd, unleſs they would have kiſs'd the *poſt* in the middle of the warehouſe," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *Sconce* is *head*. STEEVENS.

[9] That is, *over-reached*. JOHNSON.

They ſay, this town is full of cozenage;[2]
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body;[3]

[2] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Ἐφεσια ἁλεξιφαρμακα was proverbial amongſt them. Thus Menander uſes it, and Ἐφεσια γραμματα, in the ſame ſenſe. WARBURTON.

[3] Thoſe, who attentively conſider theſe three lines, muſt confeſs, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of theſe miſcreants, ſhould declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would therefore be a juſt characteriſtic of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* jugglers, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *ſlight of hand:* and by *ſoul-killing* witches, we are informed, the miſchief they do is by the aſſiſtance of the devil, to whom they have given their ſouls: but then, by *dark-working* ſorcerers, we are not inſtructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Beſides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not deſign this in their characteriſtic. We ſhould read:

Drug-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*

and we know by the hiſtory of ancient and modern ſuperſtition, that theſe kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by theſe applications. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earneſtneſs to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehenſions by my own, without great ſucceſs. This interpretation of *ſoul-killing* is forced and harſh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *ſoul-ſelling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without ſuch improvement as may juſtify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been miſplaced, and the lines ſhould be read thus:

Soul killing *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*
Dark-working *witches, that deform the body;*

This change ſeems to remove all difficulties.

By *ſoul-killing* I underſtand deſtroying the rational faculties by ſuch means as make men fancy themſelves beaſts. JOHNSON.

Dark-working ſorcerers, may only mean *ſorcerers who carry on their operations in the dark.*

Witches themſelves, as well as thoſe who employed them, were ſuppoſed to forfeit their ſouls by making uſe of a forbidden agency. In that ſenſe they may be ſaid to deſtroy the ſouls of others as well as their own.

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakſpeare might have received from the old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595: "For this aſſure yourſelfe, this towne *Epidamnum* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and laſciviouſneſſe; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, paraſites, drunkards, catchpoles, conycatchers, and ſycophants, as it can hold; then for curtizans," &c. STEEVENS.

Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch like liberties of ſin:[4]
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear, my money is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick place.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my huſband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him.
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner.
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter; and, when they ſee time,
They'll go, or come: If ſo, be patient, ſiſter.
Adr. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out o' door.
Adr. Look when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.
Luc. Why, headſtrong liberty is laſh'd with woe.[5]
There's nothing, ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in ſea, in ſky:

The

[4] Sir T. Hanmer reads *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but perſons, ſeems right. JOHNSON.

By *liberties of ſin*, I believe Shakſpeare means *licenſed offenders*, ſuch as mountebanks, fortune-tellers, &c. who cheat with impunity. STEEVENS.

[5] Should it not rather be *leaſh'd*, i. e. coupled like a headſtrong hound? The high opinion I muſt neceſſarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgement, who furniſhed this obſervation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubject, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the maſters of all theſe,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry ſeas,
Indued with intellectual ſenſe and ſouls,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh and fowls,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practice to obey.

Adr. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where?[6]

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though ſhe pauſe;[7]
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe.[8]
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

The meaning of this paſſage may be, that thoſe who refuſe the *bridle* muſt bear the *laſh*, and that woe is the puniſhment of headſtrong liberty. It may be obſerved, however, that the ſeamen ſtill uſe *laſh* in the ſame ſenſe as *leaſh*; as does Greene in his *Mamillia*, 1593: "Thou didſt counſel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *laſh*." *Lace* was the old Engliſh word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived very differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. When the mariner, however, *laſhes* his guns, the ſportſman *leaſhes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform one act of faſtening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the ſame original is the word *windlaſs*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.

To *lace* likewiſe ſignified to beſtow correction with a cord, or rope's end. STEEVENS.

[6] I cannot but think, that our author wrote:

——— *ſtart ſome other* hare?

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Cupid is ſaid to be *a good hare-finder*. JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect that *where* has here the power of a *noun*. So, in *King Lear*:

"Thou loſeſt *here*, a better *where* to find."

Otherwhere ſignifies—*in other places*. So, in *King Henry VIII.* Act II. ſc. ii:

"The king hath ſent me *otherwhere*." STEEVENS.

[7] To *pauſe* is to reſt, to be in quiet. JOHNSON.

[8] That is, who have *no cauſe to be otherwiſe*. M. MASON.

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain:
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience[9] would'ſt relieve me:
But, if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.[2]

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou could'ſt not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.[3]

Adr. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It ſeems, he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

Dro. E. Why miſtreſs, ſure my maſter is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, ſure, he's ſtark mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He aſk'd me for a thouſand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Will

[9] By exhorting me to patience, which *affords no help*. MALONE.

[2] She ſeems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is ſo near to *idiotical ſimplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to repreſent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianſhip of your fortune. JOHNSON.

[3] i. e. that I could ſcarce *ſtand under* them. This quibble, poor as it is, ſeems to have been a favourite with Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

Will you come home? quoth I; *My gold,* quoth he:
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd;* *My gold,* quoth he:
My miſtreſs, ſir, quoth I; *Hang up thy miſtreſs;*
I know not thy miſtreſs; out on thy miſtreſs!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my maſter:
I know, quoth he, *no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs;*—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders;
For, in concluſion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake, ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.

Dro. E. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peaſant; fetch thy maſter home.

Dro. E. Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,[4]
That like a football you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather.[5]
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath waſted it:
Are my diſcourſes dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's maſter of my ſtate:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

[4] He plays upon the word *round*, which ſignified *ſpherical* applied to himſelf, and *unreſtrained*, or *free in ſpeech* or *action*, ſpoken of his miſtreſs. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her ſon. JOHNSON.

[5] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

Of my defeatures:[6] My decayed fair[7]
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair:
But, too unruly deer,[8] he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale.[9]

Luc. Self-harming jealouſy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or elſe, what let's it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,
Will loſe his beauty; and though gold 'bides ſtill,
That others touch, yet often touching will

Wear

[6] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features.* At the end of this play the ſame word is uſed with a ſomewhat different ſignification. STEEVENS.

[7] Shakſpeare uſes the adjective *gilt*, as a ſubſtantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this inſtance *fair* for *fairneſs.* Τὸ μὴ καλὸν, is a ſimilar expreſſion. STEEVENS.

Fair is frequently uſed *ſubſtantively* by the writers of Shakſpeare's time. So Marſton in one of his ſatires:

"As the greene meads, whoſe native outward *faire*
"Breathes ſweet perfumes into the neighbour air." FARMER.

[8] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on *The Ladies Girdle:*

"This was my heaven's extremeſt ſphere,
"The pale that held my lovely *deer.*" JOHNSON.

[9] The word *ſtale*, in our author, uſed as a ſubſtantive, means not ſomething offered to *allure* or *attract*, but ſomething *vitiated* with *uſe*, ſomething of which the beſt part has been enjoyed and conſumed. JOHNSON.

I believe my learned coadjutor miſtakes the uſe of the word *ſtale* on this occaſion. "*Stale* to catch theſe thieves," in *The Tempeſt*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait.* Here it ſeems to imply the ſame as *ſtalking-horſe, pretence.* STEEVENS.

In *Greene's Art of Coney-catching*, 1592. A *ſtale* is the confederate of a thief; "he that faceth the man," or holds him in diſcourſe. Again, in another place, "wiſhing all, of what eſtate ſoever, to beware of filthy luſt, and ſuch damnable *ſtales*, &c." A *ſtale* in this laſt inſtance means the pretended wife of a *croſs-biter.*

Perhaps, however, *ſtale* may here have the ſame meaning as the French word *chaperon.* *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity.* COLLINS.

Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.[2]
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſy! } [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth, in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with Dromio, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

How now, ſir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the Phœnix? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?
Dro. S. What anſwer, ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?
Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.
Dro. S. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. S. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.
Dro. S. I am glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt? I pray you, maſter, tell me.

[2] The ſenſe is this, "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold; juſt ſo the greateſt character, though as pure as gold itſelf, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falſhood and corruption." WARBURTON.

Ant. S. Yea, doſt thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, ſir, for God's ſake: now your jeſt is earneſt;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſaucineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours.[3]
When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,[4]
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too;[5] or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders. But, I pray, ſir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Doſt thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, ſir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, ſir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, firſt,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the ſecond time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reaſon?—
Well, ſir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, ſir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant.

[3] i. e. intrude on them when you pleaſe. The alluſion is to thoſe tracts of ground deſtined to *common* uſe, which are thence called *commons*. STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. ſtudy my countenance. STEEVENS.

[5] A *ſconce* was a petty fortification. STEEVENS.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next,[6] to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, ſir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No ſir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, ſir, what's that?

Dro. S. Baſting.

Ant. S. Well, ſir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, ſir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reaſon?

Dro. S. Leſt it make you cholerick, and purchaſe me another dry baſting.

Ant. S. Well, ſir, learn to jeſt in good time; There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durſt have denied that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, ſir?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himſelf.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?[7]

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Becauſe it is a bleſſing he beſtows on beaſts: and what he hath ſcanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his his hair.[8]

[6] Our author probably wrote—next *time.* MALONE.

[7] This attempt at pleaſantry muſt have originated from our author's clerkſhip to an attorney. He has other jokes of the ſame ſchool. STEEVENS.

[8] That is, *Thoſe who have more hair than wit,* are eaſily entrapped by looſe women, and ſuffer the conſequences of lewdneſs, one of which, in the firſt appearance of the diſeaſe in Europe, was the loſs of hair. JOHNSON.

Ant. S. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt: Yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reaſon?

Dro. S. For two; and ſound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not ſure, in a thing falſing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to ſave the money that he ſpends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, ſir? namely, no time to recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. S. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald concluſion:
But ſoft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look ſtrange, and frown;
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'ſt vow
That never words were muſick to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.

Ah,

Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me;
For know, my love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall [9]
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin off my harlot's brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canſt; and therefore, ſee, thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt: [2]
For, if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-ſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured. [3]

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not?
In Epheſus I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town, as to your talk;

Who,

[9] To *fall* is here a verb active. So, in *Othello*:
"Each drop ſhe *falls* would prove a crocodile." STEEVENS.

[2] Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, ſhow that we ſhould read:
—— *with the* grime *of luſt*:
i. e. the *ſtain*, ſmut. So again in this play,—*A man may go over ſhoes in the* grime *of it*. WARBURTON.

[3] To *diſtain* (from the French word, *deſtaindre*) ſignifies, to *ſtain*, *defile*, *pollute*. But the context requires a ſenſe quite oppoſite. We muſt either read, *unſtain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the prepoſition *a privative* force, read *dis-ſtain'd*; and then it will mean, *unſtain'd*, *undefiled*. THEOBALD.

I would read:
I live diſtained, thou diſhonoured.
That is, As long as thou continueſt to diſhonour thyſelf, I alſo live diſtained. HEATH.

Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Want wit in all one word to underſtand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou did'ſt return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converſe, ſir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I ſir? I never ſaw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never ſpake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſsly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,[4]
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine;
Whoſe weakneſs, married to thy ſtronger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:
If aught poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, briar, or idle moſs;[5]

Who,

[4] *Exempt*, ſeparated, parted. The ſenſe is, *If I am doomed to ſuffer the wrong of ſeparation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

Johnſon ſays that *exempt* means *ſeparated, parted*; and the uſe of the word in that ſenſe may be ſupported by a paſſage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Triumph of Honour*; yet I think that Adriana does not uſe the word *exempt* in that ſenſe, but means to ſay, that as he was her huſband ſhe had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong. M. MASON.

[5] i. e. moſs that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is uſeleſs. STEEVENS.

Who, all for want of pruning, with intruſion
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.
Ant. S. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.
Dro. S. O, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, ſpite of ſpites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprites;[6]
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prate'ſt thou to thyſelf, and anſwer'ſt not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, maſter, am not I?
Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and ſo am I.
Dro. S. Nay, maſter, both in mind, and in my ſhape.
Ant. S. Thou haſt thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an aſs.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilſt man, and maſter, laugh my woes to ſcorn.—
Come, ſir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Huſband,

[6] Here Mr. Theobald calls out *in the name of Nonſenſe*, the firſt time he had *formally* invoked her, to tell him how *owls could ſuck their breath, and pinch them black and blue*. He therefore alters *owls* to *ouphs, and dares ſay, that his readers will acquieſce in the juſtneſs of his emendation.* But, for all this, we muſt not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular ſuperſtition, that the ſcrietch-owl ſucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were ſuppoſed to be in like manner miſchievouſly bent againſt children, *ſtrega* from *ſtrix*, the *ſcrietch-owl*. This ſuperſtition they had derived from their pagan anceſtors. WARBURTON.

Ghaſtly owls accompany *elviſh ghoſts* in *Spenſer's* Shepherd's *Calendar* for *June*. TOLLET.

Huſband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And ſhrive you[7] of a thouſand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, ſiſter:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguis'd!
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſéver ſo,
And in this miſt at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, leſt I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, DROMIO *of* Epheſus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good ſignior Angelo, you muſt excuſe us all;
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop,
To ſee the making of her carkanet,[8]
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;

And

[7] That is, I will *call you to confeſſion*, and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

[8] Seems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. JOHNSON.

"*Quarquan*, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiſelles." *Le grand Dict. de Nicot.*

A *Carcanet*, ſeems to have been a necklace ſet with ſtones, or ſtrung with pearls. STEEVENS.

And that I did deny my wife and houſe:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, ſir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow:
If the ſkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.
Ant. E. I think, thou art an aſs.
Dro. E. Marry, ſo it doth appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear.[9]
I ſhould kick, being kick'd; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.
Ant. E. You are ſad, ſignior Balthazar: 'Pray god, our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, ſir, and your welcome dear.
Ant. E. O, ſignior Balthazar, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.
Bal. Good meat, ſir, is common; that every churl affords.
Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.
Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, ſoft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.
Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!
Dro. S. [*within.*] Mome,[2] malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch![3]
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt

[9] He firſt ſays, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *aſs*; but immediately, with a correction of his former ſentiment, ſuch as may be hourly obſerved in converſation, he obſerves that, if he had been an *aſs*, he ſhould, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

[2] A dull ſtupid blockhead, a ſtock, a poſt. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which ſignifies the gaming at dice in maſquerade, the cuſtom and rule of which is, that a ſtrict ſilence is to be obſerved: whatever ſum one ſtakes, another covers, but not a word is to be ſpoken: from hence alſo comes our word *mum!* for ſilence. HAWKINS.

[3] i. e. fool. Alluding to the particoloured coats worn by the licenſed fools or jeſters of the age. STEEVENS.

Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, ſir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefóre.

Ant. E. Wherefóre? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you muſt not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?[4]

Dro. S. The porter for this time, ſir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou haſt ſtolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'ſt been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Luce. [*within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are thoſe at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my maſter in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And ſo tell your maſter.

Dro. E. O Lord, I muſt laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in I hope?

Luce. I thought to have aſk'd you.

Dro. S. And you ſaid, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.

Ant.

[4] i. e. I *own*, am *owner* of. STEEVENS.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

Dro. E. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, ſir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, maſter, this knave would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, ſir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither.[5]

Dro. E. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you ſtand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be ſo bought and ſold.[6]

Ant. E. Go, fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, ſir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It ſeems, thou wanteſt breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E.

[5] In our old language, *to part* ſignified *to have part*. The French uſe *partir* in the ſame ſenſe. TYRWHITT.

[6] This is a proverbial phraſe. "To be *bought and ſold* in a company." See Ray's Collection, p. 179. edit. 1737. STEEVENS.

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; maſter, mean you ſo? For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather: If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.[7]

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, ſir; O, let it not be ſo;
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—Your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, ſir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the doors are made againſt you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout[8]
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.

Ant.

[7] We find the ſame quibble on a like occaſion in one of the comedies of Plautus. The children of diſtinction among the Greeks and Romans had uſually birds of different kinds given them for their amuſement. This cuſtom Tyndarus in the *Captives* mentions, and ſays, that for his part he had

——— *tantum upupam.*

Upupa ſignifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or ſome inſtrument of the ſame kind, employed to dig ſtones from the quarries. STEEVENS.

[8] For *ſuppoſed* I once thought it might be more commodious to ſubſtitute *ſupported*; but there is no need of change: *ſuppoſed* is *founded on ſuppoſition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in deſpight of mirth, [9] mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the houſe; that chain will I beſtow
(Be it for nothing but to ſpite my wife,)
Upon mine hoſteſs there: good ſir, make haſte:
Since mine own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour hence.

Ant. E. Do ſo; This jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A huſband's office? ſhall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings [2] rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's ſake, uſe her with more kindneſs:
Or, if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhow of blindneſs:

Let

[9] Mr. Theobald does not know what to make of this; and therefore, has put *wrath* inſtead of *mirth* into the text, in which he is followed by the Oxford editor. But the old reading is right; and the meaning is, I will be merry, even out of ſpite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the moſt unpleaſing to me. WARBURTON.

Though mirth hath withdrawn herſelf from me, and ſeems determined to avoid me, yet in deſpight of her, and whether ſhe will or not, I am reſolved to be merry. HEATH.

[2] *Love-ſprings* are young plants or ſhoots of love. MALONE.

Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair, become diſloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair preſence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret-falſe: What need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit,[3] that you love us;
Though others have the arm, ſhow us the ſleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy ſport to be a little vain,[4]
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.

Ant. S. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Leſs, in your knowledge, and your grace, you ſhow not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

O, train

[3] Means, *being made altogether of credulity.* STEEVENS.

[4] Is *light of tongue, not veracious.* JOHNSON.

O, train me not, ſweet mermaid,[5] with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;
Sing, ſiren, for thyſelf, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious ſuppoſition, think
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink![6]

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;[7] how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my ſiſter ſo.

Ant. S. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.

Luc. That's my ſiſter.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.[8]

Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be,

Ant. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet, for I aim thee:

Th[illegible]

[5] *Mermaid* is only another name for *ſiren*. STEEVENS.

[6] Mr. Ritſon obſerves that *Love*, in the preſent inſtance, means *Venus*.

Thus in the old ballad of the Spaniſh Lady:

"I will ſpend my days in prayer,
"*Love* and all *her* laws defy." STEEVENS.

[7] So, in Macbeth:

"*My mind ſhe has* mated, *and amaz'd my ſight.*" STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* ſignifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife*: and Antipholus, who had been challenged as a huſband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uſes the word *mated* in both theſe ſenſes. M. MASON.

[8] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot underſtand him. Perhaps he means that which he aſks of heaven.

JOHNSON.

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, ſoft, ſir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will. [*Exit* Luc.

Enter, from the houſe of ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, DROMIO, *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?

Dro. S. Do you know me, ſir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myſelf?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyſelf.

Dro. S. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, ſuch claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is ſhe?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, ſirreverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if ſhe lives till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is ſhe of?

Dro. S. Swart,[9] like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean

9 i. e. black, or rather of a dark brown. STEEVENS.

clean kept: For why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, ſir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, ſir:—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body ſtands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenneſs; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her hair.[2]

Ant.

[2] All the other countries, mentioned in this deſcription, are in Dromio's replies ſatirically characterized: but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France; nor any reaſon given, why it ſhould be in her forehead: but only the kitchen wench's high forehead is rallied, as puſhing back her *hair*. Thus all the modern editions; but the firſt folio reads - *making war againſt her* heir.——And I am very apt to think, this laſt is the true reading; and that an *equivoque*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is deſigned in the poet's alluſion: and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III of France being ſtabb'd, and dying of his wound, was ſucceeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his ſucceſſor: but whoſe claim the ſtates of France reſiſted, on account of his being a proteſtant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making *war* againſt her *heir*. Now, as, in 1591, queen Elizabeth ſent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the Earl of Eſſex, to the aſſiſtance of this Henry of Navarre, it ſeems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance. And it was the fineſt addreſs imaginable in the poet to throw ſuch an oblique ſneer at France, for oppoſing the ſucceſſion of that *heir*, whoſe claim his royal miſtreſs, the queen, had ſent over a force to eſtabliſh, and oblige them to acknowledge. THEOBALD.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them: but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I ſaw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, ſir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſapphires, declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of Spain; who ſent whole armadas of carracks to be ballaſt at her noſe.

Ant. S. Where ſtood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, ſir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; ſwore, I was aſſur'd to her;[3] told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark on my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith,[4] and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee preſently, poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet ſurely they have all loſt the ſenſe by looking beyond it. Our authour, in my opinion, only ſports with an alluſion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his miſtreſs had the French diſeaſe. The ideas are rather too offenſive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incruſted eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word muſt have ſenſes applicable to both the ſubjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in ſome ſort make war againſt their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war againſt its *heir*? The ſenſe which I have given, immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, ariſe to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without ſending out conjecture in ſearch of refinements. JOHNSON.

3 i.e. affianced to her. STEEVENS.

4 Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the common people, that nothing could reſiſt a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great ſhare of *faith*: however, the Oxford editor thinks *a breaſt made of flint* better ſecurity, and has therefore put it in. WARBURTON.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence;
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Procupine:[5]
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

[5] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so pronounced at that time. I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. STEEVENS.

The word, although written *Porpentine* in the old editions of Shakspeare, was scarcely so pronounced, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, at least not generally; for in Eliot's Dictionary, 1545, and Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, it is—"Porkepyne;" and in Hulet's Abecedarium, 1552.—"Porpyn." DOUCE.

Ang. You are a merry man, ſir; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain,
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd chain.
I ſee, a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meets ſuch golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtraight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an Officer.*

Mer. You know, ſince pentecoſt the ſum is due,
And ſince I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Perſia, and want gilders [6] for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me [7] by Antipholus:
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I ſhall receive the money for the ſame:
Pleaſeth you walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, *and* DROMIO, *of* Epheſus.

Off. That labour may you ſave; ſee where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates,

For

[6] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one ſhilling and ſixpence, to two ſhillings. STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But ſoft, I ſee the goldſmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thouſand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[*Exit* DROMIO.

Ant. E. A man is well holp up, that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldſmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would laſt too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carrat;
The fineneſs of the gold, and chargeful faſhion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, ſee him preſently diſcharg'd,
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent money;
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town:
Good ſignior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as ſoon as you.[8]

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourſelf?

Ant. E. No; bear't with you, leſt I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, ſir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, ſir, I hope you have;
Or elſe you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, ſir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide ſtays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you uſe this dalliance, to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the Porcupine:
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, ſir, deſpatch.

Ang. You hear, how he impórtunes me; the chain—

[8] *I will*, inſtead of *I ſhall*, is a Scoticiſm. DOUCE.
And an Iriſhiſm too. REED.

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.

Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good ſir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I anſwer you! What ſhould I anſwer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.

Ang. You wrong me more, ſir, in denying it:
Conſider, how it ſtands upon my credit.

Mer. Well officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.

Off. I do; and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either conſent to pay this ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Conſent to pay thee that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arreſt him officer;—
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.

Off. I do arreſt you, ſir; you hear the ſuit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.

Ang. Sir, ſir, I ſhall have law in Epheſus,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Dro. S. Maſter, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That ſtays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, ſir, bears away: our fraughtage, ſir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balſamum, and aqua-vitæ.

The

The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and yourſelf.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why thou peeviſh ſheep,[9]
What ſhip of Epidamnum ſtays for me?

Dro. S. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waſtage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.

Dro. S. You ſent me, ſir, for a rope's-end as ſoon;
You ſent me to the bay, ſir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſten with more heed.
To Adriana, villain hie thee ſtraight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkiſh tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats; let her ſend it;
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me: hie thee, ſlave; be gone.
On, officer, to priſon till it come.

[*Exeunt* Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, *and* ANT. E.

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabel did claim me for her huſband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſter's minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or ſad, or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?[2]

[9] *Peeviſh* is *ſilly*. STEEVENS.

[2] Alluding to thoſe meteors in the ſky, which have the appearance of lines

Luc. Firſt, he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my ſpite.
Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.
Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what ſaid he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty; then, my ſpeech.
Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and ſere,[3]
Ill fac'd, worſe-bodied, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making,[4] worſe in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;[5]
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curſe.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Dro. S. Here, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.
Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?
Dro. S. By running faſt.
Adr. Where is thy maſter, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worſe than hell:
A devil

lines of armies meeting in the ſhock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in *King Henry IV.* P. I. ſc. i. WARBURTON.

3 That is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

4 That is, *marked* or *ſtigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious diſpoſition. JOHNSON.

5 This expreſſion ſeems to be proverbial, I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. STEEVENS.

A devil in an everlaſting garment[6] hath him,
One, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitileſs and rough;[7]
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;[8]
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;[9]
One that, before the judgement, carries poor ſouls to hell.[2]

[6] The ſergeants in thoſe days were clad in *buff*, as Dromio tells us the man was who arreſted Antipholus. *Buff* is alſo a cant expreſſion for a man's ſkin, a covering which laſts him as long as his life. Dromio therefore calls *buff* an *everlaſting* garment: and in purſuance of this quibble on the word *buff*, he calls the ſergeant, in the next ſcene, the "Picture of old Adam;" that is of Adam before his fall, whilſt he remained unclad:——

"What, have you got the picture of old *Adam new apparelled?*"

So, in *The Woman-Hater*, Pandar ſays, "Were it not for my ſmooth citizen, I'd quit this tranſitory trade, get me an *everlaſting* robe, and turn ſergeant." M. MASON.

[7] Dromio here bringing word in haſte that his maſter is arreſted, deſcribes the bailiff by names proper to raiſe horror and deteſtation of ſuch a creature, ſuch as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, a *wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to theſe terrible ideas? we ſhould read, *a fiend, a fury, &c.* THEOBALD.

There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitileſs and rough, and deſcribed as malevolent and miſchievous. JOHNSON.

It is true that there is a ſpecies of malevolent and miſchievous Fairies; but *Fairy*, as it here ſtands, is generical. T. WARTON.

[8] It ſhould be written, I think, narrow *lanes*, as he has the ſame expreſſion in *K. Richard II.* Act V. ſc. vi:

"*Even ſuch they ſay as ſtand in* narrow lanes." GREY.

The preceding rhyme forbids us to read—*lanes*. *Lands*, I believe, in the preſent inſtance, mean, what we now call *landing*-places at the water-ſide.

A *ſhoulder-clapper* is a bailiff. STEEVENS.

Narrow lands is certainly the true reading, as not only the rhime points out, but the ſenſe; for as a *creek* is a narrow water, forming an inlet from the main body into the neighbouring ſhore, ſo a *narrow-land* is an outlet or tongue of the ſhore that runs into the water.—Beſides, *narrow Lanes* and *Alleys* are ſynonymous. HENLEY.

[9] To *run counter* is to *run backward*, by miſtaking the courſe of the animal purſued; to *draw dry-foot*, is, I believe, to purſue by the *track* or *prick of the foot*; to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well* are, therefore, inconſiſtent. The jeſt conſiſts in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chaſe*, and a *priſon* in London. The officer that

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe.[3]

Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit.

Dro. S. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well;
But he's in a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that can I tell:
Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the money in the deſk?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit* LUCIANA.
That he, unknown to me, ſhould be in debt:—
Tell me, was he arreſted on a band?[4]

Dro. S.

that arreſted him was a ſergeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jeſt with the ſcene of action, let our author anſwer. JOHNSON.

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog purſues the game by the ſcent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is fam'd. GREY.

[2] *Hell* was the cant term for an obſcure dungeon in any of our priſons. There was likewiſe a place of this name under the Exchequer-chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had "paid the uttermoſt farthing." STEEVENS.

An account of the local ſituation of HELL may be found in the *Journals of the Houſe of Commons*, Vol. X. p. 83, as the commons paſſed through it to *K. William and Q. Mary's coronation*, and gave directions concerning it. In *Queen Elizabeth's time* the office of *Clerk of the Treaſury* was ſituated there, as I find in *Sir James Dyer's reports*, fol. 245. a. where mention is made of "one *Chriſtopher Hole* Secondary del Treaſurie, et un auncient attorney and practiſer in le *office del Clerke del Treaſurie* al HELL."

This I take to be the *Treaſury* of the *Court of Common Pleas*, of which *Sir James Dyer* was *Chief Juſtice*, and which is now kept immediately under the court of *Exchequer*. The *office* of the *Tally-Court* of the *Chamberlain of the Exchequer* is ſtill there, and tallies for *many* centuries back are piled up and preſerved in this office. Two or three adjacent apartments have within a few years been converted to hold the *Vouchers of the public Accounts*, which had become ſo numerous as to overſtock the place in which they were kept at *Lincolns Inn*.—Theſe therefore belong to the *Auditors of public Accounts*.—Other rooms are turned into coal cellars.—There is a *pump* ſtill ſtanding of excellent water, called HELL *Pump*: And the place is to this day well known by the name of *Hell*. VAILLANT.

3 An action upon the caſe, is a general action given for the redreſs of a wrong done any man without force, and not eſpecially provided for by law. GREY.

Dromio, I believe, is ſtill quibbling. His maſter's *caſe* was touched by the ſhoulder-clapper. MALONE.

4 Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors read—

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?
Adr. What, the chain?
Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.
Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
Dro. S. O yes, If any hour meet a ſergeant, a 'turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?
Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt, and theft, and a ſergeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it ſtraight;
And bring thy maſter home immediately.—
Come, ſiſter;—I am preſs'd down with conceit;[5]
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;

read—*bond*. A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a ſum of money, was anciently ſpelt *band*. A *band* is likewiſe a *neckcloth*. On this circumſtance, I believe, the humour of the paſſage turns. STEEVENS.

Band is uſed in the ſenſe which is couched under the words, "a ſtronger thing," in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Sometimes her arms infold him, like a *band*."

See Minſheu's Dict. 1617, in v. "BAND or Obligation" In the ſame column is found "A BAND or thong to tie withal." Alſo "A BAND for the neck, becauſe it ſerves to *bind* about the neck." Theſe ſufficiently explain the equivoque. MALONE.

[5] i. e. fanciful conception. STEEVENS.

And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer ~~me~~ commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Dro. S. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: What have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd? [6]

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam doſt thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradiſe, but that Adam, that keeps the priſon: he that goes in the calf's-ſkin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, ſir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

Ant. S. I underſtand thee not.

Dro. S. No! why, 'tis a plain caſe: he that went like a baſe-viol, in a caſe of leather; the man, ſir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'reſts them; he, ſir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em ſuits of durance;

[6] A ſhort word or two muſt have ſlipt out here, by ſome accident in copying, or at preſs; otherwiſe I have no conception of the meaning of the paſſage. The caſe is this. Dromio's maſter had been arreſted, and ſent his ſervant home for money to redeem him: he, running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom he miſtakes for his maſter, and ſeeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a ſurprize;

What, have you got rid *of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*

For ſo I have ventured to ſupply, by conjecture. But why is the officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd? The alluſion is to Adam in his ſtate of innocence going naked; and immediately after the fall, being cloath'd in a frock of ſkins. Thus he was new apparell'd: and, in like manner, the ſergeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's-ſkin, as the author humourouſly a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

Theſe jeſts on Adam's dreſs are common among our old writers. STEEVENS.

durance; he that ſets up his reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.[7]

Ant. S.

7 *Sets up his reſt*, is a phraſe taken from military exerciſe. When gunpowder was firſt invented, its force was very weak compared to that in preſent uſe. This neceſſarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artiſts improved the ſtrength of their powder, the ſoldiers proportionably ſhortened their arms and artillery; ſo that the cannon which Froiſſart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to leſs than ten. This proportion likewiſe held in their muſkets; ſo that, till the middle of the laſt century, the muſketeers always ſupported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *reſt* ſtuck before them into the ground, which they called *ſetting up their reſt*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling alluſion too to the ſerjeant's office of arreſting. But what moſt wants animadverſion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the ſenſe, and falſe in the alluſion: no pike being uſed amongſt the dancers ſo called, or at leaſt not fam'd for much execution. In a word, Shakſpeare wrote,

—— *a* Maurice-*pike*.

i. e. a pikeman of prince Maurice's army. He was the greateſt general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars againſt Spain, under whom all the Engliſh gentry and nobility were bred to the ſervice. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unneceſſarily of the *reſt of a muſket*, by which he makes the hero of the ſpeech ſet up the *reſt* of a *muſket*, to *do exploits* with a *pike*. The *reſt* of a *pike* was a common term, and ſignified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the ruſh of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike uſed in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feats of dexterity were ſhown. There is no need of change.

JOHNSON.

A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon; and therefore Dr. Warburton's notion is deficient in firſt principles. "*Moreſpikes* (ſays Langley in his tranſlation of *Polydore Vergil*) were uſed firſt in the ſiege of Capua." And in *Reynard's Deliverance of certain Chriſtians from the Turks*, "the Engliſh mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." FARMER.

Polydore Vergil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the ſiege of Capua, though Langley's tranſlation of him advances their antiquity ſo high.

Morris pikes, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and ſince, the Spaniſh pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's Legacy, p. 48. TOLLET.

The mention of *morris-pikes* is frequent among our old writers.

STEEVENS.

There is, I believe, no authority for Dr. Johnſon's aſſertion that the Morris-Pike was uſed in the Morris-dance. Swords were ſometimes uſed upon

Ant. S. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, ſir, the ſergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſays, *God give you good reſt!*

Ant. S. Well, ſir, there reſt in your foolery. Is there any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, ſir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the ſergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I;
And here we wander in illuſions;
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter Antipholus.
I ſee, ſir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain, you promiſed me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

Dro. S. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay, *God damn me*, that's as much as to ſay, *God me make a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, ſir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.[8]

Dro. S.

upon that occaſion. It certainly means the *Mooriſh*-pike, which was very common in the 16th century. See Groſe's Hiſt. of the Engliſh Army, Vol. I. p. 135. DOUCE.

The phraſe—*he that ſets up his reſt*, in this inſtance, ſignifies only, I believe, "he that *truſts*"—*is confident in his expectation.* Thus, Bacon:—"Sea-fights have been final to the war, but this is, when Princes *ſet up their* REST upon the battle. Again, Clarendon—"they therefore reſolved to *ſet up their* REST upon that ſtake, and to go through with it, or periſh." This figure of ſpeech is certainly derived from *the* REST which Dr. Warburton has deſcribed, as that was the only kind of *reſt* which was ever *ſet up.* HENLEY.

[8] i. e. by purchaſing ſomething additional in the adjoining market. MALONE.

Dro. S. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon meat, or beſpeak a long ſpoon.[9]

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I cónjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils aſk but the paring of one's nail,
A ruſh, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-ſtone; but ſhe, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Maſter, be wiſe; an' if you give it her,
The devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, ſir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me ſo.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, ſays the peacock: Miſtreſs, that you know. [*Exeunt* ANT. *and* DRO.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,

He

[9] The paſſage is wrong pointed, and the *or*, a miſtake for *and*:
Cour. We'll mend our dinner here.
Dro. S. Maſter, if you do, expect ſpoon meat, *and* beſpeak a long ſpoon. RITSON.

He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away: This courſe I fitteſt chooſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, *and an* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger,
That I ſhould be attach'd in Epheſus:
I tell you, 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, ſir? have you that I ſent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.[a]

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, ſir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll ſerve you, ſir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, ſir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, ſir, I will welcome you.
[*beating him.*

Off. Good ſir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

Dro. E.

[a] i. e. ſerve to hit, ſtrike, correct them all. STEEVENS.

Dro. E. I would I were ſenſeleſs, ſir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

Dro. E. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.[3] I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I ſleep; raiſed with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat: and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* Courtezan, *with* PINCH, *and others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*[4]

Ant. E. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*beats him.*

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Eſtabliſh

[3] He means, that his maſter had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them. STEEVENS.

[4] Theſe words ſeem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan againſt the lord of Liddington; which ends with theſe words, *Reſpice finem, reſpice funem.* But to what purpoſe, unleſs our author could ſhow that he could quibble as well in Engliſh, as the other in Latin, I confeſs I know not. As for *propheſying like the parrot,* this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any paſſenger was offended, it was the ſtanding joke of the wiſe owner to ſay, *Take heed, ſir, my parrot propheſies.* To this, Butler hints, where, ſpeaking of Ralpho's ſkill in augury, he ſays:

"*Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,*
"*That ſpeak and think contrary clean;*
"*What member 'tis of whom they talk,*
"*When they cry* rope, *and* walk, knave, walk."

WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:*

"But come, *reſpice funem.*" STEEVENS.

The phraſe is common in old epitaphs. NICHOLS.

Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark! how he trembles in his extacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight;
I cónjure thee by all the ſaints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?[5]
Did this companion[6] with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I denied to enter in my houſe?

Adr. O, huſband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

Dro. E. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?

Dro. E. Perdy,[7] your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out?

Ant. E. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?

Dro. E. Certes,[8] ſhe did; the kitchen-veſtal[9] ſcorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr.

[5] A *cuſtomer* is uſed in *Othello* for a common woman. Here it ſeems to ſignify one who viſits ſuch women. MALONE.

[6] A word of contempt, anciently uſed as we now uſe—*fellow*. STEEVENS.

[7] A corruption of the common French oath—*Pardieu*. Chaucer's perſonages are frequent in their uſe of it. STEEVENS.

[8] *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly*. STEEVENS.

[9] Her charge being like that of the veſtal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?
Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
Ant. E. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.
Adr. Alas, I ſent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haſte for it.
Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of money.
Ant. E. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter is poſſeſs'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.
Ant. E. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to-day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confeſs, ſir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
Ant. E. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.
[PINCH *and his aſſiſtants bind* ANT. *and* DROMIO.
Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company;—the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy priſoner; wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?
Off. Maſters, let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer? [2]

Haſt

[2] This is the ſecond time that in the courſe of this play, *peeviſh* has been uſed for *fooliſh*. STEEVENS.

Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?
Off. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good maſter doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe.—O moſt unhappy day!
Ant. E. O moſt unhappy ſtrumpet![3]
Dro. E. Maſter, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good maſter; cry, the devil.—
Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence.—Siſter, go you with me.—
[*Exeunt* PINCH *and aſſiſtants with* ANT. *and* DRO.
Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldſmith; Do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: What is the ſum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain, your huſband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Court. When as your huſband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it:—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are looſe again.
Adr. And come with naked ſwords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off.

[3] *Unhappy* is here uſed in one of the ſenſes of *unlucky*; i. e. *miſchievous*. STEEVENS.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt Officer,* ADR. *and* LUC.

Ant. S. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our ſtuff[4] from thence:
I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, ſtay here this night, they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpeak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am ſorry, ſir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

Ang. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore, moſt monſtrouſly, to have.

Good

[4] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were iſſued for the royal Progreſſes in the laſt century, the king's baggage was always thus denominated. MALONE.

Good ſir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance, and oaths, ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly:
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, ſir; and forſwore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?

Mer. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and Others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;—
Some get within him,[5] take his ſword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my houſe.

Dro. S. Run, maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe.[6]
This is ſome priory;—In, or we are ſpoil'd.
[*Exeunt* ANTIPH. *and* DROMIO *to the Priory.*

Enter the Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am ſorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb.

[5] i. e. cloſe with him, grapple with him. STEEVENS.

[6] i. e. go into a houſe. So we ſay, a dog *takes the water.* STEEVENS.

Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſour, ſad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? Hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy[7] of our conference:
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,

But

[7] i. e. the theme. We ſtill talk of ſetting *copies* for boys.
STEEVENS.

But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair; [8])
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man, or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcared thy huſband from the uſe of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himſelf rough, rude and wildly.—
Why bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.

Adr. Then, let your ſervants bring my huſband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.

Adr. I will attend my huſband, be his nurſe,

Diet

[8] Shakſpeare could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the fooliſh inſertion of the firſt editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as ſpurious. WARBURTON.

The defective metre of the ſecond line, is a plain proof that ſome diſſyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may have written:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody [moping] *and dull melancholy,*
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And at their *heels a huge infectious troop.*— HEATH.

It has been obſerved to me that *Mr. Capell* reads:

But moody and dull melancholy, kinſ—
woman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;

yet, though the Roman language may allow of ſuch tranſfers from the end of one verſe to the beginning of the next, the cuſtom is unknown to Engliſh poetry, unleſs it be of the burleſque kind. STEEVENS.

Kinſman means no more than *near relation*. Many words are uſed by Shakſpeare with much greater latitude.

Nor is this the only inſtance of ſuch a confuſion of genders. In *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia ſays,

"——— but now I was the *lord*
"Of this fair manſion, *maſter* of my ſervants,
"*Queen* o'er myſelf." RITSON.

6

Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myſelf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him ſtir,
Till I have uſed the approved means I have,
With wholeſome ſyrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again: [9]
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my huſband here;
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſs,
To ſeparate the huſband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou ſhalt not have him.
[*Exit* Abbeſs.
Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, go; I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in perſon hither,
And take perforce my huſband from the abbeſs.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am ſure, the duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and ſorry execution,[2]
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cauſe?
Mer. To ſee a reverend Syracuſan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence,

[9] i. e. to bring him back to his ſenſes, and the forms of ſober behaviour. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*,—"*informal* women," for juſt the contrary. STEEVENS.

[2] *Sorry*, had anciently a ſtronger meaning than at preſent. STEEVENS.

Thus, Macbeth looking on his bloody hands after the murder of Duncan:

"This is a *ſorry* ſight." HENLEY.

Mr. Douce is of opinion, that *ſorry*, in the text, is put for *ſorrowful*. STEEVENS.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he paſs the abbey.

Enter Duke *attended*; ÆGEON *bare-headed*; *with the Headſman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.
Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred duke, againſt the abbeſs!
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it pleaſe your grace, Antipholus, my huſband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,[3]—this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſperately he hurried through the ſtreet,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens
By ruſhing in their houſes, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,[4]
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himſelf,[5]
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chaſed us away; till, raiſing of more aid,

We

[3] *Important* ſeems to be uſed for *importunate*. JOHNSON.

[4] A *ſtrong eſcape*, I ſuppoſe, means an eſcape effected by *ſtrength* or violence. STEEVENS.

[5] *And, with his mad attendant* and *himſelf*,] We ſhould read:
——— mad *himſelf*. WARBURTON.
We might read:
And here *his mad attendant and himſelf.*
Yet, as Mr. Ritſon obſerves, the meeting to which Adriana alludes, not having happened before the abbey, we may more properly ſuppoſe our author wrote—
And *then* his mad attendant and himſelf. STEEVENS.

We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſued them;
And here the abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long ſince, thy huſband ſerv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbeſs come to me;
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave yourſelf!
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row,[6] and bound the doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſinged off with brands of fire;[7]
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My maſter preaches patience to him, while
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:[8]

[6] i. e. ſucceſſively, one after another. STEEVENS.

[7] Shakſpeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have ſeen this method of ſhaving in the life of Dion, p. 167, 4to. See North's tranſlation, in which ἀνθρακες may be tranſlated *brands*. S. W.

North gives it thus—"with a hot burning cole to burne his goodly buſh of heare rounde about." STEEVENS.

[8] The force of this alluſion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the cuſtom to cut the hair of idiots cloſe to their heads. There is a proverbial ſimile—"Like *crop* the conjurer;" which might have been ironically applied to theſe unfortunate beings. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten ſhillings in one of king Alfred's eccleſiaſtical laws, if one opprobriouſly *ſhave* a common man like a *fool*. TOLLET.

Fools undoubtedly were ſhaved and *nick'd* in a particular manner, in our author's time. MALONE.

The hair of idiots is ſtill cut cloſe to their heads, to prevent the conſequences of uncleanlineſs. RITSON.

And, ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here;
And that is falſe, thou doſt report to us.

Serv. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face,[8] and to diſfigure you: [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my huſband! Witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

Ant. E. Juſtice, moſt gracious duke, oh, grant me juſtice!
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life; even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.

Æge. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Juſtice, ſweet prince, againſt that woman there,
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Even in the ſtrength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.

Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me,
While ſhe with harlots[9] feaſted in my houſe.

Duke.

[8] We ſhould read, *ſcotch*, i. e. hack, cut. WARBURTON.

To *ſcorch*, I believe, is right. He would have puniſhed her as he had puniſhed the conjurer before. STEEVENS.

[9] Antipholus did not ſuſpect his wife of having entertained courtezans, but of having been confederate with cheats to impoſe on him and abuſe him. Therefore, he ſays to her, Act IV. ſc. iv;

" —— are

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, did'ſt thou ſo?
Adr. No my good lord;—myſelf, he, and my ſiſter,
To-day did dine together: So befal my ſoul,
As this is falſe, he burdens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your highneſs ſimple truth!
Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forſworn.
In this the madman juſtly chargeth them.
Ant. E. My liege, I am adviſed[2] what I ſay;
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-raſh, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him: in the ſtreet I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not: for the which,
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey; and ſent my peaſant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By the way we met
My wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them

" —— are theſe your cuſtomers?
" Did this companion with the ſaffron face
" Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day?"

By this deſcription he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men as well as to wantons among women. STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. I am not going to ſpeak precipitately or raſhly, but on reflexion and conſideration. STEEVENS.

They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſs'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within theſe abbey walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heaven!
And this is falſe, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:—
You ſay, he dined at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying:—Sirrah, what ſay you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

Ant.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As ſure, my liege, as I do ſee your grace.
Duke. Why this is ſtrange:—Go call the abbeſs hither;
I think, you are all mated, or ſtark mad.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Æge. Moſt mighty duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word;
Haply, I ſee a friend will ſave my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracuſan, what thou wilt.
Æge. Is not your name, ſir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, ſir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.
Æge. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.
Dro. E. Ourſelves we do remember, ſir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, ſir?
Æge. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.
Ant. E. I never ſaw you in my life, till now.
Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed[3] hand
Have written ſtrange defeatures[4] in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?
Ant. E. Neither.
Æge. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, truſt me, ſir, nor I.
Æge. I am ſure, thou doſt.

[3] ——*deformed*—] For *deforming*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature*. The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

Defeatures are *undoings*, *miſcarriages*, *misfortunes*; from *defaire*. Fr. The ſenſe is, I am *deformed*, *undone*, by miſery. Misfortune has left its impreſſion on my face. STEEVENS.

Defeature is, I think, *alteration of feature*, *marks of deformity*. MALONE.

Defeatures are certainly neither more nor leſs than *features*; as *demerits* are neither more nor leſs than *merits*. Time, ſays Ægeon, hath placed *new and ſtrange features* in my face; i. e. given it quite a different appearance: no wonder therefore thou doſt not know me. RITSON.

Dro. E. Ay, ſir? but I am ſure, I do not; and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?[5]
Though now this grained face[6] of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizzled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,
My waſting lamps ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes (I cannot err,)
Tell me, thou art my ſon Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Æge. But ſeven years ſince, in Syracuſa, boy,
Thou know'ſt, we parted: but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo;
I ne'er ſaw Syracuſa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracuſan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er ſaw Syracuſa:
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbeſs, *with* ANTIPHOLUS Syracuſan *and* DROMIO Syracuſan.

Abb. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to ſee him.*

Adr. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of theſe men is Genius to the other;
And ſo of theſe: Which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, ſir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, ſir, am Dromio; pray, let me ſtay.

Ant. S.

[5] i. e. the weak and diſcordant tone of my voice that is changed by grief. DOUCE.

[6] i. e. furrow'd, like the *grain of wood.* STEEVENS.]

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?
Dro. S. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loſe his bonds,
And gain a huſband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'ſt the man
That had'ſt a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons:
O, if thou be'ſt the ſame Ægeon, ſpeak,
And ſpeak unto the ſame Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not,[7] thou art Æmilia;
If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right;[8]
Theſe two Antipholus's, theſe two ſo like,
And theſe two Dromio's, one in ſemblance,—
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,—
Theſe are the parents to theſe children,

[7] In the old copy this ſpeech of Ægeon, and the ſubſequent one of the Abbeſs, follow the ſpeech of the Duke, beginning with the words—"Why, here" &c. The tranſpoſition was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. It ſcarcely requires any juſtification. Ægeon's anſwer to Æmilia's adjuration would neceſſarily immediately ſucceed to it. Beſides, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, as theſe ſpeeches ſtand in the old copy, the Duke comments on Æmilia's words, before ſhe has uttered them: The ſlight change now made renders the whole clear. MALONE.

That however will ſcarcely remove the difficulty: the *next* ſpeech is Ægeon's. Both it and the following one ſhould precede the duke's; or there is poſſibly a line loſt. RITSON.

If this be the right reading, it is, as Steevens juſtly remarks, one of Shakſpeare's overſights, as the Abbeſs had not hinted at her ſhipwreck. But poſſibly we ſhould read—

Beſides *his* urging of her wreck at ſea. M. MASON.

[8] "The *morning* ſtory" is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the firſt ſcene of this play. HOLT WHITE.

Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'ſt from Corinth firſt.

Ant. S. No, ſir, not I; I came from Syracuſe.

Duke. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my moſt gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior Duke Menaphon, your moſt renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I gentle miſtreſs.

Adr. And are not you my huſband?

Ant. E. No, I ſay nay to that.

Ant. S. And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo;
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I ſee, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, ſir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, ſir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, ſir, for this chain arreſted me.

Ang. I think I did, ſir; I deny it not.

Adr. I ſent you money, ſir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe Errors are aroſe.

Ant. E. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes:—
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's error
Have ſuffer'd wrong go, keep us company,

And

And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my ſons; nor, till this preſent hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered:—
The duke, my huſband, and my children both;
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt, and go with me;[9]
After ſo long grief, ſuch nativity![2]

Duke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbeſs, ÆGEON, Courtezan, Merchant, ANGELO, *and Attendants.*

Dro. S. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, ſir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, Dromio:
Come go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS S. *and* E. ADR. *and* LUC.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?

Dro. S. Not I, ſir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a queſtion: how ſhall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the ſenior: till then, lead thou firſt.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

[9] ——— *and go with me;*] We ſhould read:
———*and* gaude *with me*;
i.e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir*. WARBURTON.
The ſenſe is clear enough without the alteration. The Reviſal offers to read, more plauſibly, I think:
——— joy *with me*. STEEVENS.

[2] We ſhould ſurely read:
After ſo long grief, ſuch feſtivity.
Nativity lying ſo near, and the termination being the ſame of both words, the miſtake was eaſy. JOHNSON.
The old reading may be right. She has juſt ſaid, that to her, her ſons were not *born* till now. STEEVENS.

We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*[3]

[3] On a careful reviſion of the foregoing ſcenes, I do not heſitate to pronounce them the compoſition of two very unequal writers. Shakſpeare had undoubtedly a ſhare in them; but that the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which (as Benedick ſays) "fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake."

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than diſtinction of character; and our attention is leſs forcibly engaged, becauſe we can gueſs in great meaſure how the denoüement will be brought about. Yet the ſubject appears to have been reluctantly diſmiſſed, even in this laſt and unneceſſary ſcene, where the ſame miſtakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely loſt. STEEVENS.

The long doggrel verſes that Shakſpeare has attributed in this play to the two Dromios, are written in that kind of metre which was uſually attributed by the dramatick poets before his time, in their comick pieces, to ſome of their inferior characters; and this circumſtance is one of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, (where the ſame kind of verſification is likewiſe found,) among our author's earlieſt productions; compoſed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned "to deviate boldly from the common track." MALONE.

MACBETH.

MACBETH.*

*** In order to make a true eſtimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always neceſſary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who ſhould now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the aſſiſtance of ſupernatural agents, would be cenſured as tranſgreſſing the bounds of probability, be baniſhed from the theatre to the nurſery, and condemned to write fairy tales inſtead of tragedies; but a ſurvey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakſpeare was in no danger of ſuch cenſures, ſince he only turned the ſyſtem that was then univerſally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburdening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not ſtrictly the ſame, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in moſt, by the learned themſelves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkneſs of ignorance has been more groſs; but it cannot be ſhown, that the brighteſt gleams of knowledge have at any time been ſufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, ſeems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Chriſtians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical oppoſition, as they aſcribed their ſucceſs to the aſſiſtance of their military ſaints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote*) that the firſt accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by thoſe who returned from their eaſtern expeditions. But there is always ſome diſtance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedneſs: this opinion had long exiſted, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been ſo frequent, nor the reception ſo general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practiſed this kind of military magic, and having promiſed χώρις ὁπλίων κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐκβαλεῖν, *to perform great things againſt the Barbarians without ſoldiers*, was, at the inſtance of the empreſs Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empreſs ſhowed ſome kindneſs in her anger, by cutting him off at a time ſo convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St Chryſoſtom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a ſcene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he ſuppoſes a ſpectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of deſtruction, and the arts of ſlaughter. Δειχθήτω δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πετομένους ἵππους διά τινος μαγγανείας, καὶ ὁπλίτας διαφόρους φερομένους, καὶ πᾶσαν γοητείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδέαν. *Let him then proceed to ſhow him in the oppoſite armies horſes flying by enchantment, armed men tranſported through the air, and every power and form of magic.* Whether St. Chryſoſtom believed that ſuch performances were really to be ſeen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his deſcription, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that ſuch notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the

wars with the Saracens however gave occaſion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally diſcovers prodigies, but as the ſcene of action was removed to a great diſtance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increaſing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft ſtill continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whoſe conviction is ſtill commemorated in an annual ſermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumſtances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in perſon a woman accuſed of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illuſions of evil ſpirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies uſed by them, the manner of detecting them, and the juſtice of puniſhing them in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottiſh dialect, and publiſhed at Edinburgh. This book was, ſoon after his ſucceſſion, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain king James's favour was to flatter his ſpeculations, the ſyſtem of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who deſired either to gain preferment or not to loſe it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greateſt part of mankind have no other reaſon for their opinions than that they are in faſhion, it cannot be doubted but this perſuaſion made a rapid progreſs, ſince vanity and credulity cooperated in its favour. The infection ſoon reached the parliament, who, in the firſt year of king James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any perſon ſhall uſe any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked ſpirits; 2. or ſhall conſult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or curſed ſpirit to or for any intent or purpoſe; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave, — or the ſkin, bone, or any part of the dead perſon, to be employed or uſed in any manner of witchcraft, ſorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or ſhall uſe, practiſe, or exerciſe any ſort of witchcraft, ſorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any perſon ſhall be deſtroyed, killed, waſted, conſumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6 That every ſuch perſon being convicted ſhall ſuffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakſpeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once eſtabliſhed by law and by the faſhion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always ſeen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day diſcovered, and multiplied ſo faſt in ſome places, that biſhop Hall mentions a village in Lancaſhire,* where their number was greater than that of the houſes. The jeſuits and

* In Naſhe's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599, it is ſaid, that no leſs than ſix hundred witches were executed at one time; "— it is evident by the confeſſion of the ſix hundred Scotch witches executed in Scotland at Bartholomew tide was twelve month, that in Yarmouth road they were altogether in a plump on Chriſtmas eve was two years, when the great flood was; and there ſtirred up ſuch tornadoes and furicanoes of tempeſts, as will be ſpoken of there whilſt any winds or ſtorms and tempeſts chaſe and puff in the lower region." *Reed.*

and ſectaries took advantage of this univerſal error, and endeavoured to promote the intereſt of their parties by pretended cures of perſons afflicted by evil ſpirits; but they were detected and expoſed by the clergy of the eſtabliſhed church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakſpeare might be eaſily allowed to found a play, eſpecially ſince he has followed with great exactneſs ſuch hiſtories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the ſcenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himſelf and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

In the concluding paragraph of Dr. Johnſon's admirable introduction to this play, he ſeems apprehenſive that the fame of Shakſpeare's magic may be endangered by modern ridicule. I ſhall not heſitate, however, to predict its ſecurity, till our national taſte is wholly corrupted, and we no longer deſerve the firſt of all dramatic enjoyments; for ſuch, in my opinion at leaſt, is the tragedy of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

Malcolm II. king of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldeſt was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, Thane of the Iſles, and weſtern parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm, without male iſſue, Duncan ſucceeded to the throne. Malcolm's ſecond daughter was married to Sinel, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his couſin german, Macbeth, in the caſtle of Inverneſs, according to Buchanan, in the year 1040; according to Hector Boethius, in 1045. Boethius, whoſe hiſtory of Scotland was firſt printed in ſeventeen books, at Paris, in 1526, thus deſcribes the event which forms the baſis of the tragedy before us: "Makbeth, be perſuaſion of his wyfe, gaderit his friends to ane counſall at Invernes, quhare kyng Duncane happennit to be for ye tyme. And becauſe he fand ſufficient opportunitie, *be ſupport of Banquho* and otheris his friendis, he ſlew kyng Duncane, the vii zeir of his regne." After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth "come with ane gret power to Scone, and tuk the crowne." *Chroniclis of Scotland*, tranſlated by John Bellenden, folio, 1541. Macbeth was himſelf ſlain by Macduff in the year 1061, according to Boethius; according to Buchanan, in 1057; at which time King Edward the Confeſſor poſſeſſed the throne of England. Holinſhed copied the hiſtory of Boethius, and on Holinſhed's relation Shakſpeare formed his play.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochaber of ſome of the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerouſly wounded in the affray, the perſons concerned in this outrage were ſummoned to appear at a certain day. But they ſlew the *ſerjeant at arms* who ſummoned them, and choſe one MACDOWALD as their captain. Macdowald ſpeedily collected a conſiderable body of forces from Ireland and the Weſtern Iſles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottiſh nobleman, who was (ſays Boethius) "Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber," was ſlain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdowald being obliged to take refuge in a caſtle in Lochaber, firſt ſlew his wife and children, and then himſelf. Macbeth on entering

entering the caſtle finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off, and carried to the king, at the caſtle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a ſubſequent period, in the laſt year of Duncan's reign, Sueno king of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpoſe of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately aſſembled an army to oppoſe him, and gave the command of two diviſions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himſelf at the head of a third. Sueno was ſucceſsful in one battle, but in a ſecond was routed; and after a great ſlaughter of his troops he eſcaped with ten perſons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdowald and the invaſion of Sueno, our author has woven theſe two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the preſent play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's hiſtory as a ſubject for the ſtage. "*Multa hic fabuloſe quidam noſtrorum aſſingunt; ſed, quia* theatris *aut Mileſiis fabulis ſunt aptiora quam hiſtoriæ, ea omitto.* RERUM SCOT. HIST. L. VII. But there was no tranſlation of Buchanan's work till after our author's death.

This tragedy was written, I believe, in the year 1606. See the notes at the end; and *An attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays.*

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duncan, *King of* Scotland:
Malcolm, Dona'bain, } *his ſons.*
Macbeth, Banquo, } *Generals of the King's army.*
Macduff, Lænox, Roſſe, Menteth, Angus, Cathneſs, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Siward, *Earl of* Northumberland, *General of the* Engliſh *forces.*
Young Siward, *his Son.*
Seyton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An Engliſh *Doctor.* *A* Scotch *Doctor.*
A Soldier. *A Porter.* *An old Man.*

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.[2]
Hecate, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Meſſengers.
The Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſeveral other Apparitions.*

SCENE, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; *through the reſt of the play, in* Scotland; *and, chiefly, at* Macbeth's *caſtle.*

[2] Her name was *Gracia*. See Lord Haile's Annals of Scotland. II. 332. RITSON.

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. *Witch.* When ſhall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2. *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,[3]
When the battle's loſt and won:[4]
3. *Witch.* That will be ere ſet of ſun.
1. *Witch.* Where the place?
2. *Witch.* Upon the heath:
3. *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.[5]

1. *Witch.*

[3] However mean this word may ſeem to modern ears, it came recommended to Shakſpeare by the authority of Henry Peacham, who in the year 1577 publiſhed a book profeſſing to treat of the *ornaments* of language. It is called the Garden of Eloquence, and has this paſſage. "Onomatopeia, when we invent, deviſe, fayne, and make a name imitating the ſownd of that it ſignifyeth, as *hurliburly*, for an *uprore* and *tumultuous ſtirre*." HENDERSON.

So, in a tranſlation of *Herodian*, 12mo. 1635, p. 324:
"——— great *burliburlies* being in all parts of the empire," &c.
REED.

[4] i. e. the battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged.
WARBURTON.

So, in *King Richard III:*
"—— while we reaſon here,
"A royal battle might be *won and loſt*." MALONE.

[5] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope, and, after him, other editors:
There I go *to meet Macbeth.*
The inſertion, however, ſeems to be injudicious. To *meet with Macbeth* was the final drift of all the witches in going to the heath, and not the particular

1. *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin![6]

Fair

particular buſineſs or motive of any one of them in diſtinction from the reſt; as the interpolated words, *I go*, in the mouth of the third witch, would moſt certainly imply.

Somewhat, however (as the verſe is evidently imperfect) muſt have been left out by the tranſcriber or printer. Mr. Capell has therefore propoſed to remedy this defect, by reading—

There to meet with *brave* Macbeth.

But ſurely, to beings intent only on miſchief, a ſoldier's bravery in an honeſt cauſe, would have been no ſubject of encomium.

Mr. Malone (omitting all previous remarks, &c. on this paſſage) aſſures us that—"*There* is here uſed as a diſſyllable." I wiſh he had ſupported his aſſertion by ſome example. Thoſe, however, who can ſpeak the line thus regulated, and ſuppoſe they are reciting a verſe, may profit by the direction they have received.

The pronoun "their," having two vowels together, may be ſplit into two ſyllables; but the adverb "*there*" can only be uſed as a monoſyllable, unleſs pronounced as if it were written "the-re," a licence in which even Chaucer has not indulged himſelf.

It was convenient for Shakſpeare's introductory ſcene, that his firſt witch ſhould appear uninſtructed in her miſſion. Had ſhe not required information, the audience muſt have remained ignorant of what it was neceſſary for them to know. Her ſpeeches therefore proceed in the form of interrogatories; but, all on a ſudden, an anſwer is given to a queſtion which had not been aſked. Here ſeems to be a chaſm which I ſhall attempt to ſupply by the introduction of a ſingle pronoun, and by diſtributing the hitherto mutilated line, among the three ſpeakers:

3. *Witch.* There to meet with—
1. *Witch.* *Whom?*
2. *Witch.* Macbeth.

Diſtinct replies have now been afforded to the three neceſſary enquiries—*When*—*Where*—and *Whom* the witches were to meet. Their conference receives no injury from my inſertion and arrangement. On the contrary, the dialogue becomes more regular and conſiſtent, as each of the hags will now have ſpoken *thrice*, (a magical number) before they join in utterance of the concluding words which relate only to themſelves.—I ſhould add, that, in the two prior inſtances, it is alſo the ſecond witch who furniſhes deciſive and material anſwers; and that I would give the words—"I come, Graymalkin!" to the third. By aſſiſtance from ſuch of our author's plays as had been publiſhed in quarto, we have often detected more important errors in the folio 1623, which, unluckily, ſupplies the moſt ancient copy of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

[6] From a little black-letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584. I find it was permitted to a Witch *to take on her a cattes body nine times*. Mr. Upton obſerves, that, to underſtand this paſſage, we ſhould ſuppoſe one

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.[7]—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:[8]
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches *vaniſh.*

one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

Again, in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. (a pamphlet of which the reader will find the entire title in a future note on this play): "Moreover ſhe confeſſed, that at the time when his majeſtie was in Denmarke, ſhee beeing accompanied with the parties before ſpecially mentioned, tooke a *cat* and chriſtened it, and afterward bound to each part of that *cat* the cheefeſt parte of a dead man, and ſeveral joyntes of his bodie, and that in the night following the ſaid *cat* was convayed into the middeſt of the ſea by all theſe witches ſayling in their riddles or cives as is aforeſaid, and ſo left the ſaid *cat* right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This doone, there did ariſe ſuch a tempeſt in the ſea, as a greater hath not bene ſeene," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] This, with the two following lines, is given in the folio to the three Witches. Some preceding editors, have appropriated the firſt of them to the ſecond Witch.

According to the late Dr. Goldſmith, and ſome other naturaliſts, a *frog* is called a *paddock* in the North. In Shakſpeare, however, it certainly means a *toad*. The repreſentation of St. James in the witches' houſe (one of the ſet of prints taken from the painter called *Helliſh Breugel*, 1566) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms; and before the fire ſit *grimalkin* and *paddock*, i. e. a *cat* and a *toad*, with ſeveral *babоons*. There is a cauldron boiling, with a witch near it, cutting out the tongue of a ſnake, as an ingredient for the charm. A repreſentation ſomewhat ſimilar likewiſe occurs in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. a pamphlet already quoted. STEEVENS.

"——Some ſay, they [witches] can keepe devils and ſpirits, in the likeneſs of todes and cats." Scot's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, [1584.] Book I. c. iv. TOLLET.

[8] i. e. we make theſe ſudden changes of the weather. And Macbeth, ſpeaketh of this day, ſoon after ſays:

So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen. WARBURTON.

The common idea of witches has always been, that they had abſolute power over the weather, and could raiſe ſtorms of any kind, or allay them, as they pleaſed. In conformity to this notion, Macbeth addreſſes them in the fourth act:

Though you untie the winds, &c. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, that *to us*, perverſe and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair*. JOHNSON.

This expreſſion ſeems to have been proverbial. Spenſer has it in the 4th book of the *Faery Queen*:

"Then *fair grew foul*, and *foul grew fair* in ſight."

FARMER.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.
Mal. This is the ſergeant,[9]
Who, like a good and hardy ſoldier, fought
'Gainſt my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didſt leave it.
Sold. Doubtfully it ſtood;
As two ſpent ſwimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The mercileſs Macdonwald[2]
(Worthy

[9] Holinſhed is the beſt interpreter of Shakſpeare in his hiſtorical plays; for he not only takes his facts from him, but often his very words and expreſſions. That hiſtorian, in his account of Macdowald's rebellion, mentions, that on the firſt appearance of a mutinous ſpirit among the people, the king ſent a *ſergeant at arms* into the country, to bring up the chief offenders to anſwer the charge preferred againſt them; but they, inſtead of obeying, *miſuſed the meſſenger with ſundry reproaches, and finally ſlew him.* This *ſergeant at arms* is certainly the origin of the *bleeding ſergeant* introduced on the preſent occaſion. Shakſpeare juſt caught *the name* from Holinſhed, but the reſt of the ſtory not ſuiting his purpoſe, he does not adhere to it. The ſtage-direction of entrance, where the *bleeding captain* is mentioned, was probably the work of the player editors, and not of the poet. STEEVENS.

[2] Thus the old copy. According to Holinſhed we ſhould read—*Macdowald.* STEEVENS.

So alſo the Scottiſh Chronicles. However, it is poſſible that Shakſpeare might have preferred the name that has been ſubſtituted, as better ſounding. It appears from a ſubſequent ſcene that he had attentively read Holinſhed's account of the murder of king duff, by *Donwald,* Lieutenant of the caſtle of Fores; in conſequence of which he might, either from inadvertence or choice, have here written—*Macdonwald.*

MALONE.

(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,[3]
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him,) from the weſtern iſles
Of Kernes and Gallowglaſſes is ſupplied;[4]
And fortune, on his damned quarrel ſmiling,[5]

Show'd

[3] i. e. *in addition* to that. The ſoldier who deſcribes Macdonwald, ſeems to mean, that, *in addition to his aſſumed character of rebel, he abounds with the numerous enormities to which man, in his natural ſtate, is liable.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——*is ſupplied*;] Whether *ſupplied of*, for *ſupplied from* or *with*, was a kind of Greciſm of Shakſpeare's expreſſion; or whether *of* be a corruption of the editors, who took *Kernes and Gallowglaſſes*, which were only light and heavy armed foot, to be the names of two of the weſtern iſlands, I don't know. *Hinc conjecturæ vigorem etiam adjiciunt armæ quædam Hibernica, Gallicis antiquis ſimilia, jacula nimirum peditum levis armaturæ quos* Kernos *vocant, nec non ſecures & loricæ ferreæ peditum illorum gravioris armaturæ, quos* Galloglaſſios *appellant.* Waræi Antiq. Hiber. cap. vi. WARBURTON.

Of and *with* are indiſcriminately uſed by our ancient writers.

Kernes and *Gallowglaſſes* are characterized in the Legend of *Roger Mortimer*. STEEVENS.

The old copy has *Gallow groſſes*. MALONE.

[5] The old copy has—*quarry*; but I am inclined to read *quarrel*. *Quarrel* was formerly uſed for *cauſe*, or for *the occaſion of a quarrel*, and is to be found in that ſenſe in Holinſhed's account of the ſtory of Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the prince of Cumberland, thought, ſays the hiſtorian, that he had *a juſt quarrel* to endeavour after the crown. The ſenſe therefore is, *Fortune ſmiling on his execrable cauſe*, &c. JOHNSON.

The word *quarrel* occurs in Holinſhed's relation of this very fact, and may be regarded as a ſufficient proof of its having been the term here employed by Shakſpeare: "Out of the weſtern iſles there came to Macdowald a great multitude of people, to aſſiſt him in that rebellious *quarrel*." Beſides, Macdowald's *quarry* (i. e. game) muſt have conſiſted of *Duncan's friends*, and would the ſpeaker then have applied the epithet—*damned* to them? and what have the ſmiles of fortune to do over a carnage, when we have defeated our enemies? Her buſineſs is then at an end. Her ſmiles or frowns are no longer of any conſequence. We only talk of theſe, while we are purſuing our *quarrel*, and the event of it is uncertain. STEEVENS.

The reading propoſed by Dr. Johnſon, and his explanation of it, are ſtrongly ſupported by a paſſage in this play of *Macbeth*:

"—— and the chance, of goodneſs,
"Be like our warranted *quarrel*."

Here we have *warranted quarrel* the exact oppoſite of *damned quarrel*, as the text is now regulated. MALONE.

Show'd like a rebel's whore :[6] But all's too weak :
For brave Macbeth, (well he deſerves that name,)
Diſdaining fortune, with his brandiſh'd ſteel,
Which ſmok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his paſſage, till he fac'd the ſlave ;
And ne'er ſhook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unſeam'd him from the nave to the chops,[7]
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant couſin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the ſun 'gins his reflection [8]
Shipwrecking

[6] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, that fortune, while ſhe ſmiled on him, deceived him. Shakſpeare probably alludes to Macdowald's firſt ſucceſsful action, elated by which he attempted to purſue his fortune, but loſt his life. MALONE.

[7] We ſeldom hear of ſuch terrible croſs blows given and received but by giants and miſcreants in *Amadis de Gaule*. Beſides, it muſt be a ſtrange aukward ſtroke that could unrip him upwards from the *navel* to the *chops*. But Shakſpeare certainly wrote :

—— *he unſeam'd him from the* nape *to the chops*.

i. e. cut his ſkull in two ; which might be done by a Highlander's ſword. This was a reaſonable blow, and very naturally expreſſed, on ſuppoſing it given when the head of the wearied combatant was reclining downwards at the latter end of a long duel. For the *nape* is the hinder part of the neck, where the *vertebræ* join to the bone of the ſkull. The word *unſeamed* likewiſe becomes very proper, and alludes to the ſuture which goes croſs the crown of the head in that direction called the *ſutura ſagittalis* ; and which, conſequently, muſt be opened by ſuch a ſtroke. WARBURTON.

The old reading is certainly the true one, being juſtified by a paſſage in *Dido Queene of Carthage*, by Tho. Naſh, 1594 :

" Then from the *navel* to the throat at once
" He *ript* old Priam." STEEVENS.

Again, by the following paſſage in an unpubliſhed play, entitled *The Witch*, by Thomas Middleton, in which the ſame wound is deſcribed, though the ſtroke is reverſed :

" Draw it, or I'll rip thee down from *neck* to NAVEL,
" Though there's ſmall glory in't." MALONE.

[8] The thought is expreſſed with ſome obſcurity, but the plain meaning is this : *As the ſame quarter, whence the bleſſing of day-light ariſes, ſometimes ſends us, by a dreadful reverſe, the calamities of ſtorms and tempeſts ; ſo the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promiſed us the comforts of peace, was immediately ſucceeded by the alarming news of the Norweyan invaſion.* The natural hiſtory of the winds, &c. is foreign to the explanation of this paſſage.

Shipwrecking ſtorms and direful thunders break;
So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells.[9] Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No ſooner juſtice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe ſkipping Kernes to truſt their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, ſurveying vantage,
With furbiſh'd arms, and new ſupplies of men,
Began a freſh aſſault.
Dun. Diſmay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes;
As ſparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;[2]
So they
Doubly redoubled ſtrokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

paſſage. Shakſpeare does not mean, in conformity to any theory, to ſay that ſtorms *generally* come from the eaſt. If it be allowed that they ſometimes iſſue from that quarter, it is ſufficient for the purpoſe of his compariſon. STEEVENS.

The natural hiſtory of the winds, &c. was idly introduced on this occaſion by Dr. Warburton. MALONE.

[9] *Diſcomfort* the natural oppoſite to *comfort*. JOHNSON.

[2] That is, with double charges; a metonymy of the effect for the cauſe. HEATH.

Mr. Theobald has endeavoured to improve the ſenſe of this paſſage, by altering the punctuation thus:

——————— *they were*
As cannons overcharg'd; with double cracks
So they redoubled ſtrokes———

He declares, with ſome degree of exultation, that he has no idea of a *cannon charged with double cracks*; but ſurely the great author will not gain much by an alteration which makes him ſay of a hero, that he *redoubles ſtrokes with double cracks*, an expreſſion not more loudly to be applauded, or more eaſily pardoned, than that which is rejected in its favour.

That a *cannon is charged with thunder*, or *with double thunders*, may be written, not only without nonſenſe, but with elegance; and nothing elſe is here meant by *cracks*, which in the time of this writer was a word of ſuch emphaſis and dignity, that in this play he terms the general diſſolution of nature the *crack of doom*. JOHNSON.

Or memorize another Golgotha,[3]
I cannot tell:——
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They ſmack of honour both:—Go, get him ſurgeons.
[*Exit* Soldier, *attended.*

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Roſſe.

Len. What a haſte looks through his eyes! So ſhould he look,
That ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.[4]

Roſſe. God ſave the king!

Dun. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy thane?

Roſſe. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the ſky,[5]
And

[3] That is, or make another Golgotha, which ſhould be celebrated and delivered down to poſterity, with as frequent mention as the firſt. HEATH.

The word *memorize*, which ſome ſuppoſe to have been coined by Shakſpeare, is uſed by Spenſer in a ſonnet to lord Buckhurſt prefixed to his *Paſtorals*, 1579. T. WARTON.

The word is likewiſe uſed by Drayton; and by Chapman, in his tranſlation of the ſecond book of *Homer*, 1598; and again, in a copy of verſes prefixed to Sir Arthur Gorges's tranſlation of *Lucan*, 1614. STEEVENS.

[4] The meaning of this paſſage, as it now ſtands, is, *ſo ſhould he look, that looks as if he told things ſtrange.* But Roſſe neither yet told ſtrange things, nor could look as if he told them. Lenox only conjectured from his air that he had ſtrange things to tell, and therefore undoubtedly ſaid:

What a haſte looks through his eyes!
So ſhould he look, that ſeems *to ſpeak things ſtrange.*

He looks like one that is *big with* ſomething of importance; a metaphor ſo natural that it is every day uſed in common diſcourſe. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves that the meaning of Lenox is, "So ſhould he look, who ſeems as if he had ſtrange things to ſpeak." STEEVENS.

That ſeems *to ſpeak things ſtrange.*] i. e. that ſeems *about* to ſpeak ſtrange things. Our author himſelf furniſhes us with the beſt comment on this paſſage. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with nearly the ſame idea:

"The buſineſs of this man *looks out of him.*" MALONE.

[5] The banners may be poetically deſcribed as waving in *mockery* or *defiance* of the ſky.

The

And fan our people cold.[6]
Norway himſelf, with terrible numbers,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a diſmal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,[7]
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,[8]
Point againſt point rebellious, arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;——
Dun. Great happineſs!
Roſſe. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king,[9] craves compoſition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

The ſenſe of the paſſage, however, collectively taken, is this.—*Where the triumphant flutter of the Norweyan ſtandards ventilates or cools the ſoldiers who had been heated through their efforts to ſecure ſuch numerous trophies of victory.* STEEVENS.

This paſſage has perhaps been miſunderſtood. The meaning ſeems to be, not that the Norweyan banners proudly inſulted the ſky; but that, the ſtandards being taken by Duncan's forces, and fixed in the ground, the colours idly flapped about, ſerving only to cool the conquerors, inſtead of being proudly diſplayed by their former poſſeſſors. The line in *K. John*, therefore, is the moſt perfect comment on this. MALONE.

[6] In all probability ſome words that rendered this a complete verſe, have been omitted; a loſs more frequently to be deplored in the preſent tragedy, than perhaps in any other of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[7] This paſſage may be added to the many others, which ſhow how little Shakſpeare knew of ancient mythology. HENLEY.

[8] By *him*, in this verſe, is meant Norway; as the plain conſtruction of the Engliſh requires. And the aſſiſtance the *thane of Cawdor* had given Norway, was underhand; (which Roſſe and Angus, indeed, had diſcovered, but was unknown to Macbeth;) Cawdor being in the court all this while, as appears from Angus's ſpeech to Macbeth, when he meets him to ſalute him with the title, and inſinuates his crime to be *lining the rebel with* hidden *help and 'vantage*.

—— *with* ſelf-compariſons,] i. e. gave him as good as he brought, ſhew'd he was his equal. WARBURTON.

[9] The preſent irregularity of metre induces me to believe that—*Sweno* was only a marginal reference, injudiciouſly thruſt into the text; and that the line originally ſtood thus;

That now the Norways' king craves compoſition.

Could it have been neceſſary for Roſſe to tell Duncan the name of his old enemy, the king of Norway? STEEVENS.

Till he diſburſed, at Saint Colmes' inch,[2]
Ten thouſand dollars to our general uſe.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor ſhall deceive
Our boſom intereſt:—Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Roſſe. I'll ſee it done.

Dun. What he hath loſt, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Where haſt thou been, ſiſter?
2. *Witch.* Killing ſwine.
3. *Witch.* Siſter, where thou?[3]
1. *Witch.* A ſailor's wife had cheſnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—*Give me,* quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch![4] the rump-fed ronyon[5] cries.[6]

Her

[2] *Colmes-inch*, now called *Inchcomb*, is a ſmall iſland lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or *The Iſle of Columba*. Some of the modern editors, without authority, read—

Saint Colmes'-kill Iſle:

but very erroneouſly; for *Colmes' Inch*, and *Colm-kill*, are two different iſlands; the former lying on the eaſtern coaſt, near the place where the Danes were defeated; the latter in the weſtern ſeas, being the famous Iona, one of the Hebrides. STEEVENS.

[3] I cannot help ſuppoſing that theſe three ſpeeches, collectively taken, were meant to form one verſe, as follows:

1. *Witch.* Where haſt been, ſiſter?
2. *Witch.* Killing ſwine.
3. *Witch.* Where thou?

STEEVENS.

[4] *Aroint*, or avaunt, be gone. POPE.

In one of the folio editions the reading is—*Anoint thee*, in a ſenſe very conſiſtent with the common account of witches, who are related to perform many ſupernatural acts by the means of unguents, and particularly to fly through the air to the places where they meet at their helliſh feſtivals.

In

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,[7]
And, like a rat without a tail,[8]
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2. *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.[9]

1. *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3. *Witch.* And I another.

1. *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,[2]
All the quarters that they know

In this sense, *anoint thee, witch*, will mean, *Away, witch, to your infernal assembly*. This reading I was inclined to favour, because I had met with the word *aroint* in no other author; till looking into Hearne's Collections I found it in a very old drawing, that he has published, in which St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one, that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with these words, OUT OUT ARONGT, of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage. JOHNSON.

[5] The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others. COLEPEPER.

[6] i. e. scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux, royne*, scurf. STEEVENS.

[7] Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches "could sail in an egg shell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas." STEEVENS.

[8] It should be remembered (as it was the belief of the times), that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting.

The reason given by some of the old writers, for such a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beasts, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of tail common to almost all our four-footed creatures. STEEVENS.

[9] This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship, for witches were supposed to sell them. STEEVENS.

[2] As the word *very* is here of no other use than to fill up the verse, it is likely that Shakspeare wrote *various*, which might be easily mistaken for *very*, being either negligently read, hastily pronounced, or imperfectly heard. JOHNSON.

The

I' the ſhipman's card.[3]
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep ſhall, neither night nor day;
Hang upon his penthouſe lid;
He ſhall live a man forbid:[4]
Weary ſev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle,[5] peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
Look what I have.

2. *Witch.* Show me, ſhow me.

1. *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3. *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All.

The *very* ports are the exact ports. *Very* is uſed here (as in a thouſand inſtances which might be brought) to expreſs the declaration more emphatically.

Inſtead of *ports*, however, I had formerly read *points*; but erroneouſly. In ancient language, to *blow* ſometimes means to *blow upon*. We ſtill ſay, it blows Eaſt, or Weſt, without a prepoſition. STEEVENS.

[3] The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle; or perhaps the *ſea-chart*, ſo called in our author's age. STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. as one under a *curſe*, an *interdiction*. So, afterwards in this play: "By his own *interdiction* ſtands *accurs'd*."

So among the Romans, an outlaw's ſentence was, *Aquæ & Ignis* interdictio; i. e. he was forbid the uſe of water and fire, which imply'd the *neceſſity of baniſhment*. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has very juſtly explained *forbid* by *accurſed*, but without giving any reaſon of his interpretation. To *bid* is originally *to pray*, as in this Saxon fragment:

He ıſ pıſ þ bız ⁊ boze, &c.

He is wiſe that prays *and makes amends.*

As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in oppoſition to the word *bid* in its preſent ſenſe, it ſignifies by the ſame kind of oppoſition to *curſe*, when it is derived from the ſame word in its primitive meaning. JOHNSON.

A *forbodin* fellow, Scot. ſignifies an *unhappy* one. STEEVENS.

It may be added that "*bitten* and *Verbieten*, in the German, ſignify to pray and to interdict." S. W.

[5] This miſchief was ſuppoſed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which repreſented the perſon who was to be conſumed by ſlow degrees. STEEVENS.

All. The weird ſiſters, hand in hand,[6]
Poſters of the ſea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?[7]—What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may queſtion?[8] You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips:—You ſhould be women,[9]

[6] *The* weird *ſiſters, hand in hand,*] Theſe weird *ſiſters*, were the *Fates* of the northern nations; the three hand-maids of Odin. It is for this reaſon that Shakſpeare makes them *three*; and calls them,

Poſters of the ſea and land;

and intent only upon death and miſchief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this northern, the Greek and Roman ſuperſtitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it ſtill more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a ſufficient quantity of our own country ſuperſtition concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomſticks. So that his *witch-ſcenes* are like the *charm* they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *ſhocking* in the *natural* world, as here, from every thing *abſurd* in the *moral*. But as extragant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience from that time to this.

WARBURTON.

[7] The king at this time reſided at *Fores*, a town in *Murray*, not far from *Invernels*. "It fortuned, (ſays Holinſhed) as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards *Fores*, where the king then lay, they went ſporting by the way, without other company, ſave only themſelves, when ſuddenly in the midſt of a laund there met them three women in ſtrange and wild apparell, reſembling creatures of the elder world." &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *That man may queſtion?*] Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converſe, or of whom it is lawful to *aſk queſtions?*

JOHNSON.

[9] In *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592, there is an enumeration

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.

Mach. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth![2] hail to thee, thane of Glamis![3]

2. *Witch.*

enumeration of ſpirits and their offices; and of certain watry ſpirits it is ſaid—"by the help of Alynach a ſpirit of the Weſt, they will raiſe ſtormes, cauſe earthquakes, rayne, haile or ſnow, in the cleareſt day that is; and if ever they appeare to anie man, they come in *women's* apparell."

HENDERSON.

[2] It hath lately been repeated from Mr. Guthrie's *Eſſay upon Engliſh Tragedy*, that the *portrait* of Macbeth's *wife* is copied from Buchanan, "whoſe ſpirit, as well as words, is tranſlated into the play of Shakſpeare: and it had ſignified nothing to have pored only on Holinſhed for *facts*."—"Animus etiam, per ſe ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris (quæ omnium conſiliorum ei erat conſcia) ſtimulabatur."——This is the whole, that Buchanan ſays of the *Lady*, and truly I ſee no more *ſpirit* in the Scotch than in the Engliſh chronicler. "The wordes of the three weird ſiſters alſo greatly encouraged him [to the murder of Duncan,] but ſpecially his wife lay ſore upon him to attempt the thing, as ſhe that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable deſire to bear the name of a queene." Edit. 1577, p. 244.

This part of Holinſhed is an abridgment of Johne Bellenden's tranſlation of the *noble clerk, Hector Boece, imprinted at Edinburgh*, in fol. 1541. I will give the paſſage as it is found there. "His wyfe impacient of langtary (*as all wemen ar*) ſpecially quhare they are deſirus of ony purpos, gaif hym gret artation to purſew the third wierd, that ſche micht be ane quene, calland hym oft tymis febyl cowart and nocht deſyrus of honouris, ſen he durſt not aſſatize the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to hym be beniuolence of fortoun. Howbeit ſindry otheris hes aſſailzeit ſic thinges afore with maiſt terribyl jeopardyis, quhen they had not ſic ſickernes to ſucceid in the end of thair laubouris as he had." p. 173.

But we can *demonſtrate*, that Shakſpeare had not the ſtory from Buchanan. According to *him*, the weird ſiſters ſalute Macbeth: "Una Anguſiæ Thanum, altera Moraviæ, tertia Regem."——Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c. but according to Holinſhed, immediately from Bellenden, as it ſtands in Shakſpeare: "The firſt of them ſpake and ſayde, All hayle Makbeth Thane of Glammis,—the ſecond of them ſayde, Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawdor; but the third ſayde, All hayle Makbeth, that hereafter ſhall be *king of Scotland*." p. 243.

1 Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!*

2 Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!*

3 Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! that ſhalt be king hereafter!*

Here too our poet found the equivocal predictions, on which his hero ſo fatally

2. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor![4]

3. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that ſhalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good ſir, why do you ſtart; and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair?—I'the name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical,[5] or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhow? My noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having,[6] and of royal hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal;[7] to me you ſpeak not:
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1. *Witch.* Hail!

2. *Witch.* Hail!

3. *Witch.* Hail!

1. *Witch.* Leſſer than Macbeth, and greater.

fatally depended: "He had learned of certaine wyſards, how that he ought to take heede of Macduffe:——and ſurely hereupon had he put Macduffe to death, but a certaine witch, whom he had in great truſt, had tolde, that he ſhould neuer be ſlain with *man borne of any woman*, nor vanquiſhed till the wood of Bernane came to the caſtell of Dunſinane." p. 244. And the ſcene between Malcolm and Macduff in the fourth act is almoſt literally taken from the *Chronicle*. FARMER.

All hail, *Macbeth!*] *All hail* is a corruption of *al-hael*, Sax. i. e. *ave*, *ſalve*. MALONE.

3 The thaneſhip of *Glamis* was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The caſtle where they lived is ſtill ſtanding, and was lately the magnificent reſidence of the earl of Strathmore. See a particular deſcription of it in Mr. Gray's letter to Dr. Wharton, dated from *Glames Caſtle*. STEVENS.

4 Dr. Johnſon obſerves in his *Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland*, that part of *Calder Caſtle*, from which Macbeth drew his ſecond title, is ſtill remaining. STEEVENS.

5 By *fantaſtical* is not meant, according to the common ſignification, creatures of his own brain; for he could not be ſo extravagant to aſk ſuch a queſtion: but it is uſed for *ſupernatural*, *ſpiritual*. WARBURTON.

By *fantaſtical*, he means creatures of *fantaſy* or imagination: the queſtion is, Are theſe real beings before us, or are we deceived by illuſions of fancy? JOHNSON.

6 *Having* is eſtate, poſſeſſion, fortune. STEEVENS.

7 *Rapt* is rapturouſly affected, *extra ſe raptus*. STEEVENS.

2. *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3. *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get kings, though thou be none;
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1. *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's[8] death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A proſperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vaniſh.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And theſe are of them:—Whither are they vaniſh'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what ſeem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had ſtaid!

Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten of the inſane root,[9]
That takes the reaſon priſoner?

Macb. Your children ſhall be kings

Ban. You ſhall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not ſo?

Ban. To the ſelf-ſame tune, and words. Who's here?

[8] The father of Macbeth. POPE.

His true name, which however appears, but perhaps only typographically, corrupted to *Synele* in Hector Boethius, from whom, by means of his old Scottiſh tranſlator, it came to the knowledge of Holinſhed, was *Finleg*. Both *Finlay* and *Macbeath* are common ſurnames in Scotland at this moment. RITSON.

[9] The *inſane* root is the root which makes inſane. THEOBALD.

Shakſpeare alludes to the qualities anciently aſcribed to hemlock. STEEVENS.

The commentators have given themſelves much trouble to aſcertain the *name* of this root, but its name was, I believe, unknown to Shakſpeare, as it is to his readers; Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch, having probably furniſhed him with the only knowledge he had of its qualities, without ſpecifying its name. MALONE.

Enter

Enter ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

Roſſe. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy ſucceſs: and when he reads
Thy perſonal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his:[2] Silenc'd with that,[3]
In viewing o'er the reſt o' the ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyſelf didſt make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,[4]
Came poſt with poſt; and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

[2] i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a deſire to do them publick juſtice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence.—Or,—There is a conteſt in his mind whether he ſhould indulge his deſire of publiſhing to the world the commendations due to your heroiſm, or whether he ſhould remain in ſilent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its deſert.

Mr. M. Maſon would read *wonder*, not *wonders*; for, ſays he, "I believe the word *wonder*, in the ſenſe of *admiration*, has no plural." In modern language it certainly has none; yet I cannot help thinking that, in the preſent inſtance, plural was oppoſed to plural by Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[3] i. e. wrapp'd in ſilent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c. MALONE.

[4] Meaning, that the news came as *thick* as a *tale* can *travel* with the *poſt*. Or we may read, perhaps, yet better;

——— *As thick as tale,*
Came *poſt with poſt*; ———

That is, poſts arrived as faſt as they could be counted. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*Can* poſt. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. Dr. Johnſon's explanation would be leſs exceptionable, if the old copy had—As *quick* as tale. *Thick* applies but ill to *tale*, and ſeems rather to favour Mr. Rowe's emendation. MALONE.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is perfectly juſtifiable. As *thick*, in ancient language, ſignified as *faſt*. To *ſpeak thick*, in our author, does not therefore mean, to have a *cloudy indiſtinct utterance*, but to *deliver words with rapidity*. *Thick* therefore is not leſs applicable to *tale*, the old reading, than to *hail*, the alteration of Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our royal maſter, thanks;
To herald thee into his ſight, not pay thee.

Roſſe. And, for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil ſpeak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dreſs me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greateſt is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children ſhall be kings,
When thoſe that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?

Ban. That, truſted home,[4]
Might yet enkindle you [5] unto the crown,
Beſides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths;
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.—
Couſins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,[6]

As

[4] i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on. STEEVENS.

The added word *home* ſhows clearly, in my apprehenſion, that our author wrote—That *thruſtful* home; an expreſſion uſed at this day; but "*truſted* home," I believe, was never uſed at any period whatſoever. MALONE.

[5] *Enkindle*, for to ſtimulate you to ſeek. WARBURTON.

Might *fire* you with the hope of obtaining the crown. HENLEY.

[6] How the former of theſe truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to learn

Macbeth

As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This ſupernatural ſoliciting[7]
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion[8]
Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my ſeated[9] heart knock at my ribs,

Againſt

Macbeth could not become Thane of Glamis, till after his father's deceaſe, of which there is no mention throughout the play. If the Hag only announced what Macbeth already underſtood to have happened, her words could ſcarcely claim rank as a prediction. STEEVENS.

From the Scottiſh tranſlation of Boethius it ſhould ſeem that Sinel, the father of Macbeth, died after Macbeth's having been met by the weird ſiſters. This indeed is inconſiſtent with our author's words, "By Sinel's death, I know, *I am* thane of Glamis;"—but Hollinſhed, who was his guide, in his abridgment of the hiſtory of Boethius, has particularly mentioned that Sinel died *before* Macbeth met the weird ſiſters: we may therefore be ſure that Shakſpeare meant it to be underſtood that Macbeth had already acceded to his paternal title. Bellenden only ſays, "The firſt of thaim ſaid to Macbeth, Hale thane of Glammis The ſecound ſaid, &c." But in Holinſhed the relation runs thus, conformably to the Latin original: "The firſt of them ſpake and ſaid, All haile Macbeth, thane of Glammis (*for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell*). The ſecond of them ſaid," &c.

Still however the objection made by Mr. Steevens remains in its full force; for ſince he knew that "by Sinel's death he was thane of Glamis," how can this ſalutation be conſidered as *prophetick*? Or why ſhould he afterwards ſay, with *admiration*, "GLAMIS, and thane of Cawdor;" &c? Perhaps we may ſuppoſe that the father of Macbeth died ſo recently before his interview with the weirds, that the news of it had not yet got abroad; in which caſe, though Macbeth himſelf knew it, he might conſider their giving him the title of Thane of Glamis as a proof of ſupernatural intelligence.

I ſuſpect our author was led to uſe the expreſſions which have occaſioned the preſent note, by the following words of Holinſhed: "The ſame night after, at ſupper, Banquo jeſted with him, and ſaid, Now Macbeth, thou haſt obteined *thoſe things which the* TWO *former ſiſters* PROPHESIED: there remaineth onelie for thee to purchaſe that which the third ſaid ſhould come to paſſe." MALONE.

[7] *Soliciting* for information. WARBURTON.

Soliciting is rather, in my opinion, *incitement*, than *information*. JOHNSON.

[8] i. e. temptation. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *ſeated* ——] i. e. fixed, firmly placed. STEEVENS.

Againſt the uſe of nature? Preſent fears
Are leſs than horrible imaginings:[2]
My thought, whoſe murder yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man,[3] that function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.[4]

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my ſtir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our ſtrange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the rougheſt day.[5]

Ban.

[2] *Preſent fears* are *fears of things preſent*, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be leſs than the *imagination* preſents them while the objects are yet diſtant. JOHNSON.

By *preſent fears* is meant, the *actual preſence of any objects of terror*. So, in Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, Curio ſays to Alphonſo,

"Mercy upon me, Sir, why are you *feared* thus?"

Meaning, thus *affrighted*. M. MASON.

[3] The *ſingle ſtate of man* ſeems to be uſed by Shakſpeare for an *individual*, in oppoſition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body*. JOHNSON.

By *ſingle* ſtate of man, Shakſpeare might poſſibly mean ſomewhat more than *individuality*. He who, in the peculiar ſituation of Macbeth, is meditating a murder, dares not communicate his thoughts, and conſequently derives neither ſpirit, nor advantage, from the countenance, or ſagacity, of others. This ſtate of man may properly be ſtyled *ſingle*, ſolitary, or defenceleſs, as it excludes the benefits of participation, and has no reſources but in itſelf. It ſhould be obſerved, however, that *double* and *ſingle* anciently ſignified *ſtrong* and *weak*, when applied to liquors, and perhaps to other objects. The *ſingle* ſtate of Macbeth may therefore ſignify his *weak* and *debile* ſtate of mind. STEEVENS.

[4] All powers of action are oppreſſed and cruſhed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is preſent to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no exiſtence. JOHNSON.

Surmiſe, is ſpeculation, conjecture concerning the future. MALONE.

[5] "By this, I confeſs, I do not with his two laſt commentators imagine is meant either the tautology of time and the hour, or an alluſion to time painted with an hour-glaſs, or an exhortation to time to haſten forward, but rather to ſay *tempus & hora*, time and occaſion, will carry the thing

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we ſtay upon your leiſure.
Macb. Give me your favour:[6]—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten.[7] Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are regiſter'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.[8]—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it,[9] let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die:[2] who did report,
That

thing through, and bring it to ſome determined point and end, let its nature be what it will." This note is taken from an *Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of Shakſpeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

Such tautology is common to Shakſpeare.

"The very *head* and *front* of my offending,"

is little leſs reprehenſible. *Time and the hour*, is Time with his hours. STEEVENS.

6 —— *favour:*] i. e. indulgence, pardon. STEEVENS.

7 My head was *worked*, *agitated*, put into commotion. JOHNSON.

8 He means, as Mr. Upton has obſerved, that they are regiſtered in the table-book of his heart. So Hamlet ſpeaks of the *table* of his *memory*. MALONE.

9 This *intervening portion of time* is almoſt perſonified: it is repreſented as a cool impartial judge; as *the pauſer Reaſon*. Or perhaps we ſhould read – *I'* th' interim. STEEVENS.

I believe, *the interim* is uſed adverbially: "you having weighed it *in* the interim." MALONE.

2 The behaviour of the *thane of Cawdor* correſponds in almoſt every circumſtance with that of the unfortunate earl of Eſſex, as related by Stowe

That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons;
Implor'd your highneſs' pardon; and ſet forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that hath been ſtudied in his death,[3]
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:[4]
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.—O worthieſt couſin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS,

The ſin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wing of recompence is ſlow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to ſay,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.[5]

Macb.

Stowe, p. 793. His aſking the queen's forgiveneſs, his confeſſion, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the ſcaffold, are minutely deſcribed by that hiſtorian. Such an alluſion could not fail of having the deſired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witneſſes to the ſeverity of that juſtice which deprived the age of one of its greateſt ornaments, and Southampton, Shakſpear's patron, of his deareſt friend. STEEVENS.

[3] Inſtructed in the art of dying. It was uſual to ſay *ſtudied*, for *learned* in ſcience. JOHNSON.

His own profeſſion furniſhed our author with this phraſe. To be *ſtudied* in a part, or to have *ſtudied* it, is yet the technical term of the theatre. MALONE.

4 The *conſtruction of the mind* is, I believe, a phraſe peculiar to Shakſpeare: it implies the *frame* or *diſpoſition* of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have underſtood the word *conſtruction* in this place, in the ſenſe of *frame* or *ſtructure*; but the ſchool-term was, I believe, intended by Shakſpeare. The meaning is,—*We cannot* conſtrue *or diſcover the diſpoſition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.* MALONE.

[5] More is due to thee, than, I will not ſay *all*, but, *more* than all, i. e. the greateſt recompence, can pay. Thus in Plautus: *Nihilo minus.*

Macb. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itſelf. Your highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and ſtate, children, and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing[6]
Safe toward your love and honour.[7]
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.[8]—Noble Banquo,
That haſt no leſs deſerv'd, nor muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow.—Sons, kinſmen, thanes,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,

We

There is an obſcurity in this paſſage, ariſing from the word *all* which is not uſed here perſonally (more than all perſons can pay) but for the whole wealth of the ſpeaker. MALONE.

[6] From Scripture: "So when ye ſhall have done all thoſe things which are commanded you, ſay, We are unprofitable ſervants: we have done that which was our duty to do." HENLEY.

[7] Mr. Upton gives the word *ſafe* as an inſtance of an adjective uſed adverbially. STEEVENS.

Read—"*Safe* (i. e. ſaved) toward *you* love and honour;" and then the ſenſe will be—"Our duties are your children, and ſervants or vaſſals to your throne and ſtate; who do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing, with a ſaving of their love and honour toward you." The whole is an alluſion to the forms of doing homage in the feudal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king was abſolute and without any exception; but *ſimple homage*, when done to a ſubject for lands holden of him, was always with a *ſaving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the ſovereign. "*Sauf la foy que jo doy a noſtre ſeignor le roy*," as it is in Littleton. And though the expreſſion be ſomewhat ſtiff and forced, it is not more ſo than many others in this play, and ſuits well with the ſituation of Macbeth, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elſewhere ſays, [in *Julius Cæſar*:]

"When love begins to ſicken and decay,
"It uſeth an enforced ceremony." BLACKSTONE.

[8] Is, I believe, exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth. MALONE.

We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour muſt
Not, unaccompanied, inveſt him only,
But ſigns of nobleneſs, like ſtars, ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers.—From hence to Inverneſs,[9]
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland![2]—That is a ſtep,

On

[9] Dr. Johnſon obſerves, in his *Journey to the Weſtern Iſles of Scotland*, that the walls of the caſtle of Macbeth at *Inverneſs* are yet ſtanding. STEEVENS.

The circumſtance of Duncan's viſiting Macbeth is ſupported by hiſtory; for, from the Scottiſh Chronicle, it appears, that it was cuſtomary for the king to make a progreſs through his dominions every year. *Fordun. Scotichron.* Lib. IV. c. xliv. and Buchan. Lib. VII. MALONE.

[2] So, Holinſhed, *Hiſt. of Scotland*, p. 171: "Duncan having two ſonnes, &c. he made the elder of them, called *Malcolme*, prince of *Cumberland*, as it were thereby to appoint him ſucceſſor in his kingdome immediatlie after his deceaſe. Mackbeth ſorely troubled herewith, for that he ſaw by this meanes his hope ſore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that ſhould ſucceed were not of able age to take the charge upon himſelf, he that was next of bloud unto him ſhould be admitted,) he began to take counſel how he might uſurpe the kingdome by force, having a juſt quarrel ſo to doe (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might, in time to come, pretend unto the crowne." The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a ſucceſſor was declared in the life-time of a king (as was often the caſe,) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately beſtowed on him as the mark of his deſignation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief. STEEVENS.

The former part of Mr. Steevens's remark is ſupported by Bellenden's Tranſlation of *Hector Boethius*. So alſo Buchanan, Rerum Scoticarum Hiſt. lib. vii. It has been aſſerted by an anonymous writer [Mr. Ritſon] that "the crown of Scotland was always hereditary, and that it ſhould ſeem from the play that Malcolm was the *firſt* who had the title of *Prince* of Cumberland." An extract or two from Hector Boethius will be ſufficient relative to theſe points. In the tenth chapter of the eleventh book of

On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap, [*Aſide.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light ſee my black and deep deſires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full ſo valiant;[3]
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

of his Hiſtory we are informed, that ſome of the friends of Kenneth III. the eightieth king of Scotland, came among the nobles, deſiring them to chooſe Malcolm, the ſon of Kenneth, to be Lord Cumbir, "*yt he mycht be yt way the better cum to yᵉ crown after his faderis deid.*" Two of the nobles ſaid, it was in the power of Kenneth to make whom he pleaſed Lord of Cumberland; and Malcolm was accordingly appointed. "Sic thingis done, king Kenneth, be adviſe of his nobles, *abrogat y auld lawis* concerning the creation of yair king, and made new lawis in manner as followes: 1. The king beand deceſſit, his eldeſt ſon or his eldeſt nepot, (notwithſtanding quhat ſumevir age he be of, and youcht he was born efter his faderis death,) ſal ſuccede yᵉ croun," &c. Notwithſtanding this precaution, Malcolm, the eldeſt ſon of Kenneth, did *not* ſucceed to the throne after the death of his father; for after Kenneth reigned Conſtantine, the ſon of king Culyne. To him ſucceeded Gryme, who was *not* the ſon of Conſtantine, but the grandſon of king Duffe. Gryme, ſays Boethius, came to Scone, "quhare he was crownit by the tenour of the auld lawis." After the death of Gryme, Malcolm, the ſon of king Kenneth, whom Boethius frequently calls *Prince* of Cumberland, became king of Scotland; and to him ſucceeded Duncan, the ſon of his eldeſt daughter. Theſe breaches, however, in the ſucceſſion appear to have been occaſioned by violence in turbulent times; and though the eldeſt ſon could not ſucceed to the throne, if he happened to be a minor at the death of his father, yet, as by the ancient laws the *next of blood* was to reign, the Scottiſh monarchy may be ſaid to have been hereditary, ſubject however to peculiar regulations. MALONE.

[3] i. e. *he is to the full as valiant as you have deſcribed him.* We muſt imagine, that while Macbeth was uttering the ſix preceding lines, Duncan and Banquo had been conferring apart. Macbeth's conduct appears to have been their ſubject; and to ſome encomium ſuppoſed to have been beſtowed on him by Banquo, the reply of Duncan refers. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Inverneſs. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M.—*They met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have learned by the perfecteſt report,*[4] *they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves—air, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came meſſives*[5] *from the king; who all-hail'd me,* Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, theſe weird ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that ſhalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my deareſt partner of greatneſs; that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promiſed thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way: Thou would'ſt be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily; would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly win: thoud'ſt have, great Glamis,[6]
That which cries, *Thus thou muſt do, if thou have it;*
And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,[7]

Than

4 By the beſt intelligence. JOHNSON.

5 i. e. meſſengers. STEEVENS.

6 As the object of Macbeth's deſire is here introduced ſpeaking of itſelf, it is neceſſary to read,

—— *thou'd'ſt have, great Glamis,*
That which cries, thus thou muſt do, if thou have *me.*

JOHNSON.

7 The conſtruction, perhaps, is, thou would'ſt have that, [i. e. the crown,] which cries unto thee, *thou muſt do thus, if thou would'ſt have it, and* thou muſt do *that which rather,* &c. Sir T. Hanmer without neceſſity reads

Than art moſt ſhould be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirit, in thine ear;
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.[8]——What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The king comes here to-night.
Lady. M. Thou'rt mad to ſay it:
Is not thy maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Atten. So pleaſe you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who, almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.
Lady. M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himſelf is hoarſe,[9]
[*Exit Attendant.*
That

reads—And that's what rather—. The difficulty of this line and the ſucceeding hemiſtich ſeems to have ariſen from their not being conſidered as part of the ſpeech uttered by the object of Macbeth's ambition. As ſuch they appear to me, and I have therefore diſtinguiſhed them by Italicks. MALONE.

This regulation is certainly proper, and I have followed it. STEEVENS.

[8] For *ſeem*, the ſenſe evidently directs us to read *ſeek*. The crown to which fate deſtines thee, and which preternatural agents *endeavour* to beſtow upon thee. The *golden round* is the *diadem*. JOHNSON.

Metaphyſical which Dr. Warburton has juſtly obſerved, means *ſupernatural*, ſeems in our author's time to have had no other meaning. In the *Engliſh Dictionary* by H. C. 1655, *Metaphyſicks* are thus explained: "Supernatural arts." MALONE.

[9] Dr. Warburton reads:

——— *The raven himſelf's* not *hoarſe*,

Yet I think the preſent words may ſtand. The meſſenger, ſays the ſervant, had hardly breath *to make up his meſſage*; to which the lady anſwers mentally, that he may well want breath, ſuch a meſſage would add hoarſeneſs to the raven. That even the bird, whoſe harſh voice is accuſtomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance of* Duncan but in a note of unwonted harſhneſs. JOHNSON.

The

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you ſpirits
That tend on mortal thoughts,[2] unſex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direſt cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to remorſe;[3]
That no compunctious viſitings of natnre
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it![4] Come to my woman's breaſts,
And take my milk for gall,[5] you murd'ring miniſters,
Wherever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on nature's miſchief:[6] Come, thick night,

And

The following is, in my opinion, the ſenſe of this paſſage.

Give him tending; the news he brings are worth the ſpeed that made him loſe his breath. [*Exit Attendant.*] 'Tis certain now—*the raven himſelf is* ſpent, is *hoarſe* by croaking this very meſſage, *the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.*

Lady Macbeth (for ſhe was not yet *unſexed*) was likelier to be deterred from her deſign than encouraged in it by the ſuppoſed thought that the meſſage and the prophecy, (though equally ſecrets to the meſſenger and the raven,) had deprived the one of ſpeech, and added harſhneſs to the other's note. Unleſs we abſurdly ſuppoſe the meſſenger acquainted with the hidden import of his meſſage, *ſpeed* alone had intercepted his breath, as *repetition* the raven's voice; though the lady conſidered both as organs of that deſtiny which hurried Duncan into her meſhes. FUSELI.

[2] This expreſſion ſignifies not *the thoughts of mortals*, but *murderous, deadly*, or *deſtructive deſigns*. JOHNSON.

[3] *Remorſe*, in ancient language, ſignifies pity. STEEVENS.

[4] The intent of Lady Macbeth evidently is to wiſh that no womaniſh tenderneſs, or conſcientious remorſe, may hinder her purpoſe from proceeding to effect; but neither this, nor indeed any other ſenſe, is expreſſed by the preſent reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that Shakſpeare wrote differently, perhaps thus:

That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep pace *between*
The effect and it.———

To *keep* pace *between*, may ſignify *to paſs between*, to *intervene*. *Pace* is on many occaſions a favourite of Shakſpeare's. This phraſe is indeed not uſual in this ſenſe; but was it not its novelty that gave occaſion to the preſent corruption? JOHNSON.

[5] *Take* away *my milk*, and put *gall* into the place. JOHNSON.

[6] *Nature's miſchief* is miſchief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedneſs. JOHNSON.

3

And pall thee [7] in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell!
That my keen knife [8] ſee not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,[9]
To cry, *Hold, hold!*[2] ——Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor![3]
Enter

[7] i. e. wrap thyſelf in a *pall*. WARBURTON.

A *pall* is a robe of ſtate. So, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date;

"The knyghtes were clothed in *pall*."

Dr. Warburton ſeems to mean the covering which is thrown over the dead.

To *pall*, however, in the preſent inſtance, (as Mr. Douce obſerves to me,) may ſimply mean—to *wrap*, to *inveſt*. STEEVENS.

[8] The word *knife*, which at preſent has a familiar undignified meaning, was anciently uſed to expreſs a *ſword or dagger*. STEEVENS.

To avoid a multitude of examples, which in the preſent inſtance do not ſeem wanted, I ſhall only obſerve that Mr. Steevens's remark might be confirmed by quotations without end. REED.

Blanket was perhaps ſuggeſted to our poet by the coarſe *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which probably, while the houſe was yet but half-lighted, he had himſelf often *peeped*. MALONE.

[9] On this paſſage there is a long criticiſm in the *Rambler*, Number 168. JOHNSON.

In this criticiſm the epithet *dun* is objected to as a mean one. Milton, however, appears to have been of a different opinion, and has repreſented Satan as flying

"——— in the *dun* air ſublime." STEEVENS.

The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital puniſhment upon "whoſoever ſhall ſtrike ſtroke at his adverſary, either in the heat or otherwiſe, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place incloſed: and then no man ſhall be ſo hardy as to bid *hold*, but the general." P. 264 of Mr. Bellay's *Inſtructions for the Wars*, tranſlated in 1589. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's note will likewiſe illuſtrate the laſt line in Macbeth's concluding ſpeech:

"And damn'd be him who firſt cries, *hold, enough!*"

STEEVENS.

[2] Shakſpeare has ſupported the character of lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monſter of his own creation. The ſofter paſſions are more obliterated in her than in her huſband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with ſuch a ſalutation as would have become one of his friends or vaſſals; a ſalutation apparently fitted rather to raiſe his thoughts to a level with her own purpoſes, than to teſtify her joy at his return, or manifeſt an attachment to his perſon: nor does any ſenti-

ment

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
This ignorant preſent,[5] and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.
Macb. My deareſt love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady. M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purpoſes.
Lady. M. O, never
Shall ſun that morrow ſee!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read ſtrange matters:[6]—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under it. He that's coming
Muſt be provided for: and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my deſpatch;
Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.
Macb. We will ſpeak further.
Lady. M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

ment expreſſive of love or ſoftneſs fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himſelf, amidſt the horrors of his guilt, ſtill retains a character leſs fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderneſs, and pours his complaints and fears into her boſom, accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEVENS.

[5] *Ignorant* has here the ſignification of *unknowing*; that is, I feel by anticipation thoſe future honours, of which, according to the proceſs of nature, the preſent time would be *ignorant*. JOHNSON.

[6] That is, thy looks are ſuch as will awaken men's curioſity, excite their attention, and make room for ſuſpicion. HEATH.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The ſame. Before the Caſtle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth *attending.*

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat;[7] the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends itſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes.[8]
Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet,[9] does approve,
By his lov'd manſionry, that the heaven's breath,
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttreſs,
Nor coigne of vantage,[2] but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they

[7] *Seat* here means *ſituation*. Lord Bacon ſays, "He that builds a faire houſe upon an *ill ſeat*, committeth himſelf to priſon." REED.

This ſhort dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilſt they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's caſtle, has always appeared to me a ſtriking inſtance of what in painting is termed *repoſe*. Their converſation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its ſituation, and the pleaſantneſs of the air; and Banquo, obſerving the martlet's neſts in every receſs of the cornice, remarks, that where thoſe birds moſt breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The ſubject of this quiet and eaſy converſation gives that repoſe ſo neceſſary to the mind after the tumultuous buſtle of the preceding ſcenes, and perfectly contraſts the ſcene of horror that immediately ſucceeds. It ſeems as if Shakſpeare aſked himſelf, What is a prince likely to ſay to his attendants on ſuch an occaſion. Whereas the modern writers ſeem, on the contrary, to be always ſearching for new thoughts, ſuch as would never occur to men in the ſituation which is repreſented.—This alſo is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midſt of battles and horrors, relieves and refreſhes the mind of the reader, by introducing ſome quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domeſtick life.

SIR J. REYNOLDS.

[8] *Senſes* are nothing more *than each man's ſenſe*. *Gentle ſenſe* is very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, compoſed*, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day. JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *martlet*,] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet*. JOHNSON.

[2] Convenient corner. JOHNSON.

Moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd, the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!
The love that follows us, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.[3]

Lady. M. All our ſervice
In every point twice done, and then done double,

Were

[3] *The attention that is paid us* (ſays Duncan on ſeeing Lady Macbeth come to meet him,) *ſometimes gives us pain, when we reflect that we give trouble to others; yet ſtill we cannot but be pleaſed with ſuch attentions, becauſe they are a proof of affection.* So far is clear;—but of the following words, I confeſs, I have no very diſtinct conception, and ſuſpect them to be corrupt. Perhaps the meaning is,—*By being the occaſion of ſo much trouble I furniſh you with a motive to pray to heaven to reward me for the pain I give you,* inaſmuch as the having ſuch an opportunity of ſhowing your loyalty may hereafter prove beneficial to you; *and herein alſo I afford you a motive to thank me for the trouble I give you,* becauſe by ſhowing me ſo much attention, (however painful it may be to me to be the cauſe of it,) you have an opportunity of diſplaying an amiable character, and of ingratiating yourſelf with your ſovereign: which finally may bring you both profit and honour. MALONE.

This paſſage is undoubtedly obſcure, and the following is the beſt explication of it I am able to offer.

Marks of reſpect importunately ſhown, are ſometimes troubleſome, though we are ſtill bound to be grateful for them as indications of ſincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the trouble we create in your houſe, and thank us for the moleſtations we bring with us, it muſt be on ſuch a principle. Herein I teach you, that the inconvenience you ſuffer, is the reſult of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us, only as far as prayers and thanks can be deſerved for kindneſſes that fatigue, and honours that oppreſs. You are, in ſhort, to make your acknowledgements for intended reſpect and love, however irkſome our preſent mode of expreſſing them may have proved.—To *bid* is here uſed in the Saxon ſenſe—to *pray*. STEEVENS.

To bid any one *God yeld him*, i. e. *God-yield him*, was the ſame as God reward him. WARBURTON.

I believe *yield*, or, as it is in the folio of 1623, *eyld*, is a corrupted contraction of *ſhield*. The wiſh implores not *reward*, but *protection*. JOHNSON.

I rather believe it to be a corruption of *God-yield*, i. e. reward. STEEVENS.

Were poor and ſingle buſineſs, to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majeſty loads our houſe: For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits.[4]

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, ſharp as his ſpur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to-night.

Lady. M. Your ſervants ever
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt,[5]
To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine hoſt; we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The ſame. A Room in the Caſtle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and paſs over the ſtage, a ſewer,[6] *and divers ſervants with diſhes and ſervice. Then enter* MACBETH.

Mach. If it were done,[7] when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the aſſaſſination[8]

[4] *Hermits*, for beadſmen. WARBURTON.
That is, we as *hermits* ſhall always pray for you. STEEVENS.

[5] The metaphor in this ſpeech is taken from the Steward's compting houſe or audit-room. *In compt*, means, *ſubject to account*. The ſenſe of the whole is:—*We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your uſe, and for which we muſt be accountable whenever you pleaſe to call us to our audit; when, like faithful ſtewards, we ſhall be ready to anſwer your ſummons, by returning you what is your own.* STEEVENS.

[6] I have reſtored this ſtage-direction from the old copy. The office of a *ſewer* was to place the diſhes in order at a feaſt. His chief mark of diſtinction was a towel round his arm. STEEVENS.

[7] A ſentiment parallel to this occurs in *The Proceedings againſt Garnet* in

Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch,
With his ſurceaſe, ſucceſs;[9] that but this blow

Might

in the Powder Plot. "It would have been commendable, when it had been done, though not before." FARMER.

[8] Of this ſoliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of of Shakſpeare agreeing about it. I underſtand it thus:

"If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be beſt *to do it quickly*: if the murder could terminate in itſelf, and reſtrain the regular courſe of conſequences, if *its ſucceſs* could ſecure *its ſurceaſe*, if, being once done *ſucceſsfully*, without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and enquiry, ſo that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to ſuffer; if this could be my condition, even *here* in *this world*, in this contracted period of temporal exiſtence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future ſtate. But this is one of *theſe caſes* in which judgement is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our preſent life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are puniſhed by our own example." JOHNSON.

We are told by Dryden, that "Ben Jonſon in reading ſome bombaſt ſpeeches in *Macbeth*, which *are not to be underſtood*, uſed to ſay that it was *horrour*."—Perhaps the preſent paſſage was one of thoſe thus depreciated. Any perſon but this envious detractor would have dwelt with pleaſure on the tranſcendent beauties of this ſublime tragedy, which, after *Othello*, is perhaps our author's greateſt work; and would have been more apt to have been thrown "into ſtrong ſhudders" and blood-freezing "agues," by its intereſting and high-wrought ſcenes, than to have been offended by any imaginary hardneſs of its language; for ſuch, it appears from the context, is what he meant by *horrour*. That there are difficult paſſages in this tragedy, cannot be denied; but that there are "ſome *bombaſt* ſpeeches in it, *which are not to be underſtood*," as Dryden aſſerts, will not very readily be granted to him. From this aſſertion however, and the verbal alterations made by him and Sir W. D'Avenant in ſome of our author's plays, I think it clearly appears that Dryden and the other poets of the time of Charles II. were not very deeply ſkilled in the language of their predeceſſors, and that Shakſpeare was not ſo well underſtood fifty years after his death, as he is at this day. MALONE.

[9] I think the reaſoning requires that we ſhould read:

With its ſucceſs ſurceaſe —— JOHNSON.

A *trammel* is a net in which either birds or fiſhes are caught. *Surceaſe* is ceſſation, ſtop. STEEVENS.

The perſonal pronouns are ſo frequently uſed by Shakſpeare, inſtead of the imperſonal, that no amendment would be neceſſary in this paſſage, even if it were certain that the pronoun *his* refers to *aſſaſſination*, which ſeems to be the opinion of Johnſon and Steevens; but I think it more probable

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and ſhoal of time,[2]—
We'd jump the life to come.[3]—But, in theſe caſes,
We ſtill have judgement here; that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed juſtice[4]
Commends the ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed; then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murderer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife myſelf. Beſides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties ſo meek,[5] hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, againſt
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air,[6]

probable that it refers to *Duncan*; and that by *his ſurceaſe* Macbeth means *Duncan's death*, which was the object of his contemplation. M. MASON.

His certainly may refer to *aſſaſſination*, (as Dr. Johnſon by his propoſed alteration ſeems to have thought it did,) for Shakſpeare very frequently uſes *his* for *its*. But in this place perhaps *his* refers to Duncan; and the meaning may be If the aſſaſſination, at the ſame time that it puts an end to the life of Duncan, could procure me unalloyed happineſs, promotion to the crown unmoleſted by the compunctious viſitings of conſcience, &c. To *ceaſe* often ſignifies in theſe plays to *die*. I think, however, it is more probable that *his* is uſed for *its*, and that it relates to *aſſaſſination*. MALONE.

[2] This is Theobald's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old edition has *ſchool*, and Dr. Warburton *ſhelve*. JOHNSON.

By the *ſhoal of time* our author means the ſhallow ford of life, between us and the abyſs of eternity. STEEVENS.

[3] "We'd *jump* the life to come," certainly means, We'd *hazard* or run the riſk of what might happen in a future ſtate of being. MALONE.

[4] Mr. M. Maſon obſerves that we might more advantageouſly read—
Thus even-handed juſtice, &c. STEEVENS.
The old reading I believe to be the true one, becauſe Shakſpeare has very frequently uſed this mode of expreſſion. MALONE.

[5] *Faculties*, for office, exerciſe of power, &c. WARBURTON.

[6] *Courier* is only *runner*. *Couriers of air* are *winds*, air in motion. *Sightleſs* is *inviſible*. JOHNSON.

The

Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears ſhall drown the wind.[6]—I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition,[7] which o'er-leaps itſelf,
And falls on the other.[8]—How now! what news?

Enter Lady[9] MACBETH.

Lady. M. He has almoſt ſupp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he aſk'd for me?

Lady M.

The thought of the *cherubin* (as has been ſomewhere obſerved) ſeems to have been borrowed from the eighteenth Pſalm: "He rode upon the *cherubins* and did fly; he came *flying upon the wings of the wind.*" MALONE.

[6] Alluding to the remiſſion of the wind in a ſhower. JOHNSON.

[7] The *ſpur of the occaſion* is a phraſe uſed by lord Bacon. STEEVENS.

[8] Macbeth, as I apprehend, is meant for the rider, his *intent* for his horſe, and his *ambition* for his *ſpur*; but, unluckily, as the words are arranged, the *ſpur* is ſaid to *over-leap* itſelf. Such hazardous things are long-drawn metaphors in the hands of careleſs writers. STEEVENS.

[9] The arguments by which lady Macbeth perſuades her huſband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakſpeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated ſometimes the houſe-breaker, and ſometimes the conqueror; but this ſophiſm Macbeth has for ever deſtroyed, by diſtinguiſhing true from falſe fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almoſt be ſaid, that they ought to beſtow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been loſt:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

This topick, which has been always employed with too much ſucceſs, is uſed in this ſcene with peculiar propriety to a ſoldier by a woman. Courage is the diſtinguiſhing virtue of a ſoldier; and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himſelf to murder Duncan, another art of ſophiſtry by which men have ſometimes deluded their conſciences, and perſuaded themſelves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument Shakſpeare, whoſe plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might eaſily have ſhown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations laid on us by a higher power, could not be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourſelves. JOHNSON.

Lady. M. Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſs'd yourſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem;[2]
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?[3]
Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
Lady. M. What beaſt was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere,[4] and yet you would make both:
They have made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Does unmake you. I have given ſuck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:

[2] In this there ſeems to be no reaſoning. I ſhould read:
Or *live a coward in thine own eſteem*;
Unleſs we chooſe rather:
——— *Would'ſt thou* leave *that*. JOHNSON.
Do you wiſh to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain ſuch a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to ſuffer your paltry fears, which whiſper, "I dare not," *to control your noble ambition, which cries out,* "I would?" STEEVENS.

[3] The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fiſh, but dares not wet her feet:*
"Catus amat piſces, ſed non vult tingere plantas." JOHNSON.

[4] Thus the old copy. Dr. Warburton would read—*cohere*, not improperly, but without neceſſity. STEEVENS.

I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I ſo ſworn, as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we ſhould fail,——

Lady M. We fail!
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking-place,[6]
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,[7]

That

[6] This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *ſticking place* is the *ſtop* which ſuſpends its powers, till they are diſcharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c. Perhaps indeed Shakſpeare had a more familiar image in view, and took his metaphor from the *ſcrewing up* the chords of ſtring-inſtruments to their proper degree of tenſion, when the peg remains faſt in its *ſticking-place*, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's laſt interpretation is, in my apprehenſion, the true one. MALONE

[7] The circumſtance relative to Macbeth's ſlaughter of Duncan's *Chamberlains*, (as I obſerved ſo long ago, as 1773,) is copied from Holinſhed's account of King Duffe's murder by Donwald. Mr. Malone has ſince tranſcribed the whole narrative of this event from the Chronicle. STEEVENS.

To *convince* is, in Shakſpeare, to *overpower* or *ſubdue*, as in this play:

"—— Their malady *convinces*
"The great aſſay of art." JOHNSON.

What was anciently called *was-haile* (as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*) was an annual cuſtom obſerved in the country on the vigil of the new year; and had its beginning, as ſome ſay, from the words which Ronix daugher of Hengiſt uſed, when ſhe drank to Vortigern, *loverd king was-heil*; he anſwering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-heile*; and then, as Geoffry of Monmouth ſays,

"Kuſte hire and ſitte hire adoune and glad dronke hire *heil*;
"And that was tho in this land the verſt *was-hail*,
"As in langage of Saxoyne that me might evere iwite,
"And ſo wel he paith the folc about, that he is not yut voryute."

Afterwards it appears that *was-haile*, and *drinc-heil*, were the uſual phraſes of quaffing among the Engliſh, as we may ſee from *Thomas de la More* in the *Life of Edward II.* and in the lines of Hanvil the monk, who preceded him:

"Ecce vagante ciſo diſtento gutture *waſs-heil*,
"Ingeminant *waſs-heil*——"

But

That memory, the warder of the brain,[8]
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reaſon[9]
A limbeck only:[2] When in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures[3] lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His ſpungy officers; who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?[4]

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,[5]
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

But Selden rather conjectures it to have been a uſual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengiſt, as a note of *health-waſhing*, ſuppoſing the expreſſion to be corrupted from *waſh-heil.*

Waſſel or *Waſſail* is a word ſtill in uſe in the midland counties, and ſignifies at preſent what is called Lambs-Wool, i. e. roaſted apples in ſtrong beer, with ſugar and ſpice.

Ben Jonſon perſonifies *waſſel* thus:—*Enter* Waſſel *like a neat ſempſter and ſongſter, her page bearing a brown bowl dreſt with ribbands and roſemary, before her.*

Waſſel is, however, ſometimes uſed for general riot, intemperance, or feſtivity. On the preſent occaſion I believe it means *intemperance.* STEEVENS.

8 A *warder* is a guard, a ſentinel. STEEVENS.

9 i. e. the *receptacle.* MALONE.

2 That is, ſhall be only a veſſel to emit *fumes* or *vapours.* JOHNSON.

The *limbeck* is the veſſel, through which diſtilled liquors paſs into the recipient. So ſhall it be with memory; through which every thing ſhall paſs, and nothing remain. A. C.

3 i. e. as we ſhould ſay at preſent,—*ſoaked*, ſaturated with liquor. STEEVENS.

4 *Quell* is *murder*, *manquellers* being in the old language the term for which *murderers* is now uſed. JOHNSON.

5 So, in Holinſhed: "— he burthen'd the chamberleins, whom he had ſlaine, with all the fault, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore *t could not be otherwiſe* (ſaid he) but that they were of counſel in the commit ing of that moſt deteſtable murther." MALONE.

Macb. I am ſettled, and bend up[6]
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.[7]

The ſame. Court within the Caſtle.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *and a Servant, with a torch before them.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, ſir.
Ban.

[6] A metaphor from the bow.

Till this inſtant, the mind of Macbeth has been in a ſtate of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither reſolutely good, nor obſtinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had ariſen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance.——At the concluſion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to haſten the decree of fate, and quits the ſtage with an apparent reſolution to murder his ſovereign. But no ſooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative ſituation, he determines not to offend againſt the laws of hoſpitality, or the ties of ſubjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then aſſails his conſtancy afreſh. He yields to her ſuggeſtions, and with his integrity, his happineſs is deſtroyed.

I have enumerated the particulars, becauſe the waverings of Macbeth have, by ſome criticks, been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumſtances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpiſſimus*, or that (as Angelo obſerves)

" ——— when once our grace we have forgot,
" Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not—:"

a paſſage which contains no unapt juſtification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

[7] The place is not mark'd in the old edition, nor is it eaſy to ſay where this encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have all ſuppoſed it, for Banquo ſees the ſky; it is not far from the bedchamber, as the converſation ſhows: it muſt be in the inner court of the caſtle, which Banquo might properly croſs in his way to bed. JOHNSON.

Ban. Hold, take my ſword:—There's huſbandry in heaven,[8]
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful powers!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repoſe![9]—Give me my ſword;—

Enter MACBETH, *and a ſervant with a torch.*

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, ſir, not yet at reſt? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unuſual pleaſure, and
Sent forth great largeſs to your offices:[2]
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of moſt kind hoſteſs; and ſhut up[3]
In meaſureleſs content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.[4]

[8] *Huſbandry* here means *thrift, frugality.* MALONE.

[9] It is apparent from what Banquo ſays afterwards, that he had been ſolicited in a dream to attempt ſomething in conſequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking ſenſes were ſhock'd at; and Shakſpeare has here moſt exquiſitely contraſted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying againſt being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his ſleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every ſcheme, however flagitious, that may aſſiſt him to complete his purpoſe. The one is unwilling to ſleep, leſt the ſame phantoms ſhould aſſail his reſolution again, while the other is depriving himſelf of reſt through impatience to commit the murder.

The ſame kind of invocation occurs in *Cymbeline:*

"From fairies, and the *tempters of the night,*
"Guard me!" STEEVENS.

[2] *Offices* are the rooms appropriated to ſervants and culinary purpoſes. Duncan was pleaſed with his entertainment, and diſpenſed his bounty to thoſe who had prepared it. All the modern editors have transferred this largeſs to the officers of Macbeth, who would more properly have been rewarded in the field, or at their return to court. STEEVENS.

[3] To *ſhut up*, is to conclude. STEEVENS.

[4] This is obſcurely expreſſed. The meaning ſeems to be:—Being unprepared

Ban. All's well.[5]
I dreamt laſt night of the three weird ſiſters:
To you they have ſhow'd ſome truth.
Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to ſerve,
Would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'ſt leiſure.
Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent,—when 'tis,[6]
It ſhall make honour for you.

Ban.

unprepared, our entertainment was neceſſarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to ſhow the king our *willingneſs* to *ſerve* him. Had we received ſufficient notice of his coming, our zeal ſhould have been more clearly manifeſted by our *acts*.

Which refers, not to the laſt antecedent, *defect*, but to *will*.

MALONE.

[5] I ſuppoſe the poet originally wrote (that the preceding verſe might be completed)—"*Sir*, all is well." STEEVENS.

[6] *Conſent* for will. So that the ſenſe of the line is, If you ſhall go into my meaſures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your aſſiſtance. WARBURTON.

Macbeth expreſſes his thought with affected obſcurity; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind. *If you ſhall cleave to my conſent*, if you ſhall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown, *when 'tis*, when that happens which the prediction promiſes, *it ſhall make honour for you*. JOHNSON.

The meaning of Macbeth is as follows:—*If you ſhall cleave to my conſent*—i. e. if you ſhall ſtick, or adhere, to my *party*—*when 'tis*, i. e. at the time when ſuch a *party* is formed, your conduct ſhall produce honour for you.

That *conſent* means *participation*, may be proved from a paſſage in the 50th Pſalm. I cite the tranſlation 1568. "When thou ſawedſt a thiefe, thou dydſt *conſent unto* hym, and haſt been partaker with the adulterers." In both inſtances the *particeps criminis* is ſpoken of.

Macbeth mentally refers to the crown he expected to obtain in conſequence of the murder he was about to commit. The commentator, indeed, (who is acquainted with what precedes and follows) comprehends all that paſſes in the mind of the ſpeaker; but Banquo is ſtill in ignorance of it. His reply is only that of a man who determines to combat every poſſible temptation to do ill; and therefore expreſſes a reſolve that in ſpite of future combinations of intereſt, or ſtruggles for power, he will attempt nothing that may obſcure his preſent honours, alarm his conſcience, or corrupt his loyalty.

Macbeth could never mean, while yet the ſucceſs of his attack on the life

Ban. So I loſe none,
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſel'd.
Macb. Good repoſe, the while!
Ban. Thanks, ſir; The like to you! [*Exit* BANQUO.
Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,[7]
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger, which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch[8] thee:——
I have

life of Duncan was uncertain, to afford Banquo the moſt dark or diſtant hint of his criminal deſigns on the crown. Had he acted thus incautiouſly, Banquo would naturally have become his accuſer, as ſoon as the murder had been diſcovered. STEEVENS.

That Banquo was apprehenſive of a deſign upon the crown, is evident from his reply, which affords Macbeth ſo little encouragement, that he drops the ſubject. RITSON.

The word *conſent* has always appeared to me unintelligible in the firſt of theſe lines, and was, I am perſuaded, a mere errour of the preſs. A paſſage in *The Tempeſt* leads me to think that our author wrote—*content*.

The meaning then of the preſent difficult paſſage, thus corrected, will be,—If you will cloſely adhere to my cauſe, if you will promote, as far as you can, what is likely to contribute to my ſatisfaction and *content*,—*when 'tis*, when the prophecy of the weird ſiſters is fulfilled, when I am ſeated on the throne, the event ſhall make honour for you.

The word *content* admits of this interpretation, and is ſupported by ſeveral other paſſages in our author's plays; the word *conſent*, in my apprehenſion, affords here no meaning whatſoever.

Conſent or *concent* may certainly ſignify *harmony*, and in a metaphorical ſenſe that *union* which binds to each other a party or number of men, leagued together for a particular purpoſe; but it can no more ſignify, as I conceive, the *party*, or body of men ſo combined together, or the *cauſe* for which they are united, than the harmony produced by a number of muſical inſtruments can ſignify the inſtruments themſelves or the muſicians that play upon them.

If this correction be juſt, "In ſeeking to augment *it*," in Banquo's reply, may *perhaps* relate not to his own honour, but to Macbeth's *content*. "On condition that I loſe no honour, in ſeeking to increaſe *your ſatisfaction*, or *content*,—to gratify your wiſhes," &c. The words however may be equally commodiouſly interpreted,—"Provided that in *ſeeking an increaſe of honour*, I loſe none," &c. MALONE.

[7] See note on "their *poſſets*," in the next ſcene, p. 497. STEEVENS.

[8] This word, though reprobated by Ben Jonſon, who ſneers at Decker for uſing it, was uſed by other writers beſide Decker and our author.

I have thee not; and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a falſe creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,[9]
Which was not ſo before.—There's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature ſeems dead, and[2] wicked dreams abuſe

The

[9] Though *dudgeon* ſometimes ſignifies a *dagger*, it more properly means *the haft* or *handle* of a dagger, and is uſed for that particular ſort of handle which has ſome ornament carved on the top of it. Junius explains the *dudgeon*, i. e. *haft*, by the Latin expreſſion, *manubrium apiatum*, which means *a handle of wood, with a grain rough as if the ſeeds of parſly were ſtrown over it.*

Gaſcoigne confirms this: "The moſt knottie piece of box may be wrought to a fayre *doogen haſte*." *Gouts* for *drops* is frequent in old Engliſh. FARMER.

—— *gouts of blood,*] Or drops, French. POPE.

Gouts is the technical term for the *ſpots* on ſome part of the plumage of a hawk: or perhaps Shakſpeare uſed the word in alluſion to a phraſe in heraldry. When a field is charg'd or ſprinkled with red drops, it is ſaid to be *gutty of gules*, or *gutty de ſang*. STEVENS.

[2] That is, *over our hemiſphere all actions and motion ſeem to have ceaſed.* This image, which is perhaps the moſt ſtriking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden in his *Conqueſt of Mexico*:

"All things are huſh'd as Nature's ſelf lay dead,
"The mountains ſeem to nod their drowſy head;
"The little birds in dreams their ſongs repeat,
"And ſleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews ſweat.
"Even luſt and envy ſleep!"

Theſe lines, though ſo well known, I have tranſcribed, that the contraſt between them and this paſſage of Shakſpeare may be more accurately obſerved.

Night is deſcribed by two great poets, but one deſcribes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the diſturb-

The curtain'd ſleep; now witchcraft celebrates[3],
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With Tarquin's raviſhing ſtrides, towards his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt.[4]——Thou ſure and firm-ſet earth,[5]
Hear

bers of the world are laid aſleep; in that of Shakſpeare, nothing but ſorcery, luſt, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himſelf lull'd with ſerenity, and diſpoſed to ſolitude and contemplation. He that peruſes Shakſpeare, looks round alarmed, and ſtarts to find himſelf alone. One is the night of a lover; the other, of a murderer. JOHNSON.

[3] The word *now* has been added for the ſake of metre. Probably Shakſpeare wrote: *The curtain'd* ſleeper. The folio ſpells the word *ſleepe*, and an addition of the letter *r* only, affords the propoſed emendation. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's emendation of "the curtain'd *ſleeper*," is well intitled to a place in the text. It is clearly Shakſpeare's own word. RITSON.

[4] The old copy—*ſides*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope changed *ſides* to *ſtrides*. MALONE.

A *raviſhing ſtride* is an action of violence, impetuoſity, and tumult, like that of a ſavage ruſhing on his prey; whereas the poet is here attempting to exhibit an image of ſecrecy and caution, of anxious circumſpection and guilty timidity, the *ſtealthy pace* of a *raviſher* creeping into the chamber of a virgin, and of an aſſaſſin approaching the bed of him whom he propoſes to murder, without awaking him; theſe he deſcribes as *moving like ghoſts*, whoſe progreſſion is ſo different from *ſtride*, that it has been in all ages repreſented to be as Milton expreſſes it:

"Smooth ſliding without ſtep."

This hemiſtich will afford the true reading of this place, which is, I think, to be corrected thus:

—— *and wither'd murder,*
—— *thus with his ſtealthy pace,*
With Tarquin raviſhing, ſlides *tow'rds his deſign,*
Moves like a ghoſt.

Tarquin is in this place the general name of a raviſher, and the ſenſe is: Now is the time in which every one is a-ſleep, but thoſe who are employed in wickedneſs; the witch who is ſacrificing to Hecate, and the raviſher, and the murderer, who, like me, are ſtealing upon their prey.

When the reading is thus adjuſted, he wiſhes with great propriety, in the following lines, that the *earth* may not *hear his ſteps*. JOHNSON.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnſon that a *ſtride* is always *an action of violence, impetuoſity, or tumult*. Spenſer uſes the word in his *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. viii. and with no idea of violence annexed to it:

"With eaſy ſteps ſo ſoft as foot could *ſtride*."

And

Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,

Words

And as an additional proof that a *ſtride* is not always a *tumultuous effort*, the following inſtance, from Harrington's *Ariоſto*, may be brought:

"He takes a long and leiſurable *ſtride*,
"And longeſt on the hinder foot he ſtaid," &c.

Whoever has been reduced to the neceſſity of finding his way about a houſe in the dark, muſt know that it is natural to take large *ſtrides*, in order to feel before us whether we have a ſafe footing or not. The raviſher and murderer would naturally take ſuch *ſtrides*, not only on the ſame account, but that their ſteps might be fewer in number, and the ſound of their feet be repeated as ſeldom as poſſible. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's obſervation is confirmed by many inſtances that occur in our ancient poets. MALONE.

With Tarquin's raviſhing, &c.] The juſtneſs of this ſimilitude is not very obvious. But a ſtanza, in his poem of *Tarquin and Lucrece*, will explain it:

"Now *ſtole upon the time the dead of night*,
"When heavy ſleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
"No comfortable *ſtar did lend his light*,
"No noiſe but owls' and *wolves' dead boding cries*;
"Now ſerves the ſeaſon that they may ſurpriſe
"The ſilly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and ſtill,
"*While* luſt *and* murder *wake*, *to ſtain and kill*."

WARBURTON.

5 The old copy—Thou *ſowre*, &c. which, though an evident corruption, directs us to the reading I have ventured to ſubſtitute in its room.

STEEVENS.

6 i. e. leſt the noiſe from the ſtones take away from this midnight ſeaſon that preſent horror with ſuits ſo well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*, than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious deſign. This ſhows a great knowledge of human nature. WARBURTON.

Whether to *take horror from the time* means not rather to *catch it* as communicated, than to *deprive the time of horrour*, deſerves to be conſidered.

JOHNSON.

The latter is ſurely the true meaning. Macbeth would have nothing break through the univerſal ſilence that added ſuch a horror to the night, as ſuited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Mr. Burke, in his *Eſſay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, obſerves, that "all general privations are great, becauſe they are all terrible;" and, with other things, he gives *ſilence* as an inſtance, illuſtrating the whole by that remarkable

paſſage

Which now ſuits with it.[6]—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.[7]

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell.[8] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores:[9] I have drugg'd their poſſets,[2]

That

paſſage in *Virgil*, where amidſt all the images of terror that could be united, the circumſtance of *ſilence* is particularly dwelt upon:

"Dii quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque *ſilentes*,
"Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte *ſilentia* late."

When Statius in the Vth book of the Thebaid deſcribes the Lemnian maſſacre, his frequent notice of the ſilence and ſolitude both before and after the deed, is ſtriking in a wonderful degree:

"Conticuere domus, &c." STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Steevens's ingenious note on this paſſage, it may be obſerved, that one of the circumſtances of horror enumerated by Macbeth is,—*Nature ſeems dead*. M. MASON.

[7] Here is evidently a falſe concord; but it muſt not be corrected, for it is neceſſary to the rhyme. M. MASON.

[8] Thus Raleigh, ſpeaking of love, in *England's Helicon*,

"It is perhaps that ſauncing bell,
"*That toules all into heauen or hell.*"

Sauncing is probably a miſtake for *ſacring*. STEEVENS.

[9] i. e. By going to ſleep, they triſle and make light of the truſt repoſed in them, that of watching by their king. So, in *Othello*: "O miſtreſs, villainy hath made *mocks* with love." MALONE.

[2] It appears from this paſſage, as well as from many others in our old dramatick

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs them.[3]—Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had done't.[4]—My huſband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didſt thou not hear a noiſe?

Lady M. I heard the owl ſcream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?

Macb.

dramatick performances, that it was the general cuſtom to eat *poſſets* juſt before bed-time. So, in the firſt part of *K. Edward IV.* by Heywood; "—— thou ſhalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding; and my daughter Nell ſhall pop a *poſſet* upon thee when thou goeſt to bed." Macbeth has already ſaid:

"Go bid thy miſtreſs when my *drink* is ready,
"She ſtrike upon the bell."

Lady Macbeth has alſo juſt obſerved

"That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:" and in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly promiſes Jack Rugby a *poſſet* at night." STEEVENS.

[3] Compare Euripides,—*Oreſtes*, v. 1291—where Electra ſtands centinel at the door of the palace whilſt Oreſtes is within for the purpoſe of murdering Helen. The dread of a ſurprize, and eagerneſs for the buſineſs, make Electra conclude that the deed muſt be done ere time enough had elapſed for attempting it. She liſtens with anxious impatience; and hearing nothing, expreſſes ſtrong fears leſt the daggers ſhould have failed. Read the whole paſſage. S. W.

[4] This is very artful. For, as the poet had drawn the lady and her huſband, it would be thought the act ſhould have been done by her. It is likewiſe highly juſt; for though ambition had ſubdued in her all the ſentiments of nature towards *preſent* objects, yet the likeneſs of one *paſt*, which ſhe had been accuſtomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural paſſions, for a moment, give way to the ſentiments of inſtinct and humanity. WARBURTON.

The ſame circumſtance on a ſimilar occaſion is introduced by Statius in the Vth book of his *Thebaid*, v. 236:

Ut vero Alcimeden etiamnum in murmure truncos
Ferre patris vultus, &c.

Thoas was the father of Hypſipyle, the ſpeaker. STEEVENS.

Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I deſcended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i'the ſecond chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a ſorry ſight. [*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in his ſleep, and one cried, *murder!*
That they did wake each other; I ſtood and heard them;
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſs'd them
Again to ſleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried, *God bleſs us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had ſeen me, with theſe hangman's hands,
Liſtening their fear.[5] I could not ſay, amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.
Lady M. Conſider it not ſo deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder ſleep, the innocent ſleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd ſleave of care,[6]
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,[7]

Balm

[5] i. e. *Liſtening* to *their fear*, the particle omitted. This is common in our author. STEEVENS.

[6] *Sleave* ſignifies the ravell'd knotty part of the ſilk, which gives great trouble and embarraſſment to the knitter or weaver. HEATH.
Sleave is properly ſilk which has not been twiſted. STEEVENS.
Sleave appears to have ſignified *coarſe*, *ſoft*, unwrought ſilk. *Seta groſſolana*, Ital. MALONE.

[7] In this encomium upon ſleep, amongſt the many appellations which are given it, ſignificant of its beneficence and friendlineſs to life, we find one which conveys a different idea, and by no means agrees with the reſt, which

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt;—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the houſe:
Glamis hath murder'd ſleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall ſleep no more, Macbeth ſhall ſleep no more?

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cried? Why worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brainſickly of things:—Go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.—
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?
They muſt lie there: Go, carry them; and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpoſe?
Give me the daggers: The ſleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt.[8] [*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking!
How is't with me, when every noiſe appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The

which is: *The* death *of each day's life.* I make no queſtion but Shakſpeare wrote:

The birth *of each day's life:*

The true characteriſtick of ſleep, which repairs the decays of labour, and aſſiſts that returning vigour which ſupplies the next day's activity.
WARBURTON.

The death of each day's life, means *the end of each day's labour, the concluſion of all that buſtle and fatigue that each day's life brings with it.*
STEEVENS.

[8] Could Shakſpeare mean to play upon the ſimilitude of *gild* and *guilt?*
JOHNSON.

This quibble too frequently occurs in the old plays. STEEVENS.

The multitudinous ſeas incarnardine,[9]
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter

9 To *incarnardine* is to ſtain any thing of a fleſh colour, or red. *Carnard ne* is the old term for *carnation*. STEEVENS.

By *the multitudinous ſeas*, perhaps the poet meant, not the ſeas of every denomination, as the Caſpian, &c. (as ſome have thought,) nor the many-coloured ſeas, (as others contend,) but the ſeas which ſwarm with myriads of inhabitants.

It is objected by Mr. Kenrick, that Macbeth in his preſent diſpoſition of mind would hardly have adverted to a property of the ſea, which has ſo little relation to the object immediately before him; and if Macbeth had really ſpoken this ſpeech in his caſtle of Inverneſs, the remark would be juſt. But the critick ſhould have remembered, that this ſpeech is not the real effuſion of a diſtempered mind, but the compoſition of Shakſpeare; of that poet, who has put a circumſtantial account of an apothecary's ſhop into the mouth of Romeo, the moment after he has heard the fatal news of his beloved Juliet's death;—and has made Othello, when in the anguiſh of his heart he determines to kill his wife, digreſs from the object which agitates his ſoul, to deſcribe minutely the courſe of the Pontick ſea.

Mr. Steevens objects in the following note to this explanation, thinking it more probable that Shakſpeare ſhould refer "to ſome viſible quality in the ocean," than "to its concealed inhabitants;" to the waters that might admit of diſcolouration," than, "to the fiſhes whoſe hue could ſuffer no change from the tinct of blood." But in what page of our author do we find his alluſions thus curiouſly rounded, and complete in all their parts? Or rather does not every page of theſe volumes furniſh us with images crouded on each other, that are not naturally connected, and ſometimes are even diſcordant? Hamlet's propoſing to take up *arms* againſt a *ſea* of troubles is a well known example of this kind, and twenty others might be produced. Our author certainly alludes to the waters, which are capable of diſcoloration, and not to the fiſhes. His alluſion to the waters is expreſſed by the word *ſeas*; to which, if he has added an epithet that has no very cloſe connection with the ſubject immediately before him, he has only followed his uſual practice.

If however no alluſion was intended to the myriads of inhabitants with which the deep is peopled, I believe by the *multitudinous ſeas* was meant, not the *many-waved* ocean, as is ſuggeſted, but *the countleſs maſſes of waters wherever diſperſed on the ſurface of the globe*; the *multitudes of ſeas*, as Heywood has it in a paſſage, that perhaps our author remembered: and indeed it muſt be owned that his having uſed the plural *ſeas* ſeems to countenance ſuch an interpretation; for the ſingular *ſea* is equally ſuited to the epithet *multitudinous* in the ſenſe of ἰχθυοεσσα, and would certainly have correſponded better with the ſubſequent line. MALONE.

I believe that Shakſpeare referred to ſome viſible quality in the ocean, rather than to its concealed inhabitants; to the waters that might admit of diſcoloration, and not to the fiſhes whoſe hue could ſuffer no change from the

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the ſouth entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How eaſy is it then? Your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhow us to be watchers:—Be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere beſt not know myſelf.[3]
[*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking![4] Ay, 'would thou could'ſt!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

the tinct of blood. Waves appearing over waves are no unapt ſymbol of a crowd. He who beholds an audience from the ſtage or any other multitude gazing on any particular object, muſt perceive that their heads are raiſed over each other, *velut unda ſupervenit undam.* If therefore our author by the "*multitudinous* ſea" does not mean the *aggregate of ſeas*, he muſt be underſtood to deſign the *multitude of waves*, or *the waves that have the appearance of a multitude.* STEEVENS.

[2] The line before us, on the ſuggeſtion of the ingenious author of *The Gray's-Inn Journal*, has been printed in ſome late editions in the following manner:

Making the green—one red.

Every part of this line, as thus regulated, appears to me exceptionable. *One red* does not ſound to my ear as the phraſeology of the age of Elizabeth; and *the green*, for the green *one*, or for the green *ſea*, is, I am perſuaded, unexampled. The quaintneſs introduced by ſuch a regulation ſeems of an entirely different colour from the quaintneſſes of Shakſpeare. He would have written, I have no doubt, "Making the green *ſea*, red," if he had not uſed the word *ſeas* in the preceding line, which forced him to employ another word here. MALONE.

[3] i. e. While I have *the thoughts* of this deed, it were beſt not know, or *be loſt* to, myſelf. This is an anſwer to the lady's reproof:

——— *be not loſt*
So poorly in your thoughts. WARBURTON.

[4] Macbeth is addreſſing the perſon who knocks at the outward gate.—Sir William D'Avenant, in his alteration of this play, reads—(and intended probably

SCENE III.[5]

The ſame.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key.[6] [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himſelf on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins enough[7] about you; here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator,[8] that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale; who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an Engliſh tailor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French hoſe:[9] Come

probably to point) "Wake, Duncan, with *this* knocking!" conceiving that Macbeth called upon *Duncan* to awake. From the ſame miſapprehenſion, I once thought his emendation right; but there is certainly no need of change. MALONE.

[5] Though Shakſpeare (ſee Sir J. Reynolds's excellent note on Act I. ſc. vi.) might have deſigned this ſcene as another inſtance of what is called the *repoſe* in painting, I cannot help regarding it in a different light. A glimpſe of comedy was expected by our author's audience in the moſt ſerious drama; and where elſe could the merriment, which he himſelf was always ſtruggling after, be ſo happily introduced? STEEVENS.

[6] i. e. *frequent, more than enough.* STEEVENS.

[7] i. e. handkerchiefs. STEEVENS.

[8] Meaning a Jeſuit: an order ſo troubleſome to the ſtate in queen Elizabeth and king James the firſt's time. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation.* WARBURTON.

[9] The archneſs of the joke conſiſts in this, that a French hoſe being very ſhort and ſtrait, a taylor muſt be maſter of his trade who could ſteal any thing from thence. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has ſaid this at random. The *French hoſe* (according to Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*) were in the year 1595 much in faſhion.——"*The Gallic hoſen* are made very large and wide, *reaching down to their knees only, with three or foure gards apeece laid down along either hoſe.*" STEEVENS.

When

Come in, tailor; here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to the everlaſting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you did lie ſo late?

Port. 'Faith, ſir, we were carouſing 'till the ſecond cock:[2] and drink, ſir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink eſpecially provoke?

Port. Marry, ſir, noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Lechery, ſir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſuades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to: in concluſion, equivocates him in a ſleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie laſt night.[3]

Port.

When Mr. Steevens cenſured Dr. Warburton in this place, he forgot the uncertainty of *French Faſhions*. In *The Treaſury of ancient and modern Times* 1613, we have an account (from Guyon, I ſuppoſe) of the old French dreſſes: "*Mens hoſe* anſwered in length to their ſhort-ſkirted doublets; being made *cloſe to their limbes*, wherein they had no means for pockets." And *Withers*, in his ſatyr againſt vanity, ridicules "the ſpruze, *diminitive*, neat, *Frenchman's hoſe*." FARMER.

From the following paſſages in *The Scornful Lady*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, which appeared about the year 1613, it may be collected that *large* breeches were then in faſhion:

Savile. [an old ſteward.] "A comelier wear, I wis, than your *dangling ſlops*." Afterwards Young Loveleſs ſays to the ſteward,—"This is as plain as your old *minikin breeches*." MALONE.

[2] Cockcrowing. So, in *King Lear*: "—he begins at curfew, and walks till the firſt *cock*. STEEVENS.

It appears from a paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet*, that Shakſpeare means, that they were carouſing till *three o'clock*:

"——— The *ſecond cock* has crow'd;
"The curfew-bell has toll'd: 'tis *three* o'clock.' MALONE.

[3] It is not very eaſy to aſcertain preciſely the time when Duncan is murdered,

Port. That it did, sir, i'the very throat o'me: But requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.[4]

dered. The conversation that passes between Banquo and Macbeth in the first scene of this act might lead us to suppose that when Banquo retired to rest it was not *much* after twelve o'clock:

"*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?
"*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
"*Ban.* And she goes down at *twelve*.
"*Fle.* I take't 'tis later sir."

The king was then "abed;" and immediately after Banquo retires Lady Macbeth strikes upon the bell, and Macbeth commits the murder. In a few minutes afterwards the knocking at the gate commences, (end of sc. ii.) and no time can be supposed to elapse between the second and the third scene, because the porter gets up in consequence of the knocking: yet here Macduff talks of *last night*, and says that he was commanded to call *timely* on the king, and that he fears he has almost overpass'd the hour; and the porter tells him "we were carousing till *the second cock*;" so that we must suppose it to be now at least six o'clock; for Macduff has already expressed his surprize that the porter should lie *so late*.

From Lady Macbeth's words in the fifth act,—"One,—two—'tis time to do't,"—it *should seem* that the murder was committed at *two* o'clock, and that hour is certainly not inconsistent with the conversation above quoted between Banquo and his son; for we are not told how much later than twelve it was when Banquo retired to rest: but even that hour of *two* will not correspond with what the Porter and Macduff say in the present scene.

I suspect our author (who is seldom very exact in his computation of time) in fact meant that the murder should be supposed to be committed a little before *day-break*, which exactly corresponds with the speech of Macduff now before us, though not so well with the other circumstances already mentioned, or with Lady Macbeth's desiring her husband to put on his nightgown (that he might have the appearance of one newly roused from bed,) lest occasion should call them, "and show them to be *watchers*;" which may signify persons who sit up *late* at night, but can hardly mean those who do not go to bed till *day-break*.

Shakspeare, I believe, was led to fix the time of Duncan's murder near the break of day by Holinshed's account of the murder of king Duffe, already quoted:—"he was long in his oratorie, and there continued till it was *late in the night*." Donwald's servants "enter the chamber where the king laie, *a little before cock-crow*, where they secretlie cut his throat." Donwald himself sat up with the officers of the guard the whole of the night. MALONE.

[4] To *cast him up*, to ease my stomach of him. The equivocation is between *cast* or *throw*, as a term of wrestling, and *cast* or *cast up*.

JOHNSON.

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble ſir!
Macb. Good-morrow, both!
Macd. Is the king ſtirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almoſt ſlipp'd the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, phyſicks pain.[5]
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call,
For 'tis my limited ſervice.[6] [*Exit* MACDUFF.
Len. Goes the king
From hence to-day?
Macb. He does:—he did appoint ſo.
Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i'the air; ſtrange ſcreams of death;
And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combuſtion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obſcure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: ſome ſay, the earth
Was feverous, and did ſhake.[7]

Macb.

[5] i. e. affords a cordial to it. STEEVENS.

[6] *Limited*, for appointed. WARBURTON.
So, in *Timon*:
"In *limited* profeſſions." i. e. profeſſions to which people are regularly and legally appointed. STEEVENS.

[7] Theſe lines, I think, ſhould be rather regulated thus:

——*prophecying with accents terrible,*
Of dire combuſtion and confus'd events.
New-hatch'd to the woeful time, the obſcure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night. Some ſay, the earth
Was feverous and did ſhake.

A prophecy

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive,[8] nor name thee!
Macb. Len. What's the matter?
Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece!
Moſt ſacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o'the building.
Macb. What is't you ſay? the life?
Len. Mean you his majeſty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new Gorgan:—Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak yourſelves.—Awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.

A *prophecy* of an *event new-hatch'd* ſeems to be *a prophecy* of an *event paſt*. And *a prophecy new-hatch'd* is a wry expreſſion. The term *new-hatch'd* is properly applicable to a *bird*, and that birds of ill omen ſhould be *new-hatch'd to the woeful time*, that is, ſhould appear in uncommon numbers, is very conſiſtent with the reſt of the prodigies here mentioned, and with the univerſal diſorder into which nature is deſcribed as thrown by the perpetration of this horrid murder. JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Johnſon's regulation of theſe lines is improper. *Prophecying* is what is *new-hatch'd*, and in the metaphor holds the place of *the egg*. The *events* are the fruit of ſuch hatching. STEEVENS.

I think Steevens has juſtly explained this paſſage, but ſhould wiſh to read—*prophecyings* in the plural. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that "a *prophecy* of an *event new-hatch'd* ſeems to be *a prophecy of an event paſt*. And *a prophecy new-hatch'd* is a wry expreſſion." The conſtruction ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens meets with the firſt objection. Yet the following paſſage in which the ſame imagery is found, inclines me to believe that our author meant, that *new-hatch'd* ſhould be referred to *events*, though the events were yet to come. Allowing for his uſual inaccuracy with reſpect to the active and paſſive participle, the events may be ſaid to be "the *batch* and brood of time." If the conſtruction that I have ſuggeſted be the true one, *hatch'd* muſt be here uſed for *hatching*, or "*in the ſtate of being hatch'd*."—To the woeful time, means—to *ſuit* the woeful time. MALONE.

[8] The uſe of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more ſtrongly, is very common in our author. STEEVENS.

Ring the alarum-bell :—Murder! and treaſon!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itſelf!—up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image!——Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
To countenance this horror! [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the buſineſs,
That ſuch a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak, ſpeak,——
Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.——O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal maſter's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What in our houſe?[9]
Ban. Too cruel, any where.——
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time; for from this inſtant,
There's

[9] This is very fine. Had ſhe been innocent, nothing but the murder itſelf, and not any of its aggravating circumſtances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her buſineſs was to appear highly diſordered at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, ſhe ſeeks for an aggravating circumſtance, that might be ſuppoſed moſt to affect her perſonally; not conſidering, that by placing it there, ſhe diſcovered rather a concern for herſelf than for the king. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of ſorrow for the act itſelf. WARBURTON.

There's nothing ſerious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the meer lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiſs?
Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopp'd; the very ſource of it is ſtopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,[2]
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They ſtar'd, and were diſtracted; no man's life
Was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauſer reaſon.—Here lay Duncan,
His ſilver ſkin lac'd with his golden blood; [3]

[2] I once thought that our author wrote *bath'd*; but *badg'd* is certainly right. MALONE.

[3] Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of theſe lines by ſubſtituting *goary blood* for *golden blood*; but it may eaſily be admitted that he, who could on ſuch an occaſion talk of *lacing the ſilver ſkin*, would *lace it* with *golden blood*. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.

It is not improbable, that Shakſpeare put theſe forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth as a mark of artifice and diſſimulation, to ſhow the difference between the ſtudied language of hypocriſy, and the natural outcries of ſudden paſſion. This whole ſpeech, ſo conſidered, is a remarkable inſtance of judgment, as it conſiſts entirely of antitheſis and metaphor. JOHNSON.

And his gash'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's waſteful entrance: there, the murderers
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: [4] Who could refrain,

That

To *gild* any thing *with blood* is a very common phraſe in the old plays. The alluſion here is to the decoration of the richeſt habits worn in the age of Shakſpeare, when it was uſual to *lace* cloth of *ſilver* with *gold*, and cloth of *gold* with *ſilver*. The ſecond of theſe faſhions is mentioned in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act III. ſc. iv: "Cloth of *gold*,—*laced* with *ſilver*." STEEVENS.

The alluſion is ſo ridiculous on ſuch an occaſion, that it diſcovers the declaimer not to be affected in the manner he would repreſent himſelf. The whole ſpeech is an unnatural mixture of far-fetch'd and common-place thoughts, that ſhows him to be acting a part. WARBURTON.

[4] The expreſſion may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *hilts* or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton haſt juſtly obſerved that the word *unmannerly* is here uſed adverbially. So *friendly* is uſed for *friendlily* in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. and *faulty* for *faultily* in *As you like it*. MALONE.

Though ſo much has been written on this paſſage, the commentators have forgotten to account for the attendants of Duncan being furniſhed with daggers. The fact is, that in Shakſpeare's time a dagger was a common weapon, and was uſually carried by ſervants and others, ſuſpended at their backs. MALONE.

The ſenſe is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily—in a foul manner,—ſheath'd with blood. A ſcabbard* is called a *ſilcke*, a *leather coat*, in *Romeo*;—but you will aſk, whence the alluſion to *breeches*? Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnſon have well obſerved, that this ſpeech of Macbeth is very artfully made up of unnatural thoughts and language: in 1605 (the year in which the play appears to have been written) a book was publiſhed by Peter Erondell (with commendatory poems by Daniel, and other wits of the time,) called *The French Garden*, or a *Summer Dayes Labour*, containing, among other matters, ſome dialogues of a dramatick caſt, which, I am perſuaded, our author had read in the Engliſh; and from which he took, as he ſuppoſed, for his preſent purpoſe, this quaint expreſſion. I will quote *literatim* from the 6th dialogue: "Boy! you do nothing but play tricks there, go fetch your maſter's ſilver-hatched daggers, you have not bruſhed their *breeches*, bring the bruſhes, and bruſh them before me."—Shakſpeare was deceived by the pointing, and evidently ſuppoſed *breeches* to be a new and affected term for *ſcabbards*. But had he been able to have read the French on the other page, even as a *learner*, he muſt have been ſet right at once. "Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maiſtres, vous n'avez pas eſpouſſeté

leur

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.[5]

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[*Lady* MACBETH *is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure,[6] let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great hand of God I ſtand; and, thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treaſonous malice.[7]

leur *Lhat-de-chauſſes*,"—their *breeches*, in the common ſenſe of the word: as in the next ſentence *bas-de chauſſes*, *ſtockings*, and ſo on through all the articles of dreſs. FARMER.

5 Mr. Wheatley juſtly obſerves that "on Lady Macbeth's ſeeming to faint,—while Banquo and Macduff are ſolicitous about her, Macbeth, by his unconcern, betrays a conſciouſneſs that the fainting is feigned."

I may add, that a bold and hardened villain would from a refined policy have aſſumed the *appearance* of being alarmed about her, leſt this very imputation ſhould ariſe againſt him: the irreſolute Macbeth is not ſufficiently at eaſe to act ſuch a part. MALONE.

6 i. e. *when we have clothed our half-dreſt bodies, which may take cold from being expoſed to the air.* It is poſſible that in ſuch a cloud of words, the meaning might eſcape the reader. STEEVENS.

The porter in his ſhort ſpeech had obſerved, that "this place [i. e. the court, in which Banquo and the reſt now are,] is too *cold* for hell." MALONE.

7 *Pretence* is intention, deſign, a ſenſe in which the word is often uſed by Shakſpeare. Banquo's meaning is,—in our preſent ſtate of doubt and uncer-

Macb. And ſo do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhow an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's ſmiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.[8]

Mal. This murderous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted;[9] and our ſafeſt way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horſe;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which ſteals itſelf, when there's no mercy left. *Exeunt.*

uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myſelf under the direction of God; and relying on his ſupport, I here declare myſelf an eternal enemy to this treaſon, and to all its *further deſigns that have not yet come to light.* STEEVENS.

Hand, as Mr. Upton has obſerved, is here uſed for *power*, or *providence*. So, in Pſalm xxii: "Deliver my ſoul from the ſword, my darling from the *power* [Heb. from the *hand*] of the dog." MALONE.

[8] Meaning, that he ſuſpected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the *neareſt in blood* to the two princes, being the couſin-german of Duncan. STEEVENS.

[9] The deſign to fix the murder upon ſome innocent perſon has not yet taken effect. JOHNSON.

The ſhaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done miſchief in its flight, we have reaſon to apprehend ſtill more before it has ſpent its force and falls to the ground. The end for which the murder was committed, is not yet attained. The death of the king only, could neither inſure the crown to Macbeth, nor accompliſh any other purpoſe, while his ſons were yet living, who had therefore juſt reaſon to apprehend they ſhould be removed by the ſame means. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Without the Caſtle.

Enter ROSSE, *and an old Man.*

Old M. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Roſſe. Ah, good father,
Thou ſee'ſt the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody ſtage: by the clock, 'tis day
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs, does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it? [2]
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tueſday laſt,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place, [3]
Was by a mouſing owl [4] hawk'd at, and kill'd.
Roſſe. And Duncan's horſes, (a thing moſt ſtrange and certain,)
Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of their race, [5]

[2] After the murder of king Duffe, (ſays Holinſhed) "for the ſpace of ſix months together there appeared no ſonne by day, nor moone by night, in any part of the realme, but ſtill was the ſky covered with continual clouds; and ſometimes ſuch outrageous winds aroſe with lightenings and tempeſts, that the people were in great fear of preſent deſtruction."—It is evident that Shakſpeare had this paſſage in his thoughts. MALONE.

[3] Finely expreſſed, for *confidence in its quality*. WARBURTON.
In a place of which ſhe ſeemed proud;—in an elevated ſituation. MALONE.

[4] i. e. by an owl that was hunting for mice, as her proper prey. WHALLEY.
This is alſo found among the prodigies conſequent on King Duffe's murder: "There was a *ſparhawk* ſtrangled by an owl." STEEVENS.

[5] Theobald reads:
——*minions of* the *race*,
very probably, and very poetically. JOHNSON. Moſt

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.

Roſſe. They did ſo; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, ſir, now?

Macd. Why, ſee you not?

Roſſe. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Thoſe that Macbeth hath ſlain.

Roſſe. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend? [6]

Macd. They were ſuborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two ſons,
Are ſtol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.

Roſſe. 'Gainſt nature ſtill:
Thriftleſs ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis moſt like,
The ſovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. [7]

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be inveſted.

Roſſe. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill; [8]

The

Moſt of the prodigies juſt before mentioned are related by Holinſhed, as accompanying king Duffe's death; and it is in particular aſſerted, *that horſes of ſingular beauty and fwiftneſs did eat their own fleſh.* STEEVENS.

[6] To *pretend* is here to *propoſe to themſelves*, to *ſet before themſelves as a* motive of action. JOHNSON.

To *pretend*, in this inſtance, as in many others, is ſimply to *intend*, to *deſign*. STEEVENS.

[7] Macbeth by his birth ſtood next in the ſucceſſion to the crown, immediately after the ſons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predeceſſor, had two daughters, the eldeſt of whom was the mother of Duncan, the youngeſt, the mother of Macbeth. *Holinſhed.* STEEVENS.

[8] *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*; one of the weſtern iſles, which Dr. Johnſon viſited, and deſcribes in his Tour. Holinſhed ſcarcely mentions the

The ſacred ſtorehouſe of his predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.
Roſſe. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, couſin, I'll to Fife.
Roſſe. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you ſee things well done there;—— adieu!——
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new!
Roſſe. Father, farewell.
Old M. God's beniſon go with you; and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd;[9] and, I fear,
Thou play'dſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid,
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity;
But that myſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their ſpeeches ſhine,)[2]
Why, by the verities on thee made good,

the death of any of the ancient kings of Scotland, without taking notice of their being buried with their predeceſſors in *Colme-kill*. STEEVENS.

It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill* in the Earſe language ſignifies a *burying-place*. MALONE.

[9] Here we have another paſſage, that might lead us to ſuppoſe that the thaneſhip of Glamis deſcended to Macbeth ſubſequent to his meeting the weird ſiſters, though that event had certainly taken place before. MALONE.

[2] *Shine*, for proſper. WARBURTON.
Shine, for appear with all the *luſtre* of *conſpicuous* truth. JOHNSON.
I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. STEEVENS.

May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? But, huſh; no more.

Senet ſounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King*; *Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen*; LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, ſir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.
Ban. Let your highneſs
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd your good advice
(Which ſtill hath been both grave and proſperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.[3]
Is't far you ride?

Ban.

3 ——*we'll* take *to-morrow.*] Thus the old copy, and, in my opinion, rightly. Mr. Malone would read—
We'll *talk* to-morrow. STEEVENS.

I propoſed this emendation ſome time ago, and having ſince met with two other paſſages in which the ſame miſtake has happened, I truſt I ſhall be pardoned for giving it a place in my text. In *King Henry V.* edit. 1623, we find,

"For I can *take*, [talke.] for Piſtol's cock is up."

Had Shakſpeare written *take*, he would ſurely have ſaid—"but we'll take't to-morrow." So, in the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act Fleance ſays to his father: "I take't, 'tis later, ſir." MALONE.

I do not perceive the neceſſity of change. The poet's meaning could not be miſunderſtood. His end was anſwered, if his language was intelligible to his audience. He little ſuppoſed a time would arrive, when his words were to abide the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny of verbal criticiſm. With the eaſe of converſation, therefore, he copied its incorrectneſs. To *take*, is to *uſe*, to *employ*. To *take* time is a common phraſe; and where is the impropriety of ſaying—"we'll *take* to-morrow?" i. e. we will *make uſe of* to-morrow. Banquo, "without a prompter," muſt have underſtood, by this

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper: go not my horſe the better,[4]
I muſt become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feaſt.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody couſins are beſtow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we ſhall have cauſe of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horſe: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot;
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.[5]
Farewell.—— [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let

this familiar expreſſion, that Macbeth would employ to-morrow, as he wiſhed to have employed to-day.

When Piſtol ſays—"I can *take*"—he means, he can kindle, or lay hold, as fire does on its object.

That the words *talk* and *take* may occaſionally have been printed for each other, is a fact which no man converſant with the preſs will deny; and yet the bare poſſibility of a ſimilar miſtake in the preſent inſtance, ought to have little weight in oppoſition to an old reading ſufficiently intelligible.

The word *take* is employed in quite a different ſenſe by Fleance, and means——*to underſtand in any particular ſenſe or manner*. So Bacon: "I *take it*, that iron braſs, called white braſs, hath ſome mixture of tin."

STEEVENS.

[4] i. e. if he does not go well. Shakſpeare often uſes the *comparative* for the *poſitive* and *ſuperlative*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I believe, the true one. It is ſupported by the following paſſage in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1603: "——and hee that hit it not full, if he *ria not the faſter*, had a ſound blow in his neck, with a bag full of ſand hanged on the other end."

MALONE.

[5] In old language one of the ſenſes of to *commend* was to *commit*, and ſuch is the meaning here. MALONE.

Commend, however, in the preſent inſtance, may only be a civil term, ſignifying—*ſend*. Thus in *King Henry VIII*: "The king's majeſty *commends* his good opinion to you." What Macbeth therefore, after expreſſing his friendly wiſh relative to their horſes, appears to mean, is—ſo I *ſend* (or diſmiſs) you to mount them. STEEVENS.

Let every man be maſter of his time
Till ſeven at night; to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome, we will keep ourſelf
Till ſupper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady* MACBETH, *Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word: Attend thoſe men our pleaſure?
Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit* Atten.] To be thus, is nothing;
But to be ſafely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd; 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntleſs temper of his mind,
He hath a wiſdom that doth guide his valour
To act in ſafety. There is none, but he,
Whoſe being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is ſaid,
Mark Antony's was by Cæſar.[6] He chid the ſiſters,
When

[6] Though I would not often aſſume the critick's privilege of being confident where certainty cannot be obtained, nor indulge myſelf too far in departing from the eſtabliſhed reading; yet I cannot but propoſe the rejection of this paſſage, which I believe was an inſertion of ſome player, that, having ſo much learning as to diſcover to what Shakſpeare alluded, was not willing that his audience ſhould be leſs knowing than himſelf, and has therefore weakened the author's ſenſe, by the intruſion of a remote and uſeleſs image into a ſpeech burſting from a man wholly poſſeſs'd with his own preſent condition, and therefore not at leiſure to explain his own alluſions to himſelf. If theſe words are taken away, by which not only the thought but the numbers are injured, the lines of Shakſpeare cloſe together without any traces of a breach.

My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the ſiſters—

This note was written before I was fully acquainted with Shakſpeare's manner, and I do not now think it of much weight: for though the words which I was once willing to eject, ſeem interpolated, I believe they may ſtill be genuine, and added by the author in his reviſion. Mr. Heath cannot admit the meaſure to be faulty. There is only one foot, he ſays, put for another. This is one of the effects of literature in minds not naturally perſpicacious. Every boy or girl finds the metre imperfect, but the pedant comes to its defence with a tribrachys or an anapæſt, and ſets it right at once by applying to one language the rules of another. If we may be allowed to change feet, like the old comic writers, it will not be eaſy to write a line not metrical. To hint this once is ſufficient.

JOHNSON.

When firſt they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them ſpeak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
And put a barren ſcepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. If it be ſo,
For Banquo's iſſue have I fil'd my mind; [6]
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the veſſel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,[7]
To make them kings, the ſeed of Banquo kings!
Rather than ſo, come, fate, into the liſt,
And champion me to the utterance![8]—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now to the door, and ſtay there till we call.

[*Exit* Attendant.

Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?

1. *Mur.*

[6] We ſhould read,———'filed *my mind*;
i. e. defiled. WARBURTON.

This mark of contraction is not neceſſary. To *file* is in the Biſhops' *Bible*. JOHNSON.

[7] It is always an entertainment to an inquiſitive reader, to trace a ſentiment to its original ſource; and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil, is in itſelf natural and obvious, yet ſome may be pleaſed with being informed, that Shakſpeare probably borrowed it from the firſt lines of *The Deſtruction of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read. This expreſſion, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* ſignifies enemy. JOHNSON.

[8] This paſſage will be beſt explained by tranſlating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la deſtinée ſe rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un defi a l'outrance.* A challenge, or a combat *a l'outrance, to extremity*, was a fixed term in the law of arms, uſed when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum, an intention to deſtroy each other*, in oppoſition to trials of ſkill at feſtivals, or on other occaſions, where the conteſt was only for reputation or a prize. The ſenſe therefore is: *Let fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the ſons of Banquo, enter the liſts againſt me, with the utmoſt animoſity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.*

JOHNSON.

1. *Mur.* It was, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you conſider'd of my ſpeeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent ſelf: this I made good to you
In our laſt conference; paſs'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; how groſs'd; the inſtruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things elſe, that might,
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1. *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you ſo goſpell'd,[9]
To pray for this good man, and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. *Mur.* We are men, my liege.[2]

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Shoughs,

[9] Are you of that degree of preciſe virtue? *Goſpeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papiſts to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precurſors of *proteſtantiſm*. JOHNSON.

I believe that *goſpelled* means no more than kept in obedience to that precept of the goſpel, which teaches us "*to pray for thoſe that deſpitefully uſe us.*" STEEVENS.

[2] That is, we have the ſame feelings as the reſt of mankind, and, *as men*, are not without a *manly reſentment* for the wrongs which we have ſuffered, and which you have now recited.

I ſhould not have thought ſo plain a paſſage wanted an explanation, if it had not been miſtaken by Dr. Grey, who ſays, "they don't anſwer in the name of *Chriſtians*, but as *men*, whoſe humanity would hinder them from doing a barbarous act." This falſe interpretation he has endeavoured to ſupport by the well-known line of Terence:

"Homo ſum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

That amiable ſentiment does not appear very ſuitable to a cut-throat.—They urge their manhood, in my opinion, in order to ſhow Macbeth their willingneſs, not their averſion, to execute his orders. MALONE.

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file [4]
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
And not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it;
And I will put that buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2. *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.

1. *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune, [5]

That

[3] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *ſhocks*, demi-wolves, *lyciſcæ*; dogs bred between wolves and dogs. JOHNSON.

[4] In this ſpeech the word *file* occurs twice, and ſeems in both places to have a meaning different from its preſent uſe. The expreſſion, *valued file*, evidently means, a liſt or catalogue of value. A ſtation in the *file*, and not in the worſt rank, may mean, a place in the liſt of manhood, and not in the loweſt place. But *file* ſeems rather to mean, in this place, a poſt of honour; the firſt rank, in oppoſition to the laſt; a meaning which I have not obſerved in any other place. JOHNSON.

The valued file is the file or liſt where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is ſet down, in contradiſtinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike*. *File*, in the ſecond inſtance, is uſed in the ſame ſenſe as in this, and with a reference to it.——*Now if you belong to any claſs that deſerves a place in the valued* file *of man, and are not of the loweſt rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth diſtinguiſhing from each other.* STEEVENS.

[5] We ſee the ſpeaker means to ſay, that he is weary with ſtruggling with adverſe fortune. But this reading expreſſes but half the idea; *viz.* of a man tugg'd and haled by fortune without making reſiſtance. To give the compleat thought, we ſhould read:

So weary with diſaſtrous tuggs *with fortune.*

This

That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2. *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,[6]
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends[7] that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love;
Maſking the buſineſs from the common eye,
For ſundry weighty reaſons.

2. *Mur.* We ſhall my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1. *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. Within this hour, at moſt,[8]

I will

This is well expreſſed, and gives the reaſon of his being weary, becauſe fortune always hitherto got the better. And that Shakſpeare knew how to expreſs this thought, we have an inſtance in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Let *myſelf and fortune*
"*Tug* for the time to come."

Beſides, *to be tugg'd with fortune*, is ſcarce Engliſh. WARBURTON.

Tugg'd with fortune may be, *tugg'd* or *worried* by fortune. JOHNSON.

I have left the foregoing note as an evidence of Dr. Warburton's propenſity to needleſs alterations.

Mr. Malone very juſtly obſerves that the old reading is confirmed by the following paſſage in an Epiſtle to Lord Southampton, by S. Daniel, 1603:

"He who hath never warr'd with miſery,
"Nor ever *tugg'd with fortune* and diſtreſs." STEEVENS.

[6] *Diſtance*, for enmity. WARBURTON.

By *bloody diſtance* is here meant, ſuch a diſtance as mortal enemies would ſtand at from each other, when their quarrel muſt be determined by the ſword. This ſenſe ſeems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is repreſented as *thruſting at the neareſt part where life reſides*. STEEVENS.

[7] *For*, in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies *becauſe of*. STEEVENS.

[8] Theſe words have no other effect than to ſpoil the metre, and may therefore be excluded as an evident interpolation. STEEVENS.

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,[9]
The moment on't;[2] for't must be done to-night,

And

[9] What is meant by *the spy of the time*, it will be found difficult to explain; and therefore sense will be cheaply gained by a slight alteration.—Macbeth is assuring the assassins that they shall not want directions to find Banquo, and therefore says:

I will——
Acquaint you with a perfect spy *o'the time*,

Accordingly a third murderer joins them afterwards at the place of action.

Perfect is *well instructed*, or *well informed*, as in this play:

"Though in your state of honour I am *perfect*."

though I am *well acquainted* with your quality and rank. JOHNSON.

[2] i. e. the critical juncture. WARBURTON.

How the *critical juncture* is the *spy o'the time*, I know not, but I think my own conjecture right. JOHNSON.

I rather believe we should read thus:

Acquaint you with the perfect spot, the *time*,
The moment on't;—— TYRWHITT.

I believe that the word *with*, has here the force of *by*; in which sense Shakspeare frequently uses it; and that the meaning of the passage is thus: "I will let you know by the person best informed, of the exact moment in which the business is to be done." And accordingly we find in the next scene, that these two murderers are joined by a third, as Johnson has observed.—In his letter to his wife, Macbeth says, "I have heard by the *perfectest* report, that they have more than mortal knowledge"—And in this very scene, we find the word *with* used to express *by*, where the murderer says he is "tugg'd *with* fortune." M. MASON.

The meaning, I think is, I will acquaint you with the time when you may *look out* for Banquo's coming, with the most *perfect* assurance of not being disappointed; and not only with the *time* in general most proper for lying in wait for him, but with the very *moment* when you may expect him. MALONE.

I explain the passage thus, and think it needs no reformation, but that of a single point.

——Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.

Here I place a full stop; as no further instructions could be given by Macbeth, the hour of Banquo's return being quite uncertain. Macbeth therefore adds——"Acquaint *you*" &c. i. e. in ancient language, "acquaint *yourselves*" with the exact time most favourable to your purposes; for such a moment must be *spied* out by you, be selected by your own attention and scrupulous observation.—*You* is ungrammatically employed, instead of *yourselves*.

Macbeth, in the intervening time, might have learned from some of

Banquo's

And ſomething from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearneſs: [3] And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his ſon, that keeps him company,
Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me
Than is his father's, muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Reſolve yourſelves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are reſolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heaven, muſt find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leiſure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's ſpent,[4]
Where

Banquo's attendants, which way he had ridden out, and therefore could tell the murderers *where* to plant themſelves ſo as to cut him off on his return; but who could aſcertain the preciſe hour of his arrival, except the ruffians who watched for that purpoſe? STEEVENS.

[3] i. e. you muſt manage matters ſo, that throughout the whole tranſaction I may ſtand clear of ſuſpicion. So, Holinſhed: "——appointing them to meet Banquo and his ſonne *without the palace*, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to ſlea them, ſo that he would not have his houſe ſlandered, but that in time to come he might *cleare* himſelf." STEEVENS.

[4] Surely, the unneceſſary words—*Nought's had*—are a taſteleſs interpolation; for they violate the meaſure without expanſion of the ſentiment.

For a few words. Madam, I will. All's ſpent.

is a complete verſe.

There

Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than, by deſtruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of ſorrieſt fancies [5] your companions making?
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it;
She'll cloſe, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let
The frame of things diſjoint, both the worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtacy. [6] Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt: nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, ſleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your gueſts to-night.

Macb.

There is ſufficient reaſon to ſuppoſe the metre of Shakſpeare was originally uniform and regular. His frequent exactneſs in making one ſpeaker complete the verſe which another has left imperfect, is too evident to need exemplification. Sir T. Hanmer was aware of this, and occaſionally ſtruggled with ſuch metrical difficulties as occurred; though for want of familiarity with ancient language, he often failed in the choice of words to be rejected or ſupplied. STEEVENS.

[5] i. e. worthleſs, ignoble, vile.

Sorry, however, might ſignify *ſorrowful*, *melancholy*, *diſmal*.

So, in the play before us (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) Macbeth ſays,—"This is a *ſorry* ſight." STEEVENS.

[6] *Eſtacy*, for madneſs. WARBURTON.

Ecſtacy, in its general ſenſe, ſignifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means the emotions of pain, agony. STEEVENS.

Macb. So ſhall I, love; and ſo, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Preſent him eminence,[7] both with eye and tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we
Muſt lave our honours in theſe flattering ſtreams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.[8]

Lady M. You muſt leave this.

Macb. O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.[9]

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloiſter'd flight; [2] ere, to black Hecate's ſummons,
The ſhard-borne beetle,[3] with his drowſy hums,
Hath

[7] i. e. do him the greateſt honours. WARBURTON.

[8] The ſenſe of this paſſage (though clouded by metaphor, and perhaps by omiſſion) appears to be as follows:—*It is a ſure ſign that our royalty is unſafe, when it muſt deſcend to flattery, and ſtoop to diſſimulation.* STEEVENS.

[9] The *copy*, the *leaſe*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited. JOHNSON.

Eterne for *eternal* is often uſed by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

I once thought that by "Nature's copy" &c. our author meant (to uſe a Scriptural phraſe) man, *as formed after the Deity*, though not, like him, immortal. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"——how ſhall man,
"*The image of his maker*, hope to thrive by't?"

but, (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves,) in ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's explanation, we find that Macbeth in his next ſpeech but one, alluding to the intended murder of Banquo and Fleance, ſays,

Cancel and tear to pieces *that great bond*
That keeps me pale.

Mr. M. Maſon, however, adds, that "by nature's copy," Shakſpeare might only mean—*the human form divine*. STEEVENS.

The alluſion is to an *eſtate for lives* held by *copy of court-roll*. It is clear, from numberleſs alluſions of the ſame kind, that Shakſpeare had been an attorney's clerk. RITSON.

[2] The bats wheeling round the dim *cloiſters* of Queen's College, Cambridge, have frequently impreſſed on me the ſingular propriety of this original epithet. STEEVENS.

Bats are often ſeen flying-round *cloiſters*, in the duſk of the evening, for a conſiderable length of time. MALONE.

[3] i. e. the beetle hatched in clefts of wood. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb.

" They are his *ſhards*, and he their *beetle*. WARBURTON.

The *ſhard-borne* beetle is the beetle borne along the air by its *ſhards* or *ſcaly wings*. From a paſſage in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, it appears that *ſhards* ſignified *ſcales*: and hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called *ſhards*, they being of a *ſcaly* ſubſtance. To have an outward pair of wings of a *ſcaly* hardneſs, ſerving as inreguments to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteriſtick of the beetle kind.

In *Cymbeline*, Shakſpeare applies this epithet again to the beetle:

" ——we find
" The *ſharded* beetle in a ſafer hold
" Than is the full-wing'd eagle."

Here there is a manifeſt oppoſition intended between the wings and flight of the *inſect* and the *bird*. The *beetle*, whoſe *ſharded wings* can but juſt *raiſe him above the ground*, is often in a ſtate of greater *ſecurity* than the *vaſt-winged eagle* that can ſoar *to any height*.

As Shakſpeare is here deſcribing the *beetle* in the act of flying, (for he never makes his humming noiſe but when he flies,) it is more natural to ſuppoſe the epithet ſhould allude to the peculiarity of his wings, than to the circumſtance of his origin, or his place of habitation, both of which are common to him with ſeveral other creatures of the inſect kind.

The quotation from *Antony and Cleopatra*, ſeems to make againſt Dr. Warburton's explanation.

The meaning of Ænobarbus in that paſſage is evidently as follows: Lepidus, ſays he, is the *beetle* of the triumvirate, a dull, blind creature, that would but crawl on the earth, if Octavius and Anthony, his more active colleagues in power, did not ſerve him for *ſhards* or wings to raiſe him a little above the ground.

What idea is afforded, if we ſay that Octavius and Antony are two clefts in the old wood in which Lepidus was hatch'd? STEEVENS.

The *ſhard-born beetle* is the beetle born in dung. Ariſtotle and Pliny mention beetles that breed in dung. Poets as well as natural hiſtorians have made the ſame obſervation.

That *ſhard* ſignifies *dung*, is well known in the North of Staffordſhire, where *cowſhard* is the word generally uſed for *cow-dung*. " Turf and peat, and cow *ſhards*, are cheap fuels, and laſt long."

Sharded beetle in *Cymbeline*, means the *beetle lodged in dung*; and there the humble earthly abode of the beetle is oppoſed to the lofty eyry of the eagle in " the cedar, whoſe top branch overpeer'd Jove's ſpreading tree," as the poet obſerves in the third part of *K. Henry VI.* Act V. ſc. ii.
TOLLET.

The *ſhard-born* beetle is perhaps the beetle born among ſhards, i. e. (not cow's dung, for that is only a ſecondary or metonymical ſignification of the word, and not even ſo, generally, but) pieces of broken pots, tiles, and

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,[4]
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,[5]
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow [6]
Makes wing to the rooky wood: [7]
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.[8]

Thou

and such-like things, which are frequently thrown together in corners as rubbish, and under which these beetles may usually breed, or (what is the same) may have been supposed so to do. Would Mr. Tollet say that *cows dung* was to be thrown into the grave? It is true, however, that *sharded beetle* seems scarcely reconcileable to the above explanation. Mr. Steevens *may* be *right*; but Dr. Warburton and Mr. Tollet are certainly wrong. RITSON.

The shard-born beetle is the cock-chafer. Sir W. Davenant appears not to have understood this epithet, for he has given, instead of it,

——the *sharp-brow'd* beetle.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, the true one in the passage before us. MALONE.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is no doubt the most suitable to the context. The succeeding passage, however, makes in favour of Mr. Tollet's explanation. In a *Briefe Discourse of the Spanish state*, 1590. p. 3. there is "How that nation rising like the *beetle* from the *cowsheern* hurtleth against all things."

The Beetle and the Chafer are distinct insects. HOLT WHITE.

[4] I meet with this term of endearment (which is probably corrupted from *chick* or *chicken*) in many of our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

[5] *Seeling*, i. e. blinding. It is a term in falconry. WARBURTON.

[6] By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakspeare means, *the light grows dull or muddy*. EDWARDS's MSS.

[7] *Rooky* may mean *damp, misty, steaming with exhalation*. It is only a North country variation of dialect from *rooky*.

Rooky wood, indeed, may signify a *rookery, the wood that abounds with rooks*; yet, merely to say of the *crow* that he is flying to a wood inhabited by *rooks*, is to add little immediately pertinent to the succeeding observation, viz. that

"—things of day begin to droop and drowze."

I cannot therefore help supposing our author wrote

"—makes wing to *rook i'the* wood."

i. e. to *roost* in it.

Such an unfamiliar verb as *rook*, might (especially in a playhouse copy) become easily corrupted. STEEVENS.

[8] This appears to be said with a reference to those dæmons who were supposing

Thou marvell'ſt at my words: but hold thee ſtill;
Things, bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Park or lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1. *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us? [9]
3. *Mur.* Macbeth.
2. *Mur.* He needs not our miſtruſt; ſince he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.
1. *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day:
Now ſpurs the lated [2] traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.
3. *Mur.* Hark! I hear horſes.

ſuppoſed to remain in their ſeveral places of confinement all day, but at the cloſe of it were releaſed; ſuch indeed as are mentioned in *The Tempeſt*, as rejoicing "To hear the ſolemn curfew," becauſe it announced the hour of their freedom.

The old copy reads—*prey's*. STEEVENS.

[9] The meaning of this abrupt dialogue is this. The *perfect ſpy*, mentioned by Macbeth in the foregoing ſcene, has, before they enter upon the ſtage, given them the directions which were promiſed at the time of their agreement; yet one of the murderers ſuborned, ſuſpects him of intending to betray them; the other obſerves, that, by his exact knowledge of *what they were to do*, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not be miſtruſted. JOHNSON.

The third aſſaſſin ſeems to have been ſent to join the others, from Macbeth's ſuperabundant caution. From the following dialogue it appears that ſome converſation has paſſed between them before their preſent entry on the ſtage. MALONE.

The third murderer enters only to tell them *where* they ſhould place themſelves. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*lated*—] i. e. belated, benighted. STEEVENS.

Ban. [*within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2. *Mur.* Then it is he; the reſt
That are within the note of expectation,[3]
Already are i'the court.[4]

1. *Mur.* His horſes go about.

3. *Mur.* Almoſt a mile: but he does uſually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *a* Servant *with a torch preceding them.*

2. *Mur.* A light, a light!

3. *Mur.* 'Tis he.[5]

1. *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1. *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*aſſaults* BANQUO.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'ſt revenge.—— O ſlave!

[*Dies.* Fleance *and Servant eſcape.*

3. *Mur.* Who did ſtrike out the light?

1 *Mur.*

[3] i. e. they who are ſet down in the liſt of gueſts, and expected to ſupper. STEEVENS.

[4] Perhaps this paſſage, before it fell into the hands of the players, ſtood thus:

"Then it is he;
"The reſt within the note of expectation,
"Are i'the court."

The haſty recurrence of *are* in the laſt line, and the redundancy of the metre, ſeem to ſupport my conjecture. Numberleſs are the inſtances in which the player editors would not permit the neceſſary ſomething to be ſupplied by the reader. They appear to have been utterly unacquainted with an ellipſis. STEEVENS.

[5] Fleance, after the aſſaſſination of his father, fled into Wales, where by the daughter of the Prince of that country he had a ſon named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence aſſumed the name of *Walter Steward*. From him in a direct line King James I. was deſcended; in compliment to whom our author has choſen to deſcribe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime. MALONE.

1. *Mur.* Was't not the way ?[6]
3. *Mur.* There's but one down; the ſon is fled.
2. *Mur.* We have loſt beſt half of our affair.
1. *Mur.* Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of ſtate in the Palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, *Lady* MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, ſit down: at firſt,
And laſt, the hearty welcome.[7]
Lords. Thanks to your majeſty.
Macb. Ourſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt.
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate;[8] but, in beſt time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, ſir, to all our friends;
For my heart ſpeaks, they are welcome.

Enter firſt Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:——
Both ſides are even: Here I'll ſit i'the midſt;

[6] i. e. the beſt means we could take to evade diſcovery. STEEVENS. Rather, to effect our purpoſe. RITSON.

[7] I believe the true reading is:

You know your own degrees, ſit down,—To firſt
And laſt the hearty welcome.

All of whatever degree, from the higheſt to the loweſt, may be aſſured that their viſit is well received. JOHNSON.

[8] i. e. continues in her chair of ſtate at the head of the table. This idea might have been borrowed from Holinſhed, p. 805: "The king (Henry VIII.) cauſed the queene to *keepe the eſtate*, and then ſat the ambaſſadours and ladies as they were marſhalled by the king, who would not ſit, but walked from place to place, making cheer," &c.

To *keep ſtate* is a phraſe perpetually occurring in our ancient dramas, &c. STEEVENS.

A *ſtate* appears to have been a royal chair with a canopy over it. MALONE.

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.[9]
Is he despatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes[2] on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:——
There the grown serpent lies; the worm,[3] that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit* Murderer.
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,[4]
That

[9] The sense requires that this passage should be read thus:
'*Tis better thee without, than* him *within.*
That is, *I am better pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face than in his body.*
The author might mean, *It is better that Banquo's blood were on thy face, than* he *in this room.* Expressions thus imperfect are common in his works. JOHNSON.
I have no doubt that this last was the author's meaning. MALONE.

[2] *Trancher*, to cut. Fr. STEEVENS.

[3] This term in our author's time was applied to all of the serpent kind. MALONE.

[4] Mr. Pope reads:——*the feast is* cold,—and not without plausibility. STEEVENS.

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digeſtion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it pleaſe your highneſs ſit?

[*The ghoſt of* BANQUO *riſes,*[5] *and ſits in* MACBETH'S *place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our Banquo preſent;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for miſchance![6]

Roſſe. His abſence, ſir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleaſe it your highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reſerv'd, ſir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highneſs?

The meaning is,—That which is not *given cheerfully*, cannot be called a *gift*, it is ſomething that muſt be paid for. JOHNSON.

It is ſtill common to ſay, that we *pay dear* for an entertainment, if the circumſtances attending the participation of it prove irkſome to us.

HENLEY.

[5] This circumſtance of *Banquo's ghoſt* ſeems to be alluded to in *The Puritan*, firſt printed in 1607, and ridiculouſly aſcribed to Shakſpeare: "We'll ha' the *ghoſt* i' th' white ſheet ſit at *upper end o' th' table.*"

FARMER.

[6] This is one of Shakſpeare's touches of nature. Macbeth by theſe words diſcovers a conſciouſneſs of guilt; and this circumſtance could not fail to be recollected by a nice obſerver on the aſſaſſination of Banquo being publickly known. Not being yet rendered ſufficiently callous by "hard uſe," Macbeth betrays himſelf (as Mr. Wheatly has obſerved,) "by an over-acted regard for Banquo, of whoſe abſence from the feaſt he affects to complain, that he may not be ſuſpected of knowing the cauſe, though at the ſame time he very unguardedly drops an alluſion to that cauſe."

MALONE.

Theſe words do not ſeem to convey any conſciouſneſs of guilt on the part of Macbeth, or alluſion to Banquo's murder, as Mr. Wheatley ſuppoſes. Macbeth only means to ſay—"I have more cauſe to accuſe him of unkindneſs for his abſence, than to pity him for any accident or miſchance that may have occaſioned it." DOUCE.

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canſt not ſay I did it: never ſhake
Thy gory locks at me.

Roſſe. Gentlemen, riſe; his highneſs is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep ſeat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought[7]
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion;[8]
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady. M. O proper ſtuff![9]
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you ſaid,
Led you to Duncan. O, theſe flaws, and ſtarts,
(Impoſtors to true fear,) would well become[2]
A woman's ſtory, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf!
Why do make ſuch faces? When all's done,
You look but on a ſtool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, ſee there! behold! look! lo! how ſay you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.—
If charnel-houſes, and our graves, muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady M.

[7] i. e. as ſpeedily as thought can be exerted. STEEVENS.

[8] Prolong his ſuffering; make his fit longer. JOHNSON.

[9] This ſpeech is rather too long for the circumſtances in which it is ſpoken. It had begun better at, *Shame itſelf!* JOHNSON.

Surely it required more than a few words, to argue Macbeth out of the horror that poſſeſſed him. M. MASON.

[2] i. e. theſe flaws and ſtarts, as they are indications of your needleſs fears, are the imitators or impoſtors only of thoſe which ariſe from a fear well grounded. WARBURTON.

Flaws are ſudden guſts. JOHNSON.

Impoſtors *to* true fear, mean impoſtors when *compared with* true fear. Such is the force of the preposition *to* in this place. M. MASON.

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?[3]
Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.
Lady M. Fie, for ſhame!
Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i'the olden time,[4]
Ere human ſtatute purg'd the gentle weal;[5]
Ay, and ſince too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they riſe again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools: This is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muſe at me,[6] my moſt worthy friends;
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing,
To thoſe that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll ſit down:——Give me ſome wine, fill full:——
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghoſt riſes.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miſs;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,[7]
And all to all.[8]

[3] Would not this queſtion be forcible enough without the two laſt words, which overflow the metre, and conſequently may be ſuſpected as interpolations? STEEVENS.

[4] Mr. M. Maſon propoſes to read—"the *gold'n* time," meaning the *Golden age*: but the ancient reading may be juſtified by Holinſhed, who, ſpeaking of the witches, ſays, they "reſembled creatures of the *elder world*." STEEVENS.

[5] The *gentle weal*, is, the *peaceable community*, the ſtate made quiet and ſafe by *human ſtatutes*.

"*Mollia ſecuræ peragebant otia gentes.*" JOHNSON.

In my opinion it means "that ſtate of innocence which did not require the aid of human laws to render it quiet and ſecure." M. MASON.

[6] To *muſe* anciently ſignified to *wonder*, to be in *amaze*. STEEVENS.

[7] We *thirſt*, I ſuppoſe, means we deſire to drink. M. MASON.

[8] i. e. all good wiſhes to all: ſuch as he had named above, *love, health, and joy*. WARBURTON.

Once

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my ſight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes[8]
Which thou doſt glare with!

Lady. M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom: 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,[9]
Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit[2] thee, proteſt me

The

I once thought it ſhould be *bail* to all, but I now think that the preſent reading is right. JOHNSON.

Timon uſes nearly the ſame expreſſion to his gueſts, Act I. "*All to you.*" STEEVENS.

[8] So, in the 115th Pſalm: "——— eyes have they, but ſee not." STEEVENS.

[9] Theobald chooſes to read, in oppoſition to the old copy—*Hyrcanian* tyger; but the alteration was unneceſſary, as Dr. Philemon Holland, in his tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* p. 122, mentions the *Hyrcane* ſea. TOLLET.

Alteration certainly might be ſpared: in *Riche's ſecond part of Simonides* 4to. 1584, ſign. c. 1. we have "Contrariewiſe theſe ſouldiers, like to *Hircan tygers*, revenge themſelves on their own bowelles; ſome parricides, ſome fratricides, all homicides." REED.

Sir William D'Avenant unneceſſarily altered this to *Hircanian* tyger, which was followed by Theobald and others. MALONE.

[2] *Inhabit* is the original reading, which Mr. Pope changed to *inhibit*, which *inhibit* Dr. Warburton interprets *refuſe*. The old reading may ſtand, at leaſt as well as the emendation. JOHNSON.

Inhibit ſeems more likely to have been the poet's own word, as he uſes it frequently in the ſenſe required in this paſſage. To *inhibit* is to *forbid*. STEEVENS.

I have not the leaſt doubt that "*inhibit thee*,"—is the true reading. In *All's Well that End's Well*, we find in the ſecond and all ſubſequent folios——"which is the moſt *inhabited* ſin of the canon."—inſtead of *inhibited*.

By the other ſlight but happy emendation, the reading *thee* inſtead of *then*, which was propoſed by Mr. Steevens, and to which I have paid the reſpect

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſhadow!
[*Ghoſt diſappears.*
Unreal mockery,[3] hence!—Why, ſo;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, ſit ſtill.
Lady M. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder?[4] You make me ſtrange
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe,[5]

reſpect that it deſerved by giving it a place in my text, this paſſage is rendered clear and eaſy.

Mr. Steevens's correction is ſtrongly ſupported by the punctuation of the old copy, where the line ſtands—If trembling I inhabit then, proteſt &c. and not—If trembling I inhabit, then proteſt &c. MALONE.

Inhabit is the original reading; and it needs no alteration. The obvious meaning is——Should you challenge me to encounter you in the deſert, and I through fear remain trembling in my caſtle, then proteſt me, &c. Shakſpeare here uſes the verb *inhabit* in a neutral ſenſe, to expreſs *continuance in a given ſituation*; and Milton has employed it in a ſimilar manner:

Meanwhile *inhabit* lax, ye powers of heaven! HENLEY.

To *inhabit*, a verb neuter, may undoubtedly have a meaning like that ſuggeſted by Mr. Henley. Thus, in *As you like it*,—"O knowledge ill-*inhabited!* worſe than Jove in a thatched houſe!" *Inhabited*, in this inſtance, can have no other meaning than *lodged*.

It is not, therefore, impoſſible, that by *inhabit*, our author capriciouſly meant—*ſtay within doors*.—If, when you have challenged me to the deſert, I ſculk in my houſe, do not heſitate to proteſt my cowardice. STEEVENS.

[3] i. e. *unſubſtantial pageant*, as our author calls the viſion in *The Tempeſt*; or the picture in *Timon of Athens*, "— a *mocking* of the life." STEEVENS.

[4] The meaning is, can ſuch wonders as theſe *paſs over* us without wonder, as a caſual ſummer cloud paſſes over us. JOHNSON.

No inſtance is given of this ſenſe of the word *overcome*, which has cauſed all the difficulty; it is however to be found in Spenſer, *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. vii. ſt. 4:

"——A little valley——
"All covered with thick woods, that quite it *overcame*. FARMER.

[5] Which in plain Engliſh is only: *You make me juſt mad*. WARBURTON.

You

When now I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.[6]

Roſſe. What ſights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe;
Queſtion enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majeſty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all![7]

[*Exeunt Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. It will have blood; they ſay, blood will have blood.[8]

Stones

You produce in me an *alienation of mind*; which is probably the expreſſion which our author intended to paraphraſe. JOHNSON.

I do not think that either of the editors has very ſucceſsfully explained this paſſage, which ſeems to mean,—*You prove to me that I am a ſtranger even to my own diſpoſition, when I perceive that the very object which ſteals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours.* In other words,—*You prove to me how falſe an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours on the trial is found to exceed it.* STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, *You render me a ſtranger to*, or forgetful of, *that* brave *diſpoſition which* I know *I poſſeſs* and make me fancy myſelf a coward, when I perceive that I am terrified by a ſight which has not in the leaſt alarmed you. A paſſage in *As you like it* may prove the beſt comment on that before us:

"If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
"Or have acquaintance with my own deſires—."

So Macbeth ſays, he has no longer *acquaintance* with his own *brave* diſpoſition of mind: His wife's *ſuperior* fortitude makes him as ignorant of his own courage as a *ſtranger* might be ſuppoſed to be. MALONE.

I believe it only means *you make me amazed.* The word *ſtrange* was then uſed in that ſenſe. So, in *The Hiſtory of Jack of Newberry*—"I jeſt not, ſaid ſhe; for I mean it ſhall be; and ſtand not *ſtrangely*, but remember that you promiſed me," &c. REED.

[6] i. e. turn'd pale. STEEVENS.

[7] I take it for granted, that the redundant and valueleſs ſyllables—*a kind*, are a playhouſe interpolation. STEEVENS.

[8] So, in *The Mirror of Magiſtrates*, p. 118:

"Take heede, ye princes, by examples paſt,
"*Bloud will have bloud*, eyther at firſt or laſt."

HENDERSON.

I would thus point the paſſage,

It will have blood; they ſay, blood will have blood.

WHALLEY.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;[9]
Augurs, and underſtood relations,[2] have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood.[3] —What is the night?

Lady M. Almoſt at odds with morning, which is which.

Mach. How ſay'ſt thou, that Macduff denies his perſon,
At our great bidding?[4]

[9] Alluding perhaps to the vocal tree which (ſee the third book of the *Æneid*) revealed the murder of Polydorus. STEEVENS.

[2] By the word *relation* is underſtood the *connection* of effects with cauſes; to *underſtand relations* as *an augur*, is to know how thoſe things *relate* to each other, which have no viſible combination or dependence. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare, in his licentious way, by *relations*, might only mean *languages*, i. e. the language of birds. WARBURTON.

Perhaps we ſhould read, *auguries*, i. e. prognoſtications by means of omens and prodigies. Theſe, together with the connection of effects with cauſes, being underſtood, (ſays he) have been inſtrumental in divulging the moſt ſecret murders.

In Cotgrave's Dictionary, a *magpie* is called *magatapie*. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the bird; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we ſay *Robin* to a redbreaſt, *Tom* to a titmouſe, *Philip* to a ſparrow, &c. The modern *mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens rightly reſtores *Magot pies*. In Minſhew's *Guide to the Tongues*, 1617, we meet with a *maggatapie*: and Middleton in his *More Diſſemblers beſide Women*, ſays: "He calls her *magot o' pie*." FARMER.

[3] The inquiſitive reader will find ſuch a ſtory in Thomas Lupton's *Thouſand notable things*, &c. 4to. bl. l. no date, p. 100. STEEVENS.

[4] Macbeth here aſks a queſtion, which the recollection of a moment enables him to anſwer. Of this forgetfulneſs, natural to a mind oppreſs'd, there is a beautiful inſtance in the ſacred ſong of Deborah and Barak: "*She aſked her wiſe women counſel; yea, ſhe returned anſwer to herſelf.*"

Mr. M. Maſon's interpretation of this paſſage has, however, taught me diffidence of my own. He ſuppoſes, and not without ſufficient reaſon, that "what Macbeth means to ſay, is this. *What do you think of this circumſtance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding?—What do you infer from thence?—What is your opinion of the matter?*"

The circumſtance, however, on which this queſtion is founded, took its riſe from the old hiſtory. Macbeth ſent to Macduff to aſſiſt in building the caſtle of Dunſinane. Macduff ſent workmen, &c. but did not chooſe to truſt his perſon in the tyrant's power. From that time he reſolved on his death. STEEVENS.

Lady M. Did you ſend to him, ſir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:
There's not a one of them,[5] but in his houſe
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird ſiſters:
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt: for mine own good,
All cauſes ſhall give way; I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcann'd.[6]

Lady M. You lack the ſeaſon of all natures, ſleep.[7]

Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep: My ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:—
We are yet but young in deed.[8] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. *Enter* HECATE,[9] *meeting the three* Witches.

1. *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare

To

[5] *A one* of them, however uncouth the phraſe, ſignifies an individual. STEEVENS.

[6] To *ſcan* is to examine nicely. STEEVENS.

[7] I take the meaning to be, *you want ſleep*, which *ſeaſons*, or gives the reliſh to, *all nature*. "*Indiget ſomni vitæ condimenti.*" JOHNSON.

An anonymous correſpondent thinks the meaning is, "You ſtand in need of the time or ſeaſon of ſleep, which all natures require." MALONE.

[8] The editions before Theobald read:

We're but young indeed. JOHNSON.

The meaning is not ill explained by a line in *King Henry VI.* P. III: We are not, Macbeth would ſay,

"Made *impudent* with uſe of *evil deeds*."

or, we are not yet (as Romeo expreſſes it) "*old* murderers."

The initiate fear, is the fear that always attends the firſt initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and inſenſible by frequent repetition of it, or (as the poet ſays) by *hard uſe*. STEEVENS.

[9] Shakſpeare has been cenſured for introducing Hecate among the vul-

gar

To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhow the glory of our art?
And, which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward ſon,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron[2]
Meet me i'the morning; thither he
Will come to know his deſtiny.
Your veſſels, and your ſpells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide:

I am

gar witches, and, conſequently, for confounding ancient with modern ſuperſtitions.—He has, however, authority for giving a miſtreſs to the witches, *Delrio Diſquiſ. Mag.* lib. ii. quæſt. 9. quotes a paſſage of *Apuleius, Lib. de Aſino aureo:* "de quadam Caupona, *regina* Sagarum." In conſequence of this information, Ben Jonſon, in his *Maſque of Queens*, has introduced a character which he calls a *Dame*, who preſides at the meeting of the Witches:

"Siſters, ſtay; we want our *dame*."

The *dame* accordingly enters, inveſted with marks of ſuperiority, and the reſt pay an implicit obedience to her commands.

Shakſpeare is therefore blameable only for calling his preſiding character Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety under any other title whatever. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare ſeems to have been unjuſtly cenſured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scot's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, B. III. c. ii. and c. xvi. and B. XII. c. iii. mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were ſuppoſed to have nightly "meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods," and "that in the night-times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddeſs of the Pagans," &c.——Their dame or chief leader ſeems always to have been an old Pagan, as "the ladie Sibylla, Minerva, or *Diana*." TOLLET.

[2] Shakſpeare ſeems to have thought it allowable to beſtow the name of *Acheron* on any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly ſuppoſed to be a communication between this and the infernal world. The true original *Acheron* was a river in Greece; and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of *Amſanctus* in Italy. STEEVENS.

I am for the air; this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal-fatal end.[3]
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;[4]
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, diſtill'd by magick ſlights,[5]
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As, by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion:
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortals' chiefeſt enemy.

SONG. [*within.*] *Come away, come away,*[6] &c.

Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and ſtays for me. [*Exit.*

1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haſte; ſhe'll ſoon be back again.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[3] *Unto a diſmal-fatal end.*] The old copy violates the metre by needleſs addition:

Unto a diſmal *and a* fatal end.

I read—*diſmal-fatal.* Shakſpeare, as Mr. Tyrwhitt obſerves in a note on *King Richard III.* is fond of theſe compound epithets, in which the firſt adjective is to be conſidered as an adverb. So, in that play we meet with *childiſh-fooliſh*, *ſenſeleſs-obſtinate*, and *mortal-ſtaring*. STEEVENS.

[4] That is, a drop that has *profound*, *deep*, or *hidden* qualities. JOHNSON.

This vaporous drop ſeems to have been meant for the ſame as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was ſuppoſed to ſhed on particular herbs, or other objects, when ſtrongly ſolicited by enchantment. STEEVENS.

[5] Arts; ſubtle practices. JOHNSON.

[6] This entire ſong I found in a MS. dramatic piece, entitled, "A Tragi-Coomodie called THE WITCH; *long ſince* acted, &c. written by *Thomas Middleton.*"

The Hecate of *Shakſpeare* has ſaid—

"I am for the air," &c.

The Hecate of *Middleton* (who, like the former, is ſummoned away by aerial ſpirits) has the ſame declaration in almoſt the ſame words—

"I am for aloft" &c.

Song.] "Come away, come away: } *in the aire.*
"*Heccat, Heccat*, come away," &c. }

STEEVENS.

SCENE VI.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, *and another* Lord.[7]

Len. My former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I ſay,
Things have been ſtrangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may ſay, if it pleaſe you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not ſtraight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink, and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I ſay,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's ſons under his key,
(As, an't pleaſe heaven, he ſhall not,) they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father; ſo ſhould Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear,
Macduff lives in diſgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The ſon of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives

[7] As this tragedy, like the reſt of Shakſpeare's, is perhaps overſtocked with perſonages, it is not eaſy to aſſign a reaſon why a nameleſs character ſhould be introduced here, ſince nothing is ſaid that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other diſaffected man. I believe therefore that in the original copy it was written with a very common form of contraction Lenox and An. for which the tranſcriber, inſtead of Lenox and Angus, ſet down Lenox and *another Lord*. The author had indeed been more indebted to the tranſcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance. JOHNSON.

Lives in the Engliſh court; and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious Edward with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect: Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of theſe, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;[8]
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,[9]
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate[2] the king,[3] that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of war.[4]

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to a caution, to hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy angel

Fly

[8] The conſtruction is—Free our feaſts and banquets from bloody knives. Perhaps the words are tranſpoſed, and the line originally ſtood:

Our feaſts and banquets free from bloody knives. MALONE.

Aukward tranſpoſitions in ancient language are ſo frequent, that the paſſage before us might have paſſed unſuſpected, had there not been a poſſibility that the compoſitor's eye caught the word *free* from the line immediately following. We might read, *fright*, or *fray* (a verb commonly uſed by old writers) but any change perhaps is needleſs. STEEVENS.

[9] *Free* may be either honours *freely beſtowed*, not purchaſed by crimes; or honours *without ſlavery*, without dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON.

[2] i. e. exaſperate. So *contaminate* is uſed for contaminated in *K. Henry V.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——— the king of Macbeth. The old copy has, leſs intelligibly, *their*. STEEVENS.

Their refers to [illegible] Macduff. Sir T. Hanmer reads unneceſſarily, I think.

[4] The ſingularity of [illegible] with the apparent redundancy of the metre, almoſt [illegible] Sir T. Hanmer, by the omiſſion of the two laſt words. STEEVENS.

Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come; that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country
Under a hand accurs'd![5]

Lord. My prayers with him![6] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.[7]

A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.[8]
2. *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.[9]
3. *Witch.* Harper cries:[2]—'Tis time, 'tis time.[3]

1. *Witch.*

[5] The conſtruction is,—to our country ſuffering under a hand accurſed. MALONE.

[6] The old copy, frigidly, and in defiance of meaſure, reads
I'll ſend my prayers with him.
I am aware, that for this, and ſimilar rejections, I ſhall be cenſured by thoſe who are diſinclined to venture out of the track of the old ſtage-waggon, though it may occaſionally conduct them into a ſlough. It may ſoon, therefore, be diſcovered, that numerous beauties are reſident in the diſcarded words—*I ſend*; and that as frequently as the vulgariſm—*on*, has been diſplaced to make room for—*of*, a diamond has been exchanged for a pebble.—For my own ſake, however, let me add, that throughout the preſent tragedy no ſuch liberties have been exerciſed, without the previous approbation of Dr. Farmer, who fully concurs with me in ſuppoſing the irregularities of Shakſpeare's text to be oftener occaſioned by interpolations, than by omiſſions. STEEVENS.

[7] *Scene I.*] As this is the chief ſcene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to obſerve, with how much judgment Shakſpeare has ſelected all the circumſtances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."

The uſual form in which familiar ſpirits are reported to converſe with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakſpeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the ſpirit of one of thoſe witches was Grimalkin; and when any michief was to be done

1. *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.——

Toad,

done, ſhe uſed to bid Rutterkin *go and fly*. But once when ſhe would have ſent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the counteſs of Rutland, inſtead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from whence ſhe diſcovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not univerſal, but limited, as Shakſpeare has taken care to inculcate:

" Though his bark cannot be loſt,
" Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt."

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loſs of fleſh, which are threatened by one of Shakſpeare's witches:

" Weary ſev'n nights, nine times nine,
" Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."

It was likewiſe their practice to deſtroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to ſecure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they ſeem to have been moſt ſuſpected of malice againſt ſwine. Shakſpeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that ſhe has been *killing ſwine*; and Dr. Harſnet obſerves, that about that time, " *a ſow could not be ill of the meaſles, nor a girl of the fullens, but ſome old woman was charged with witchcraft.*"

" Toad, that under coldeſt ſtone,
" Days and nights haſt thirty-one,
" Swelter'd venom ſleeping got,
" Boil thou firſt i'the charmed pot."

Toads have likewiſe long lain under the reproach of being by ſome means acceſſary to witchcraft, for which reaſon Shakſpeare, in the firſt ſcene of this play, calls one of the ſpirits Paddock or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad firſt into the pot. When Vaninus was ſeized at Thouloufe, there was found at his lodgings *ingens bufo vitro incluſus, a great toad ſhut in a vial*, upon which thoſe that proſecuted him *Veneficium exprobrabant, charged him*, I ſuppoſe, *with witchcraft*.

" Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
" In the cauldron boil and bake:
" Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
" For a charm," &c.

The propriety of theſe ingredients may be known by conſulting the books *de Viribus Animalium* and *de Mirabilibus Mundi*, aſcribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may diſcover very wonderful ſecrets.

" Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
" Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;"——

It has been already mentioned in the law againſt witches, that they are ſuppoſed to take up dead bodies to uſe in enchantments, which was confeſſed by the woman whom king James examined, and who had of a dead

body

Toad, that under coldeſt ſtone,
Days and nights haſt thirty one
Swelter'd

body, that was divided in one of their aſſemblies, two fingers for her ſhare. It is obſervable, that Shakſpeare, on this great occaſion which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumſtances of horror. The babe, whoſe finger is uſed, muſt be ſtrangled in its birth; the greaſe muſt not only be human, but muſt have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the ſow, whoſe blood is uſed, muſt have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. Theſe are touches of judgement and genius.

" And now about the cauldron ſing,——
" Black ſpirits and white,
" Red ſpirits and grey,
" Mingle, mingle, mingle,
" You that mingle may."

And in a former part:

" ——weird ſiſters, hand in hand,——
" Thus do go about, about;
" Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
" And thrice again, to make up nine!"

Theſe two paſſages I have brought together, becauſe they both ſeem ſubject to the objection of too much levity for the ſolemnity of enchantment, and may both be ſhown, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland to be founded upon a practice really obſerved by the unciviliſed natives of that country: " When any one gets a fall, *ſays the informer of Camden*, he ſtarts up, and, *turning three times to the right*, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a ſpirit in the ground, and if he falls ſick in two or three days, they ſend one of their women that is ſkilled in that way to the place, where ſhe ſays, I call thee from the eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies, red, black, and white*." There was likewiſe a book written before the time of Shakſpeare, deſcribing, amongſt other properties, the *colours* of ſpirits.

Many other circumſtances might be particulariſed, in which Shakſpeare has ſhown his judgement and his knowledge. JOHNSON.

[8] A *cat*, from time immemorial, has been the agent and favourite of witches. This ſuperſtitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps, this: *When Galanthis was changed into a* cat *by the Fates* (*ſays Antonius Liberalis*, Metam. *cap.* 29.), *by witches*, (*ſays Pauſanias in his* Bœotics,) Hecate *took pity of her, and made her her prieſteſs; in which office ſhe continues to this day.* Hecate *herſelf too, when Typhon forced all the gods and goddeſſes to hide themſelves in animals, aſſumed the ſhape of a* cat. So, *Ovid*:

" Fele *ſub Phœbi latuit.*" WARBURTON.

[9] Mr. Theobald reads, *twice* and once, &c. and obſerves that odd numbers are uſed in all enchantments and magical operations. The remark is juſt

Swelter'd venom [4] ſleeping got,
Boil thou firſt i'the charmed pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble;[5]
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
2. *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's

juſt, but the paſſage was miſunderſtood. The ſecond Witch only repeats the number which the firſt had mentioned, in order to confirm what ſhe had ſaid; and then adds, that the *hedge-pig* had likewiſe cried, though but once. Or what ſeems more eaſy, the hedge-pig had whined *thrice*, and after interval had whined once again.

Even numbers, however, were always reckoned inauſpicious. So, in *The Honeſt Lawyer*, by S. S. 1616: "Sure 'tis not a lucky time; the firſt crow I heard this morning, cried *twice*. This *even*, ſir, is no good number." *Twice and once*, however, might be a cant expreſſion. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Silence ſays, "I have been merry *twice and once*, ere now." STEEVENS.

The urchin, or hedgehog, from its ſolitarineſs, the uglineſs of its appearance, and from a popular opinion that it ſucked or poiſoned the udders of cows, was adopted into the demonologic ſyſtem, and its ſhape was ſometimes ſuppoſed to be aſſumed by miſchievous elves. Hence it was one of the plagues of Caliban in *The Tempeſt*. T. WARTON.

[2] This is ſome imp, or familiar ſpirit, concerning whoſe etymology and office, the reader may be wiſer than the editor. Thoſe who are acquainted with Dr. Farmer's pamphlet, will be unwilling to derive the name of *Harper* from Ovid's *Harpalos*, ab ἁρπάζω rapio. *Harper*, however, may be only a miſpelling, or miſprint, for *harpy*.

The word *cries* likewiſe ſeems to countenance this ſuppoſition. *Crying* is one of the technical terms appropriated to the noiſe made by birds of prey, eſpecially when they are hungry. STEEVENS.

[3] This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments; but *cries*, i. e. gives them the ſignal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to our ſiſters:

Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time. STEEVENS.

[4] This word ſeems to be employed by Shakſpeare, to ſignify that the animal was moiſtened with its own cold exſudations. STEEVENS.

[5] As this was a very extraordinary incantation, they were to double their pains about it. I think, therefore, it ſhould be pointed as I have pointed it:

Double, double toil and trouble;

otherwiſe the ſolemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence of the rhyme. STEEVENS.

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's ſting,[6]
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
3. *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,[7]
Of the ravin'd ſalt-ſea ſhark;[8]
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
Liver of blaſpheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;[9]
Noſe of Turk, and Tarter's lips;[2]
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and ſlab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,[3]
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2. *Witch.*

[6] The *blind-worm* is the *ſlow-worm*. STEEVENS.

[7] The *gulf* is the *ſwallow*, the *throat*. STEEVENS.

[8] Mr. M. Maſon obſerves that we ſhould read *ravin* inſtead of *ravin'd*. *Ravin'd* is glutted with prey. *Ravin* is the ancient word for *prey obtained by violence*. STEEVENS.

To *ravin*, according to Minſheu, is to *devour*, or *eat greedily*. See his DICT. 1617, in v. *To devour*. I believe, our author, with his uſual licence, uſed *ravin'd* for *ravenous*, the paſſive participle for the adjective. MALONE.

[9] *Sliver* is a common word in the North, where it means *to cut a piece* or *a ſlice*. STEEVENS.

[2] Theſe ingredients in all probability owed their introduction to the deteſtation in which the Turks were held, on account of the *holy wars*.

So ſolicitous indeed were our neighbours the French (from whom moſt of our prejudices as well as cuſtoms are derived) to keep this idea awake, that even in their military ſport of the quintain, their ſoldiers were accuſtomed to point their lances at the figure of a Saracen. STEEVENS.

[3] *Chaudron*, i. e. *entrails*; a word formerly in common uſe in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, I meet with a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chauldron*. See alſo Pegge's *Forme of Cury, a roll of ancient Engliſh Cookery*, &c. 8vo. 1780, p. 66. STEEVENS.

2. *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, *and the other three* Witches.[4]

Hec. O, well done![5] I commend your pains;
And every one ſhall ſhare i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in. [*Muſick.*

SONG.[6]

Black ſpirits and white,
Red ſpirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2. *Witch.*

4 The inſertion of theſe words (*and* the *other three Witches*) in the original copy, muſt be owing to a miſtake. There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare meant to introduce more than *three* witches upon the ſcene. RITSON.

5 Ben Jonſon's *Dame*, in his *Maſque of Queens*, 1609, addreſſes her aſſociates in the ſame manner:

"*Well done, my hags.*"

The attentive reader will obſerve, that in this piece, old Ben has exerted his ſtrongeſt efforts to rival the incantation of Shakſpeare's Witches, and the final addreſs of Proſpero to the aerial ſpirits under his command.

It may be remarked alſo, that Shakſpeare's Hecate, after delivering a ſpeech of five lines, interferes no further in the buſineſs of the ſcene, but is loſt in the crowd of ſubordinate witches. Nothing, in ſhort, is effected by her aſſiſtance, but what might have been done without it.

STEEVENS.

6 In a former note on this tragedy, I had obſerved, that the original edition contains only the two firſt words of the ſong before us; but have ſince diſcovered the entire ſtanza in the *Witch*, a dramatic piece by Middleton, already quoted. The ſong is there called—"a Charme-ſong, about a veſſel."—I may add, that this invocation, as it *firſt* occurs in the *Witch*, is—"White ſpirits, black ſpirits, gray ſpirits, red ſpirits."—Afterwards, we find it in its preſent metrical ſhape.

The ſong was in all probability a traditional one. The colours of ſpirits are often mentioned. So, in *Monſieur Thomas*, 1639:

"Be thou *black*, or *white*, or *green*,
"Be thou heard, or to be ſeen."

Perhaps

2. *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,[7]
Something wicked this way comes:——
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) anſwer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves[8]
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd,[9] and trees blown down;
Though caſtles topple[2] on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of nature's germins[3] tumble all together,
Even till deſtruction ſicken, anſwer me
To what I aſk you.
1. *Witch.* Speak.
2. *Witch.* Demand.
3. *Witch.* We'll anſwer.
1. *Witch.* Say, if thou'dſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters'?
Macb. Call them, let me ſee them.
1. *Witch.*

Perhaps, indeed, this muſical ſcrap (which does not well accord with the ſerious buſineſs of the ſcene) was introduced by the players, without the ſuggeſtion of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[7] It is a very ancient ſuperſtition, that all ſudden pains of the body, and other ſenſations which could not naturally be accounted for, were preſages of ſomewhat that was ſhortly to happen. STEEVENS.

[8] That is *foaming* or *frothy waves*. JOHNSON.

[9] Corn, proſtrated by the wind, in modern language, is ſaid to be *lay'd*; but *lodg'd* had anciently, the ſame meaning. RITSON.

[2] *Topple*, is uſed for *tumble*. STEEVENS.

[3] This was ſubſtituted by Theobald for *Natures* germaine. JOHNSON.
Germins are ſeeds which have begun to *germinate* or ſprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. *Germe* is a word uſed by Brown in his *Vulgar Errors*: "Whether it be not made out of the *germe* or treadle of the egg," &c. STEEVENS.

1, *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, that's ſweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high, or low;
Thyſelf, and office, deftly ſhow.[4]

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed head riſes.[5]

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——
1. *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.[6]—Diſmiſs me:—Enough.
[*deſcends.*
Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou haſt harp'd my fear aright:[7]—But one word more:—
1. *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the firſt.

4 i. e. with adroitneſs, dexterouſly.

Deft is a North-Country word. So, in Richard Broome's *Northern Laſs*, 1633:

"——He ſaid I were a *deft* laſs." STEEVENS.

5 The armed head repreſents ſymbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his ſoldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunſinane. This obſervation I have adopted from Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

Lord Howard, in his *Defenſative againſt the Poiſon of ſuppoſed Prophecies*, mentions "a notable example of a conjurer, who repreſented (as it were in dumb ſhow) all the perſons who ſhould poſſeſs the crown of France; and cauſed the king of Navarre, or rather a wicked ſpirit in his ſtead, to appear in the fifth place," &c. FARMER.

6 "——He had learned of certain wizzards, in whoſe words he put great confidence, how that he ought to take heede of *Macduff*," &c. Holinſhed. STEEVENS.

7 To *harp*, is to touch on a paſſion as a harper touches a ſtring. STEEVENS.

Thunder.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody child riſes.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute: laugh to ſcorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.[8] [*deſcends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of fate:[9] thou ſhalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And ſleep in ſpite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.

That riſes like the iſſue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of ſovereignty?[2]
All. Liſten, but ſpeak not.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunſinane hill[3]
Shall come againſt him. [*deſcends.*
Macb. That will never be:

[8] So, Holinſhed:——"And ſurely hereupon he had put Macduff to death, but that a certaine witch, whom he had in great truſt, had told him, that he ſhould never be ſlaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquiſhed till the wood of Bernane came to the caſtell of Dunſinane. This prophecie put all feare out of his heart." STEEVENS.

[9] In this ſcene the attorney has more than once degraded the poet; for preſently we have—"*the leaſe* of nature." STEEVENS.

[2] The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that riſes above it. JOHNSON.

[3] The preſent quantity of *Dunſinane* is right. In every ſubſequent inſtance the accent is miſplaced. RITSON.

Propheſies of apparent impoſſibilities were common in Scotland; ſuch as the removal of one place to another. Under this popular prophetick formulary the preſent prediction may be ranked. T. WARTON.

Who can impreſs the foreſt;[4] bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? ſweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, riſe never,[5] till the wood
Of Birnam riſe, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the leaſe of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal cuſtom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell ſo much,) ſhall Banquo's iſſue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be ſatisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you! Let me know:—
Why ſinks that cauldron? and what noiſe is this?[6] [*Hautboys.*

1. *Witch.* Show! 2. *Witch.* Show! 3. *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes and grieve his heart;
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

Eight kings[7] *appear, and paſs over the ſtage in order; the laſt, with a glaſs in his hand:* Banquo *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the ſpirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does ſear mine eye-balls:[8]—And thy hair,
Thou

[4] i. e. who can command the foreſt to ſerve him like a ſoldier impreſs'd. JOHNSON.

[5] The old copy has—*rebellious* dead. MALONE.

We ſhould read—*Rebellious* head,—i. e. let rebellion never make head againſt me till a foreſt move, and I ſhall reign in ſafety. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald rightly obſerves, that *head* means *hoſt*, or power:

"That Douglas and the Engliſh rebels met;—
"A mighty and a fearful *head* they are." *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

JOHNSON.

This phraſe is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[6] *Noiſe*, in our ancient poets, is often literally ſynonymous for *muſic*. Thus Spenſer, *Faerie Queene*, I. xii. 39:

"During which time there was a heavenly *noiſe*."

See likewiſe the 47th Pſalm: "God is gone up with a merry *noiſe*, and the Lord with the ſound of the trump." STEEVENS.

[7] It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, for having a legion of ghoſts in it. One ſhould imagine he either had not learned Engliſh, or had forgot his Latin; for the ſpirits of Banquo's line are no more ghoſts, than the repreſentation of the Julian race in the Æneid; and there is no ghoſt but Banquo's throughout the play." *Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Shakſpeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montague. STEEVENS.

[8] The expreſſion of Macbeth, that the *crown* ſears *his* eye-balls, is taken

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the firſt:—
A third is like the former:[9]—Filthy hags!
Why do you ſhow me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line ſtretch out to the crack of doom?[2]
Another yet?—A ſeventh?—I'll ſee no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,[3]
Which ſhows me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry:[4]

taken from the method formerly practiſed of deſtroying the ſight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning baſon before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *abacinare*, to *blind*. JOHNSON.

9 As Macbeth expected to ſee a train of kings, and was only enquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be ſurpriſed that the *hair* of the ſecond was *bound of gold* like that of the firſt; he was offended only that the ſecond reſembled the firſt, as the firſt reſembled Banquo, and therefore ſaid:

——*and thy* air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the firſt.

This Dr. Warburton has followed. JOHNSON.

I do not at preſent recollect that the term—*air*, ſignifying the *manner of a perſon*, is any where employed by Shakſpeare. Perhaps, indeed, this adoption from the French language is not as ancient as his time; for the word then uſed to expreſs peculiarity of countenance or geſture, was—*trick*. So, in *King John*: "——a *trick* of Cœur-de-lion's face;"

The old reading, therefore, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, may be the true one. "It implies that their hair was of the ſame colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeneſs, than the *air*, which depends on habit," &c. STEEVENS.

2 i. e. the diſſolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean ſignification. It was anciently employed in a more exalted ſenſe. STEEVENS.

3 This method of juggling prophecy is again referred to in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. ſc. vii:

"——and like a prophet,
"Looks in a *glaſs*, and ſhows me *future evils*." STEEVENS.

4 This was intended as a compliment to king James the firſt, who firſt united the two iſlands and the three kingdoms under one head; whoſe houſe too was ſaid to be deſcended from Banquo. WARBURTON.

Of this laſt particular, our poet ſeems to have been thoroughly aware, having repreſented Banquo not only as an innocent, but as a noble character; whereas, according to hiſtory, he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakſpeare, however, is not more groſs than that of Ben Jonſon, who has condeſcended to quote his majeſty's ridiculous book on *Dæmonology*, in the notes to *The Maſque of Queens*, 1609. STEEVENS.

Horrible ſight!—Ay, now, I ſee, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo [5] ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this ſo?

1. *Witch.* Ay, ſir, all this is ſo:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, ſiſters, cheer we up his ſprights,[6]
And ſhow the beſt of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a ſound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Muſick. The* Witches *dance, and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurſed in the calendar![7]—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weïrd ſiſters?
Len. No, my lord.

Macb.

[5] To *bolter*, in Warwickſhire, ſignifies to *daub*, *dirty*, or *begrime*. "I ordered (ſays my informant) a harneſs-collar to be made with a linen lining, but blacked, to give the appearance of leather. The ſadler made the lining as he was directed, but did not black it, ſaying, it would *bolter* the horſe. Being aſked what he meant by *bolter*, he replied *dirty*, *beſmear*; and that it was a common word in his country. This converſation paſſed within eight miles of Stratford on Avon."

In the ſame neighbourhood, when a boy has a broken head, ſo that his hair is matted together with blood, his head is ſaid to be *boltered* [pronounced baltered]. Such a term is therefore ſtrictly applicable to Banquo, who had *twenty trenched gaſhes on his head*.

The propriety of the foregoing note has been abundantly confirmed by Mr. Homer, a truly reſpectable clergyman of Warwickſhire. I ſeize this opportunity to offer my beſt acknowledgement for his remarks, which were obligingly conveyed to me by his ſon, the late Reverend and amiable Henry Homer, who favoured the world with editions of Salluſt and Tacitus, the elegance of which can only be exceeded by their accuracy.

STEEVENS.

[6] i. e. ſpirits. STEEVENS.

[7] In the ancient almanacks the unlucky days were diſtinguiſhed by a mark of reprobation. STEEVENS.

Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all thoſe that truſt them!—I did hear
The galloping of horſe: Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:[8]
The flighty purpoſe never is o'ertook,
Unleſs the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firſtlings[9] of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done;
The caſtle of Macduff I will ſurpriſe;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace his line.[2] No boaſting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpoſe cool:
But no more ſights![3]—Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fife. *A Room in* Macduff's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her ſon, and* ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Roſſe. You muſt have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:

[8] To *anticipate* is here to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity. JOHNSON.

[9] *Firſtlings* in its primitive ſenſe is the firſt produce or offſpring. Here it means the thing firſt thought or done. STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. follow, ſucceed in it. STEEVENS.

[3] This haſty reflection is to be conſidered as a moral to the foregoing ſcene. STEEVENS.

His flight was madneſs: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.[4]

Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wiſdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch:[5] for the poor wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.

Roſſe. My deareſt coz',
I pray you, ſchool yourſelf: But, for your huſband,
He is noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o'the ſeaſon.[6] I dare not ſpeak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourſelves;[7] when we hold rumour
From what we fear,[8] yet know not what we fear;

But

[4] i. e. our flight is conſidered as an evidence of our guilt. STEEVENS.

[5] Natural ſenſibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

[6] The *fits of the ſeaſon* ſhould appear to be, from the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*, the *violent diſorders* of the ſeaſon, its *convulſions*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is,—what is moſt *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture. ANONYMOUS.

[7] i. e. we think ourſelves innocent, the government thinks us traitors; therefore we are ignorant of ourſelves. This is the ironical argument. The Oxford editor alters it to,

And do not know't *ourſelves:* ——

But ſure they did know what they ſaid, that the ſtate eſteemed them traitors. WARBURTON.

Rather, when we are conſidered by the ſtate as traitors, while at the ſame time we are *unconſcious* of guilt: when we appear to others ſo different from what we really are, that we ſeem not to *know ourſelves*. MALONE.

[8] *To hold rumour* ſignifies to be governed by the authority of rumour. WARBURTON.

I rather think to *hold* means, in this place, to *believe*, as we ſay, I hold *ſuch a thing to be true*, i. e. *I take it, I believe it to be ſo*.

The

But float upon a wild and violent ſea,
Each way, and move.[9]—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty couſin,
Bleſſing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.

Roſſe. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* ROSSE.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;[2]
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and ſo do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dſt never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why ſhould I, mother? Poor birds they are not ſet for.
My father is not dead, for all your ſaying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a huſband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit; and yet i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.

The ſenſe of the whole paſſage will then be: *The times are cruel when our fears induce us to believe, or take for granted, what we hear rumoured or reported abroad; and yet at the ſame time, as we live under a tyrannical government where* will is *ſubſtituted for* law, *we know not what we have to fear, becauſe we know not when we offend.* Or: *When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, yet are not conſcious to ourſelves of any crime for which we ſhould be diſturbed with thoſe fears.*
This is the beſt I can make of the paſſage. STEEVENS.

9 Perhaps the poet wrote—*And each way move.* If they *floated each way*, it was needleſs to inform us that they *moved.* The words may have been caſually tranſpoſed, and erroneouſly pointed. STEEVENS.

2 *Sirrah* in our author's time was not a term of reproach, but generally uſed by maſters to ſervants, parents to children, &c. So before, in this play, Macbeth ſays to his ſervant,
"*Sirrah*, a word with you: attend thoſe men our pleaſure?"
MALONE.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one that does ſo, is a traitor and muſt be hang'd.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honeſt men.

Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools: for there are liars and ſwearers enough to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'ſt!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect.[3]
I doubt, ſome danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too ſavage;
To do worſe to you, were fell cruelty,[4]

Which

[3] i. e. I am *perfectly acquainted* with your rank of honour. STEEVENS.

[4] To do *worſe* is to let her and her children be deſtroyed without warning. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards explains theſe words differently. "*To do worſe to you* (ſays he) ſignifies,—to fright you more, by relating all the circumſtances of your danger; which would detain you ſo long that you could not avoid it." The meaning, however, may be, *To do worſe to you*, not to diſcloſe to you the perilous ſituation you are in, from a fooliſh apprehenſion of alarming you, would be fell cruelty. Or the meſſenger may only mean, to

Which is too nigh your perſon. Heaven preſerve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Meſſenger.
L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, ſometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay, I have done no harm:——What are theſe faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your huſband?
L. Macd. I hope in no place ſo unſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.[5]
Mur. What, you egg? [*ſtabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies. Exit* L. Macduff, *crying murder, and purſued by the murderers.*

to do more than *alarm* you by this diſagreeable intelligence,—to do you any actual and bodily harm, were fell cruelty. MALONE.

[5] Perhaps we ſhould read *ſhag-hair'd*, for it is an abuſive epithet very often uſed in our ancient plays, &c. STEEVENS.

This emendation appears to me extremely probable. In *King John*, Act V. we find "un*bear'd* faucineſs for un*hair'd* faucineſs:" and we have had in this play *hair* inſtead of *air*. Theſe two words, and the word *ear*, were all, I believe, in the time of our author, pronounced alike.

Hair was formerly written *heare*. Hence perhaps the miſtake. However, as flap-*ear'd* is uſed as an epithet of contempt in *The Taming of the Shrew*, the old copy may be right. MALONE.

Mr. Steevens's emendation will be further confirmed by a reference to one of our Law Reporters. In 23 Car. I. Ch. Juſtice Rolle ſaid it had been determined that theſe words, "Where is that long-lock'd, *ſhag-hair'd*, murdering rogue," were actionable. *Aleyn's Reports*, p. 61. REED.

SCENE III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.[6]

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and, like good men,
Beſtride our down-fall'n birthdom:[7] Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like ſyllable of dolour.[8]

Mal.

[6] The part of Holinſhed's *Chronicle* which relates to this play, is no more than an abridgement of John Bellenden's tranſlation of *The Noble Clerk, Hector Boece*, imprinted at Edinburgh, 1541. STEEVENS.

[7] He who can diſcover what is meant by him that earneſtly exhorts him to *beſtride* his *downfall birthdom*, is at liberty to adhere to the preſent text; but it is probable that Shakſpeare wrote:

——*like good men,*
Beſtride our down-fall'n birthdom——.

The alluſion is to a man from whom ſomething valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and ſtands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, ſays he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is deareſt to them, not abandon it, but ſtand over it and defend it. This is a ſtrong picture of obſtinate reſolution. So Falſtaff ſays to Hal: "If thou ſee me down in the battle, and *beſtride me*, ſo."

Birthdom for *birthright* is formed by the ſame analogy with *maſterdom* in this play, ſignifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *maſter*.

Perhaps it might be *birth-dame* for *mother*; let us ſtand over our *mother* that lies bleeding on the ground. JOHNSON.

There is no need of change. In the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.* Morton ſays:

"——he doth *beſtride a bleeding land.*" STEEVENS.

[8] This preſents a ridiculous image. But what is inſinuated under it is noble; that the portents and prodigies in the ſkies, of which mention is made before, ſhowed that heaven ſympathiſed with Scotland.
WARBURTON.

The ridicule, I believe is only viſible to the commentator. STEEVENS.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redreſs.
As I ſhall find the time to friend,[9] I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance.
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well:
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but ſomething
You may deſerve of him through me; and wiſdom[2]
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appeaſe an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.[3] But 'crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe:
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell:
Though all things foul[4] would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace muſt ſtill look ſo.

[9] i. e. to *befriend*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*and wiſdom*——] That is, and 'tis wiſdom. HEATH.

The ſenſe of this paſſage is obvious, but the conſtruction difficult, as there is no verb to which wiſdom can refer. Something is omitted either through the negligence of the printer, or probably the inadvertence of the author. If we read——

"——and *think it* wiſdom"——

the ſenſe will be ſupplied; but that would deſtroy the metre; and ſo indeed would the inſertion of any word whatever. M. MASON.

I ſuſpect this line to have ſuffered by interpolation as well as omiſſion, and that it originally ran thus:

——but ſomething
You may deſerve through me; and wiſdom *is it*
To offer &c.

Had the paſſage been firſt printed thus, would any reader have ſuppoſed the words "of him," were wanting to the ſenſe? In this play I have already noted ſeveral inſtances of manifeſt interpolation and omiſſion.

STEEVENS.

[3] A good mind may *recede* from goodneſs in the execution of a *royal commiſſion*. JOHNSON.

[4] This is not very clear. The meaning perhaps is this: *My ſuſpicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by ſuppoſing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not ſay that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue muſt wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy.* JOHNSON.

Macd. I have loſt my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs [5] left you wife, and child,
(Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties:—You may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dares not check thee? wear thou thy wrongs.[6]
Thy title is affeer'd![7]—Fare thee well, lord:
I would

[5] Without previous proviſion, without due preparation, without *maturity* of counſel. JOHNSON.

[6] That is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs.* JOHNSON.

[7] *Affeer'd*, a law term for confirm'd. POPE.

What Mr. Pope ſays of the law term is undoubtedly true; but is there abſolute reaſon why we ſhould have recourſe to it for the explanation of this paſſage? Macduff firſt apoſtrophiſes his country, and afterwards pointing to Malcolm, may ſay, that his title was *afear'd*, i. e. frighted from exerting itſelf. Throughout the ancient editions of Shakſpeare, the word *afraid* is frequently written as it was formerly pronounced, *afear'd*. The old copy reads.—*The* title, &c. i. e. the regal title is afraid to aſſert itſelf.

I have, however, adopted Mr. Malone's emendation, as it varies, but in a ſingle letter, from the reading of the old copy. See his ſubſequent note. STEEVENS.

If we read, *The* title is *affeer'd*, the meaning may be:—Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs, *the title to them is legally ſettled by thoſe who had the final judication of it.*

Affeerers had the power of confirming or moderating fines and amercements. TOLLET.

To *affeer* (for ſo it ſhould be written) is to aſſeſs, or reduce to certainty. All amerciaments, that is, judgements of any court of juſtice, upon a preſentment or other proceeding, that a party ſhall be amerced, or in mercy, —are by Magna Charta to be *affeered* by lawful men, ſworn to be impartial. This is the ordinary practice of a Court Leet, with which Shakſpeare ſeems to have been intimately acquainted, and where he might have occaſionally acted as an *affeerer*. RITSON.

For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. *The* was, I conceive, the tranſcriber's miſtake, from the ſimilar ſounds of *the* and *thy*, which are frequently pronounced alike.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs! Thy title to them is now fully eſtabliſhed by law.* Or perhaps he addreſſes Malcolm.

Continue

I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think, our country ſinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thouſands: But, for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

Macd. What ſhould he be?

Mal. It is myſelf I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
That, when they ſhall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will ſeem as pure as ſnow; and the poor ſtate
Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden,[8] malicious, ſmacking of every ſin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppoſe my will: Better Macbeth,
Than ſuch a one to reign.

Macd.

Continue to endure tamely the wrongs you ſuffer: thy juſt title to the throne is *cow'd*, has not ſpirit to eſtabliſh itſelf. MALONE.

[8] *Sudden*, for capricious. WARBURTON.
Rather, violent, paſſionate, haſty. JOHNSON.

Macd. Boundleſs intemperance[9]
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold, the time you may ſo hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour ſo many
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtaunchleſs avarice, that, were I king,
I ſhould cut off the nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels, and this other's houſe:
And my more-having would be as a ſauce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good, and loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than ſummer-ſeeding luſt:[2] and it hath been

The

[9] Perhaps the epithet—*boundleſs*, which overloads the metre, was a playhouſe inter olation. STEEVENS.

[2] The old copy has—ſummer-*ſeeming*. STEEVENS.

Summer-ſeeming has no manner of ſenſe: correct,

Than ſummer-teeming *luſt*;——

i. e. the paſſion that laſts no longer than the *heat* of life, and which goes off in the *winter* of age. WARBURTON.

When I was younger and bolder, I corrected it thus,

Than fume, or ſeething luſt.

that is, than angry paſſion, or boiling luſt. JOHNSON.

Summer-ſeeming luſt, may ſignify luſt that ſeems as hot as ſummer. STEEVENS.

Read—ſummer *ſeeding*. The alluſion is to plants; and the ſenſe is, "Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *luſt*, which is a mere annual, and laſts but for a ſummer, when it ſheds its ſeed and decays." BLACKSTONE.

I have paid the attention to this conjecture which I think it deſerves, by admitting it into the text. STEEVENS.

Summer-*ſeeming* is, I believe, the true reading. In Donne's poems, we meet with "winter-*ſeeming*." MALONE.

Sir

The ſword of our ſlain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foyſons [3] to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All theſe are portable,[4]
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temperance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſeverance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no reliſh of them; but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Pour the ſweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.[5]

Macd.

Sir W. Blackſtone's elegant emendation is countenanced by the following paſſage in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"How will thy ſhame be *ſeeded* in thine age,
"When thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring?" HENLEY.

[3] ——*foyſons*——] Plenty. POPE.

It means *proviſions* in plenty. So, in *The Ordinary* by Cartwright: "New *foyſons* byn ygraced with new titles." The word was antiquated in the time of Cartwright, and is by him put into the mouth of an antiquary STEEVENS.

[4] *Portable* is, perhaps here uſed for *ſupportable*. *All theſe vices, being balanced by your virtues, may be* endured. MALONE.

Portable anſwers exactly to a phraſe now in uſe. Such failings may be *borne with*, or are *bearable*. STEEVENS.

[5] Malcolm, I think, means to ſay, that if he had ability, he would change the general ſtate of things, and introduce into hell, and earth, perpetual vexation, uproar, and confuſion. *Hell*, in its natural ſtate, being always repreſented as full of *diſcord* and mutual enmity, in which its inhabitants may be ſuppoſed to take the greateſt delight, he propoſes as the ſevereſt ſtroke on them, to pour the *ſweet milk of concord* amongſt them, ſo as to render them peaceable and quiet, a ſtate the moſt adverſe to their natural diſpoſition; while on the other hand he would throw the peaceable inhabitants of earth into uproar and confuſion.

Perhaps, however, this may be thought too ſtrained an interpretation. Malcolm, indeed, may only mean, that he will pour *all* that *milk of human kindneſs*, which is ſo beneficial to mankind, into the abyſs, ſo as to leave the earth without any portion of it; and that by thus depriving mankind of thoſe humane affections which are ſo neceſſary to their mutual happineſs, he will throw the whole world into confuſion. I believe, however, the former interpretation to be the true one. MALONE.

I believe

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miſerable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-ſcepter'd,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome days again?
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne,
By his own interdiction ſtands accurs'd,
And does blaſpheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day ſhe lived.[6] Fare thee well!
Theſe evils, thou repeat'ſt upon thyſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from Scotland.—O, my breaſt,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh Macbeth
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his power; and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte:[7] But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forſworn;

Scarcely

I believe, all that Malcolm deſigns to ſay is,—that, if he had power, he would even annihilate the gentle ſource or principle of peace: pour the ſoft milk by which it is nouriſhed, among the flames of hell, which could not fail to dry it up.

Lady Macbeth has already obſerved that her huſband was "too full of the *milk* of human kindneſs." STEEVENS.

[6] The expreſſion is borrowed from the ſacred writings: "I proteſt by your rejoicing which I have in Chriſt Jeſus, *I die daily*" MALONE.

To *die* unto *ſin*, and to *live* unto *righteouſneſs*, are phraſes employed in our liturgy. STEEVENS.

[7] From over-haſty credulity. MALONE.

Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No leſs in truth, than life: my firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon myſelf: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thouſand warlike men,
All ready at a point,[8] was ſetting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodneſs,
Be like our warranted quarrel![9] Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, ſir: there are a crew of wretched ſouls,
That ſtay his cure: their malady convinces[2]

The

[8] *At a point*, may mean all ready at a time; but Shakſpeare meant more: He meant both time and place, and certainly wrote:

All ready at appoint,——

i. e. at the place appointed, at the rendezvous. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change. JOHNSON.

[9] The *chance of goodneſs*, as it is commonly read, conveys no ſenſe. If there be not ſome more important errour in the paſſage, it ſhould at leaſt be pointed thus:

——— *and the chance, of goodneſs,*
Be like our warranted quarrel! ———

That is, may the event be, of the goodneſs of heaven, [*pro juſtitia divina,*] anſwerable to the cauſe.

Mr. Heath conceives the ſenſe of the paſſage to be rather this: *And may the ſucceſs of that goodneſs, which is about to exert itſelf in my behalf, be ſuch as may be equal to the juſtice of my quarrel.*

But I am inclined to believe that Shakſpeare wrote:

——*and the chance*, O *goodneſs*,
Be like our warranted quarrel! ———

This ſome of his tranſcribers wrote with a ſmall *o*, which another imagined to mean *of*. If we adopt this reading, the ſenſe will be: *And O thou ſovereign Goodneſs, to whom we now appeal, may our fortune anſwer to our cauſe.* JOHNSON.

[2] i. e. overpowers, ſubdues. STEEVENS.

The great aſſay of art; but, at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They preſently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit* Doctor.

Macd. What's the diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A moſt miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, ſince my here-remain in England,
I have ſeen him do. How he ſolicits heaven,
Himſelf beſt knows: but ſtrangely-viſited people,
All ſwoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures;[3]
Hanging a golden ſtamp[4] about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction.[5] With this ſtrange virtue,

He

3 Dr. Percy in his notes on the Northumberland Houſhold Book ſays, "that our ancient kings even in thoſe dark times of ſuperſtition, do not ſeem to have affected to cure the king's evil.—This miraculous gift was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the cramp" In this aſſertion however the learned editor of the above curious volume has been betrayed into a miſtake by relying too implicitly on the authority of Mr. Anſtis. The power of curing the king's evil was claimed by many of the Plantagenets. Dr. Borde who wrote in the time of Henry the 8th ſays, "The Kynges of England by the power that God hath given to them dothe make ſicke men whole of a ſycknes called the *Kynge's Evyll*." In *Laneham's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle* it is ſaid "—and alſo by her highneſs [Q. Elizabeth] accuſtomed mercy and charitee, nyne cured of the peynful and dangerous diſeaz called the *King's Evil*, for that kings and queens of this realm without oother medſin, (ſave only by handling and prayer) only doo it." Polydore Virgil aſſerts the ſame; and Will. Tooker in the reign of Queen Elizabeth publiſhed a book on this ſubject, an account of which is to be ſeen in Dr. Douglas's treatiſe entitled "*The Criterion*" p. 191 See Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays, Vol. XII. p. 428. edit. 1780. REED.

4 This was the coin called an *angel*. So, Shakſpeare, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*
"*Stamped in gold*, but that's inſculp'd upon."

The value of the coin was ten ſhillings. STEEVENS.

5 It muſt be own'd, that Shakſpeare is often guilty of ſtrange abſurdities in point of hiſtory and chronology. Yet here he has artfully

avoided

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.[6]
Macd. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us ſtrangers!
Roſſe. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Roſſe. Alas, poor country;
Almoſt afraid to know itſelf! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile;
Where

avoided one. He had a mind to hint, that the cure of the *evil* was to deſcend to the ſucceſſors in the royal line, in compliment to James the firſt. But the Confeſſor was the firſt who pretended to the gift; How then could it be at that time generally ſpoken of, that the gift was hereditary? this he has ſolved by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton here invents an objection, in order to ſolve it. "The Confeſſor (ſays he) was the *firſt* who pretended to this gift: how then could it be at that time generally ſpoken of, that the gift was *hereditary?* This he [Shakſpeare] has ſolved, by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it."——But Shakſpeare does not ſay, that it was hereditary in Edward, or, in other words that he had inherited this extraordinary power from his *anceſtors*; but that "it was generally *ſpoken*, that he *leaves* the healing benediction to *ſucceeding* kings:" and ſuch a rumour there might be in the time of Edward the Confeſſor, (ſuppoſing he had ſuch a gift,) without his having the gift of prophecy along with it.

Shakſpeare has merely tranſcribed what he found in Holinſhed, without the conceit which Dr Warburton has imputed to him: "As hath beene thought, he was inſpired with the gift of propheſie, and alſo to have had the gift of healing infirmities and diſeaſes. He uſed to helpe thoſe that were vexed with the diſeaſe commonlie called the King's evil, and *left that virtue* as it were *a portion of inheritance unto his ſucceſſors*, the *kings* of this realme." Holinſhed, Vol. I. p. 195. MALONE.

[6] Malcolm diſcovers Roſſe to be his countryman, while he is yet at ſome diſtance from him, by his dreſs. This circumſtance loſes its propriety on our ſtage, as all the characters are uniformly repreſented in Engliſh habits. STEEVENS.

Where ſighs, and groans, and ſhrieks that rent the air,[2]
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtacy:[3] the dead man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true![4]

Mal. What is the neweſt grief?

Roſſe. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Roſſe. Why well.

Macd. And all my children?

Roſſe. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Roſſe. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech; How goes it?

Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create ſoldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.[5]

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent

[2] To *rent* is an ancient verb which has been long ago diſuſed. STEEVENS.

[3] That is, no more regarded than the contorſions that fanatics throw themſelves into. The author was thinking of thoſe of his own times. WARBURTON.

I believe *modern* is only *fooliſh* or *trifling*. JOHNSON.

Modern is generally uſed by Shakſpeare to ſignify *trite*, *common*; as "*modern* inſtances," in *As you like It*, &c. &c. STEEVENS.

Ecſtacy, is uſed by Shakſpeare for a temporary alienation of mind. MALONE.

[4] The redundancy of this hemiſtich induces me to believe our author only wrote—

Too nice, yet true! STEEVENS.

[5] To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. STEEVENS.

Lent us good Siward, and ten thouſand men;
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That Chriſtendom gives out.
Roſſe. 'Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the deſert air,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.[6]
Macd. What concern they?
The general cauſe? or is it a fee-grief,[7]
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Roſſe. No mind, that's honeſt,
But in it ſhares ſome woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely ſlaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of theſe murder'd deer,[8]
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words: the grief, that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Roſſe. Wife, children, ſervants, all
That could be found.

Macd.

[6] To *latch* (in the North country dialect) ſignifies the ſame as to *catch*. STEEVENS.

[7] A peculiar ſorrow; a grief that hath a ſingle owner. The expreſſion is, at leaſt to our ears, very harſh. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"My woeful ſelf that did in freedom ſtand,
"And was my own *fee-ſimple*." MALONE.

It muſt, I think, be allowed that in both the foregoing inſtances the Attorney has been guilty of a flat treſpaſs on the Poet. STEEVENS.

[8] *Quarry* is a term uſed both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both ſports it means the game after it is killed. STEEVENS.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Roſſe. I have ſaid.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.[9]—All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay, all?—O, hell kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?[2]
Mal. Diſpute it like a man.[3]
Macd. I ſhall do ſo;
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man:
I cannot

[9] It has been obſerved by an anonymous critic, that this is not ſaid of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who, having none, ſuppoſes a father can be ſo eaſily comforted. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this may be, either that Macduff could not by retaliation revenge the murder of his children, becauſe Macbeth had none himſelf; or that if he had any, a father's feelings for a father would have prevented him from the deed. I know not from what paſſage we are to infer that Macbeth had children alive. Holinſhed's Chronicle does not, as I remember, mention any. The ſame thought occurs again in *K. John*:

"He talks to me that *never had a ſon.*"

Again in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"You have *no children*: butchers, if you had,
"The thought of them would have ſtirr'd up remorſe."

STEEVENS.

Surely the latter of the two interpretations offered by Mr. Steevens is the true one, ſuppoſing theſe words to relate to Macbeth.

The paſſage, however, quoted from *King John*, ſeems in favour of the ſuppoſition that theſe words relate to Malcolm.

That Macbeth had children at ſome period, appears from what Lady Macbeth ſays in the firſt act: "I have given ſuck," &c.

I am ſtill more ſtrongly confirmed in thinking theſe words relate to Malcolm, and not to Macbeth, becauſe Macbeth *had* a ſon then alive, named Lulah, who after his father's death was proclaimed king by ſome of his friends, and ſlain at Strathbolgie, about four months after the battle of Dunſinane. See Fordun. *Scoti-Chron.* L. V. c. viii.

Whether Shakſpeare was apprized of this circumſtance, cannot be now aſcertained; but we cannot prove that he was unacquainted with it.

MALONE.

[2] *Swoop* is the deſcent of a bird of prey on his quarry. It is frequently, however, uſed by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, to expreſs the ſwift deſcent of rivers. STEEVENS.

[3] i. e. contend with your preſent ſorrow like a man. STEEVENS.

I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls: Heaven reſt them now!

Mal. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword; let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!——But, gentle heaven,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion;[4] front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him; if he 'ſcape,
Heaven forgive him too![5]

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments.[6] Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunſinane. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter a DOCTOR *of phyſick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his majeſty went into the field,[7] I have ſeen her riſe

[4] i. e. *all pauſe, all intervening time.* STEEVENS.

[5] That is, if he eſcape my vengeance, let him eſcape that of Heaven alſo.

The meaning, I believe, is, if heaven be ſo unjuſt as to let him eſcape my vengeance, I am content that it ſhould proceed ſtill further in its injuſtice, and to impunity in this world add forgiveneſs hereafter. MALONE.

[6] i. encourage, thruſt forward us their inſtruments againſt the tyrant. STEEVENS.

[7] This is one of Shakſpeare's overſights. He forgot that he had ſhut up Macbeth in Dunſinane, and ſurrounded him with beſiegers. That he could

riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature? to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That, ſir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me: and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here ſhe comes! This is her very guiſe; and, upon my life, faſt aſleep. Obſerve her: ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee, her eyes are open.

Gent.

could *not go into the field*, is obſerved by himſelf with ſplenetic impatience:

" ——our caſtle's ſtrength
" Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn. Here let them lie
" Till famine and the ague eat them up.
" Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
" *We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,*
" *And beat them backward home.*"

It is clear alſo from other paſſages, that Macbeth's motions had long been circumſcribed by the walls of his fortreſs.

The truth may be, that Shakſpeare thought the ſpirit of Lady Macbeth could not be ſo effectually ſubdued, and her peace of mind ſo ſpeedily unſettled by reflection on her guilt, as during the abſence of her huſband:

——*deſerto jacuit dum frigida lecto,*
Dum queritur tardos ire relicta dies.

For the preſent change in her diſpoſition, therefore, our poet (though in the haſte of finiſhing his play he forgot his plan,) might mean to have provided, by allotting her ſuch an interval of ſolitude as would ſubject her mind to perturbation, and diſpoſe her thoughts to repentance.

It does not appear from any circumſtance within the compaſs of this drama, that ſhe had once been ſeparated from her huſband, after his return from the victory over Macdonwald, and the King of Norway.

STEEVENS.

2

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? Look how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. M. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks: I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfy my rememberance the more ſtrongly.

Lady M. Out, damned ſpot! out, I ſay!—One; Two; [8] Why, then 'tis time to do't:——Hell is murky![9]—Fie, my lord, fie! a ſoldier and afear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?[2]

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is ſhe now?——What, will theſe hands ne'er be clean?—No more

[8] Macbeth does not, previouſly to the murder, mention the hour at which Lady Macbeth is to ſtrike upon the bell, which was to be the ſignal for his going into Duncan's chamber to execute his wicked purpoſe; but it ſeems that Lady Macbeth is now thinking of the moment when ſhe rang the bell; and that two o'clock was the hour when the deed was perpetrated. This agrees with the ſcene that immediately precedes the murder, but not with that which follows it. MALONE.

[9] *Murky* is *dark*.

Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the buſineſs of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her huſband as when awake. She, therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whoſe conſcience ſhe ſaw was too much alarmed already for her purpoſe. She certainly imagines herſelf here talking to Macbeth, who, (ſhe ſuppoſes,) had juſt ſaid, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a diſmal place to go to in conſequence of ſuch a deed,) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a ſoldier, and afear'd? This explanation, I think, gives a ſpirit to the paſſage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being perhaps miſapprehended, by thoſe who placed a full point at the concluſion of it. STEEVENS.

[2] Statius, ſpeaking of the ſword by which an old man was ſlain, calls it *egentem ſanguinis enſem*; and Ovid, [Met. L. VII.] deſcribing a wound inflicted on a ſuperannuated ram, has the ſame circumſtance:

——guttura cultro
Fodit, et *exiguo* maculavit *ſanguine* ferrum. STEEVENS.

o' that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this ſtarting.[3]

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heaven knows what ſhe has known.

Lady M. Here's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? The heart is ſorely charged.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, ſir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: Yet I have known thoſe which have walk'd in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown; look not ſo pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.[4] Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady* MACBETH.

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſperings are abroad; Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More needs ſhe the divine, than the phyſician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her.—So, good night:
My mind ſhe has mated,[5] and amaz'd my ſight:
I think

[3] Alluding to the terrors of Macbeth, when the ghoſt broke in on the feſtivity of the banquet. STEEVENS.

[4] Lady Macbeth in her ſleep is talking of Duncan's murder, and recalls to her mind the circumſtance of the knocking at the gate juſt after it. A. C.

[5] Aſtoniſhed, confounded. JOHNSON.

I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunſinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. The Engliſh power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward,[6] and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear cauſes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.[7]

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, ſir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's ſon,
And many unrough youths,[8] that even now

The expreſſion is taken from *cheſs-playing.* STEEVENS.

Our author, as well as his contemporaries, ſeems to have uſed the word as explained by Dr. Johnſon. Mr. Pope ſuppoſes *mated* to mean here *conquered* or *ſubdued*; but that clearly is not the ſenſe affixed to it by Shakſpeare; though the etymology, ſuppoſing the expreſſion to be taken from *cheſs-playing*, might favour ſuch an interpretation.

The original word was to *amate*, which Bullokar in his *Expoſitor*, 8vo, 1616, explains by the words, "to diſmay, to make afraid:" ſo that *mate*, as commonly uſed by our old writers, has no reference to cheſs-playing. MALONE.

6 "Duncan had two ſons (ſays Holinſhed) by his wife, who was the daughter of *Siward, Earl of Northumberland.*" STEEVENS.

7 Mr. Theobald will needs explain this expreſſion. "*It means* (ſays he) *the man who has abandoned himſelf to deſpair, who has no ſpirit or reſolution left.*" And, to ſupport this ſenſe of *mortified man*, he quotes *mortified ſpirit* in another place. But if this was the meaning, Shakſpeare had not wrote *the mortified man*, but *a mortified man*. In a word, by *the mortified man*, is meant a *religious*; one who has ſubdued his paſſions, is *dead* to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Aſcetic*. WARBURTON.

8 An odd expreſſion. It means ſmooth-faced, unbearded. STEEVENS.

Proteſt their firſt of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Cath. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly fortifies:
Some ſay, he's mad; others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His ſecret murders ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Thoſe he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itſelf, for being there?[8]
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin[9] of the ſickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march toward Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.

Dunſinane. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:[2]
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunſinane,
I cannot

[8] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in ſelf condemnation. JOHNSON.

[9] i. e. phyſician. Shakſpeare uſes this word in the feminine gender where Lafeu ſpeaks of Helen in *All's Well that Ends Well*; and Florizel, in *The Winter's Tale*, calls Camillo, "the *medecin* of our houſe." STEEVENS.

[2] *Tell me not any more of deſertions:—Let all my ſubjects leave me:—I am ſafe till*, &c. JOHNSON.

I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The ſpirits that know
All mortal conſequents, pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee.——Then fly, falſe thanes,
And mingle with the Engliſh epicures:[4]
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt,[5] nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe look?
Ser. There is ten thouſand——
Macb. Geeſe, villain?
Ser. Soldiers, ſir,
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy.[5] What ſoldiers, patch?[6]

[3] The reproach of epicuriſm, on which Mr. Theobald has beſtowed a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, againſt thoſe who have more opportunities of luxury. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare took the thought from Holinſhed, p. 179 and 180, of his *Hiſtory of Scotland*: "—the Scotiſh people before had no knowledge nor underſtanding of fine fare or riotous ſurfet; yet after they had once taſted the ſweet poiſoned bait thereof, &c.—thoſe ſuperfluities which came into the realme of Scotland with the *Engliſhmen*" &c. The ſame hiſtorian informs us, that in thoſe ages the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very ſparingly. It appears from Dr. Johnſon's *Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland*, that the natives had neither *kail* nor brogues, till they were taught the art of planting the one, and making the other, by the ſoldiers of Cromwell; and yet K. James VI. in his 7th parliament thought it neceſſary to form an act "againſt ſuperfluous banqueting." STEEVENS.

[4] To *ſag*, or *ſwag*, is to ſink down by its own weight, or by an overload. See Junius's *Etymologicon*. It is common in Staffordſhire to ſay, "a beam in a building *ſags*, or has *ſagged*." TOLLET.

[5] Falſtaff ſays, in the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV*: "—left the liver *white and pale*, which is the badge of *puſillanimity and cowardice*." STEEVENS.

[6] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *pied*, *patch'd*, or parti-coloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families. STEEVENS.

Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear.[7] What ſoldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The Engliſh force, ſo pleaſe you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am ſick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I ſay!—This puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſſeat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life[8]

Is

[7] The meaning is, they infect others who ſee them, with cowardice. WARBURTON.

[8] As there is no relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the ſear*, I am inclined to think that the *W* is only an *M* inverted, and that it was originally written:

——*my* May *of life*.

I am now paſſed from the ſpring to the autumn of my days: but I am without thoſe comforts that ſhou'd ſucceed the ſprightlineſs of bloom, and ſupport me in this melancholy ſeaſon.

The author has *May* in the ſame ſenſe elſewhere. JOHNSON.

An *anonymous* [Dr. Johnſon, whoſe Remarks on this tragedy we originally publiſhed, without his name, in 1745,] would have it:

——*my* May *of life*,

But he did not conſider that Macbeth is not here ſpeaking of his *rule* or government, or of any ſudden change; but of the gradual decline of life, as appears from that line:

"And that, which ſhould accompany *old age*."

And *way* is uſed for courſe, progreſs. WARBURTON.

To confirm the juſtneſs of *May* of life, for *way* of life, Mr. Colman quotes from *Much ado about nothing*:

"*May* of youth and bloom of luſtyhood."

And *K. Henry V*:

"My puiſſant liege is in the very *May*-morn of his youth."

LANGTON.

I have now no doubt that Shakſpeare wrote *May* and not *way*. It is obſervable in this very play that the contrary error of the preſs has happened from a miſtake of the ſame letters.

"Hear not my ſteps which *may* they walke."

Beſides, what a ſimilarity of expreſſion in other paſſages of Shakſpeare, and the concinnity of the figure, both unite to ſupport the propoſed emendation. The ſentiment of Macbeth I take to be this: *The tender leaves of hope, the promiſe of my greener days, are now in my autumn, wither'd and fruitleſs: my mellow hangings are all ſhook down, and I am left bare to the weather.* HENLEY.

The old reading ſhould not have been diſcarded, as the following paſſage proves that it was a mode of expreſſion in uſe at that time, as *courſe* of life is now.

Is fallen into the fear,[9] the yellow leaf:
And that which ſhould accompany old age,

In Maſſinger's *Very Woman*, the Doctor ſays

" In *way of life*, I did enjoy one friend." STEEVENS.

The meaning of this conteſted paſſage, I think, is this. I have lived long enough. In the courſe or progreſs of life, I am arrived at that period when the body begins to decay; I have reached the autumn of my days. Thoſe comforts which ought to accompany old age, (to compenſate for the infirmities naturally attending it,) I have no title to expect; but on the contrary, the curſes of thoſe I have injured, and the hollow adulation of mortified dependants. I have lived long enough. It is time for me to retire.

A paſſage in one of our author's Sonnets, may prove the beſt comment on the preſent:

" *That time of year* in *me* thou may'ſt behold,
" When *yellow leaves* or none or few do hang
" Upon thoſe boughs, which ſhake againſt the cold,
" Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the ſweet birds ſang."

Are not theſe lines almoſt a paraphraſe on the conteſted part of the paſſage before us?—He who could ſay that you might behold the *autumn* in *him*, would not ſcruple to write, that *he* was fallen into the autumn of his days (i. e. into that decay which always accompanies autumn); and how eaſy is the tranſition from this to ſaying " the *courſe or progreſs of his life* had reached the autumnal ſeaſon?" which is all that is meant by the words of the text, " My way of life," &c.

The uſing " the fear, the yellow leaf," ſimply and abſolutely for *autumn*, or rather *autumnal decay*, becauſe in autumn the leaves of trees turn yellow, and begin to fall and decay, is certainly a licentious mode of expreſſion; but it is ſuch a licence as may be found in almoſt every page of our author's works. It would alſo have been more natural for Macbeth to have ſaid, that, in the courſe or progreſs of life, *he* had arrived at his autumn, than to ſay, that the courſe of his life itſelf had fallen into autumn or decay; but this too is much in Shakſpeare's manner. With reſpect to the word *fallen*, which at firſt view ſeems a very ſingular expreſſion, I ſtrongly ſuſpect that he caught it from the language of converſation, in which we at this day often ſay that this or that perſon is " *fallen into a decay*;" a phraſe that might have been current in his time alſo. It is the very idea here conveyed. Macbeth is *fallen into his* autumnal *decline*.

When a paſſage can be thus eaſily explained, and the mode of expreſſion is ſo much in our poet's general manner, ſurely any attempt at emendation is not only unneceſſary, but dangerous. However, as a reading which was originally propoſed by Dr. Johnſon, and has been adopted in the modern editions, " —my *May* of life," has many favourers, I ſhall add a word or two on that ſubject.

By

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have; but, in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!——

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleaſure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my fleſh be hack'd.—Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb.

By his "*May* of life having fallen into the yellow leaf," that is, into autumn, we muſt underſtand that Macbeth means either, that being in reality young, he is, in conſequence of his cares, arrived at a *premature* old age;—or that he means ſimply to aſſert, that in the progreſs of life he has paſſed from *May* or youth to autumn or old age; in other words, that he is now an old man, or at leaſt near being one.

If the firſt interpretation be maintained, it is ſufficient to ſay, (I uſe the words of my friend Mr. Flood, whoſe ingenious comment on this paſſage I publiſhed ſome years ago,) that "Macbeth, when he ſpeaks this ſpeech, is *not youthful*. He is contemporary to Banquo who is advanced in years, and who hath a ſon upon the ſcene able to eſcape the purſuit of aſſaſſins and the vigilance of Macbeth." I may likewiſe add that Macbeth having now ſat for ſeventeen years on the throne of Scotland, cannot with any probability be ſuppoſed to be like our author's Henry V. "in the *May*-morn of his youth." We muſt therefore underſtand theſe words in the latter ſenſe; namely, that he means only, that in the ordinary progreſs he has paſſed from the ſpring to the autumn of life, from youth to the confines of age. What then is obtained by this alteration? for this is preciſely the meaning of the words as they ſtand in the old copy.

There is ſtill another very ſtrong objection to the propoſed emendation. It is alledged that in this very play *may* is printed inſtead of *nay*, and why may not the contrary error have happened here?—For this plain reaſon; becauſe *May* (the month) both in manuſcript and print always is exhibited with a capital letter, and it is exceedingly improbable that a compoſitor at the preſs ſhould uſe a ſmall w inſtead of a capital M.

But, without going further into this ſubject, it is ſufficient for our purpoſe, that the text, as it is exhibited in the ancient copy, affords an obvious, eaſy ſenſe, without any emendation whatſoever. MALONE.

[9] *Star* is dry. STEEVENS.

Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horſes, ſkirr the country round;[2]
Hang thoſe that talk of fear.[3]—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not ſo ſick, my lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,[4]
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd[5] boſom of that perilous ſtuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

[2] To *ſkirr*, I believe, ſignifies to ſcour, to ride haſtily. STEEVENS.

[3] The ſecond folio reads *ſtand* in fear. HENDERSON.

[4] Perhaps, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved, our poet here remembered Spenſer's deſcription of Nepenthe. MALONE.

Our author's idea might have been caught from the 6th book of *The Æneid*, where the effects of *Lethe* are deſcribed. STEEVENS.

[5] *Stuff'd* is the reading of the old copy; but for the ſake of the ear, which muſt be ſhocked by the recurrence of ſo harſh a word, I am willing to read, *foul*, as there is authority for the change from Shakſpeare himſelf, in *As you like it*, Act II. ſc. vi:

"Cleanſe the *foul* body of the infected world."

We properly ſpeak of *cleanſing* what is *foul*, but not what is *ſtuffed*. STEEVENS.

The recurrence of the word *ſtuff* in this paſſage, is very unpleaſing to the ear, but there is no ground, I think, to ſuſpect the text to be corrupt; for our author was extremely fond of ſuch repetitions.

The words *ſtuff'd* and *ſtuff*, however mean they may ſound at preſent, have, like many other terms, been debaſed by time, and appear to have been formerly conſidered as words proper to be uſed in paſſages of the greateſt dignity. As ſuch Shakſpeare has employed them in *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Julius Cæſar*, &c. Again, in *The Tempeſt*, in a paſſage where the author certainly aimed at dignity:

"And, like this unſubſtantial pageant, faded,
"Leave not a rack behind.—We are ſuch *ſtuff*
"As dreams are made of."

[6] In a note on a paſſage in *Othello*, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that "*ſtuff*" in the Teutonick languages is a word of great force. The elements (he adds) are called in Dutch *hoofd ſtoffen*, or *head-ſtuffs*." MALONE.

The

Doct. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter to himſelf.

Macb. Throw phyſick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my ſtaff:—
Seyton, ſend out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, ſir, deſpatch:—If thou could'ſt, doctor, caſt
The water of my land,[6] find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That ſhould applaud again.—Pull't off, I ſay.—
What rhubarb, ſenna, or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe Engliſh hence?—Heareſt thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.

Mach. Bring it after me.——
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam foreſt come to Dunſinane. [*Exit.*

Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunſinane: *A wood in view.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his Son,* MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Couſins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be ſafe.

Ment.

The preſent queſtion is not concerning the dignity of the word—*ſtuffed*, but its nauſeous iteration, of which no example has been produced by Mr. Malone; for that our author has indulged himſelf in the repetition of harmonious words, is no proof that he would have repeated harſh ones.

I may venture alſo (in ſupport of my opinion) to ſubjoin, that the ſame gentleman, in a very judicious comment on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. has obſerved, "that when a word is repeated without propriety, in *the ſame*, or two ſucceeding lines, there is great reaſon to ſuſpect ſome corruption."

STEEVENS.

[6] *To caſt the water* was the phraſe in uſe for finding out diſorders by the inſpection of urine. STEEVENS.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It ſhall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant [7]
Keeps ſtill in Dunſinane, and will endure
Our ſetting down befor't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt; [8]

[7] We muſt ſurely read:

——— *the* confin'd *tyrant.* WARBURTON.

He was *confident* of ſucceſs; ſo *confident* that he would not fly, but endure their *ſetting down* before his caſtle. JOHNSON.

[8] The impropriety of the expreſſion, *advantage to be given*, inſtead of *advantage given*, and the diſagreeable repetition of the word *given* in the next line, incline me to read:

———*where there is* a 'vantage *to be* gone,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt.

Advantage or *'vantage*, in the time of Shakſpeare, ſignified *opportunity*. *He ſhut up himſelf and his ſoldiers* (ſays Malcolm) *in the caſtle, becauſe when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all deſert him.*

More and leſs is the ſame with *greater and leſs*. So, in the interpolated *Mandeville*, a book of that age, there is a chapter of *India the More and the Leſs*. JOHNSON.

I would read, if any alteration were neceſſary:

For where there is advantage to be got.

But the words as they ſtand in the text will bear Dr. Johnſon's explanation, which is moſt certainly right.—"For wherever an opportunity of flight is *given* them," &c.

More and *leſs*, for *greater* and *leſs*, is likewiſe found in Chaucer, and in Spenſer. STEEVENS.

Where there is advantage to be given, I believe, means, where advantageous offers are made to allure the adherents of Macbeth to forſake him. HENLEY.

I ſuſpect that *given* was caught by the printer's eye glancing on the ſubſequent line, and ſtrongly incline to Dr. Johnſon's emendation, *gone*. MALONE.

Why is the repetition of the word—*given*, leſs venial than the recurrence

And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.
Macd. Let our juſt cenſures
Attend the true event,[9] and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe.[2]
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate;
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt arbitrate:[3]
Towards which, advance the war.[4] [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE

rence of the word—*ſtuff'd*, in a preceding page? See Mr. Malone's objections to my remark on "Cleanſe the *ſtuff'd* boſom of that perilous *ſtuff*." STEEVENS.

[9] The arbitrary change made in the ſecond folio (which ſome criticks have repreſented as an *improved* edition) is here worthy of notice:

Let our *beſt* cenſures
Before the true event, and put we on, &c. MALONE.

Surely, a few errors in a few pages of a book, do not exclude all idea of *improvement* in other parts of it. I cheriſh this hope for my own ſake, as well as for that of other commentators on Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[2] i. e. *property* and *allegiance*. WARBURTON.

When we are governed by legal kings, we ſhall know the limits of their claim, i. e. ſhall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us.

Mr Henley explains the paſſage thus: "The iſſue of the conteſt will ſoon decide what we ſhall ſay we *have*, and what may be accounted *our own*." To *owe* here is to poſſeſs. STEEVENS.

Had theſe lines been put into the mouth of any of the Scottiſh Peers, they might poſſibly bear the meaning that Steevens contends for; but as they are ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by Siward, who was not to be governed either by Malcolm or Macbeth, they can ſcarcely admit of that interpretation. Siward probably only means to ſay in more pompous language, that the time approached which was to decide their fate.
M. MASON.

Siward, having undertaken the cauſe of Scotland, ſpeaks, as a Scotſman would have ſpoken; and eſpecially as he is now in the preſence of Malcolm, Macduff, and others of the ſame country. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *arbitrate:*] i. e. *determine*. JOHNSON.

[4] It hasbeen underſtood that local rhymes were introduced in plays to afford an actor the advantage of a more pointed exit, or to cloſe a ſcene with additional force. Yet, whatever might be Shakſpeare's motive for continuing ſuch a practice, it may be obſerved that he often ſeems immediately

SCENE V.

Dunſinane. *Within the Caſtle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is ſtill, *They come:* Our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within, of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek; [5] and my fell of hair [6]
Would

diately to repent of it; and in the tragedy before us, has repeatedly counteracted it by hemiſtichs which deſtroy the effect and conſequently defeat the ſuppoſed purpoſe of the antecedent couplets. See the following inſtances, in addition to that which introduces the preſent note.

Leave all the reſt to me,	—	Act I.	end of ſcene v.
So pr'ythee go with me,	—	Act III.	— ſc. ii.
We are yet but young in deed.	—	Act III.	— ſc. iv.
But no more ſights, &c.	—	Act IV.	— ſc. i.
I think, but dare not ſpeak.	—	Act V.	— ſc. i.
Make we our march towards Birnam.	—	Act V.	— ſc. ii.

In Hamlet, &c. we find ſuch hemiſtichs after the rhymes at the ends of acts, as well as ſcenes. STEEVENS.

[5] The *blood* is ſometimes ſaid to be *chilled*; but I do not recollect any other inſtance in which this phraſe is applied to the *ſenſes*. Perhaps our author wrote—*'coil'd*. My ſenſes would have ſhrunk back; died within me. So, in the ſecond ſcene of the preſent act:

" ——Who then ſhall blame
" His peſter'd *ſenſes* to *recoil* and ſtart?" MALONE.

I retain the old reading. Perhaps no word ſo forcible can be placed in its room. Thus, in the fifth *Æneid*:

" Sanguis hebet, *frigent*que effœtæ in corpore vires."

The

Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouſe, and ſtir
As life were in't: I have ſupp'd full with horrors; [7]
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once ſtart me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She ſhould have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.[8]—
To-morrow,

The ſame expreſſion occurs alſo in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "My humour ſhall not *cool*."

But what example is there of the verb *recoiled* clipped into *'coiled?* *Coiled* can only afford the idea of *wound in a ring*, like a rope or a ſerpent. STEEVENS.

[6] My hairy part, my *capillitium*. *Fell* is *ſkin*. JOHNSON.

A dealer in hides is ſtill called a *fell*-monger. STEEVENS.

[7] Statius has a ſimilar thought in the ſecond book of his *Thebais*:

"——— attollit membra, toroque
"Erigitur, *plenus monſtris*, vanumque cruorem
"Excutiens."

The concluſion of this paſſage may remind the reader of lady Macbeth's behaviour in her ſleep. STEEVENS.

[8] This paſſage has very juſtly been ſuſpected of being corrupt. It is not apparent for what *word* there would have been a *time*, and that there would or would not be a *time* for any *word*, ſeems not a conſideration of importance ſufficient to tranſport Macbeth into the following exclamation. I read therefore:

She ſhould have died hereafter,
There would have been a time for—ſuch a world!—
To-morrow, &c.

It is a broken ſpeech, in which only part of the thought is expreſſed, and may be paraphraſed thus: *The queen is dead.* Macbeth. *Her death ſhould have been deferred to ſome more peaceful hour; had ſhe lived longer*, there would at length have been a time for *the honours due to her as a queen, and that reſpect which I owe her for her fidelity and love. Such is the* world—*ſuch is the condition of human life, that we always think* to-morrow *will be happier than to-day, but to-morrow and to-morrow ſteals over us unenjoyed and unregarded, and we ſtill linger in the ſame expectation to the moment appointed for our end. All theſe days, which have thus paſſed away, have ſent multitudes of fools to the grave, who were engroſſed by the ſame dream of future felicity, and, when life was departing from them, were, like me, reckoning on to-morrow.*

Such was once my conjecture, but I am now leſs confident. Macbeth might mean, that there would have been a more convenient *time* for ſuch a *word*, for ſuch *intelligence*, and ſo fall into the following reflection. We ſay we ſend *word* when we give intelligence. JOHNSON.

By—*a word* Shakſpeare certainly means more than a ſingle one. STEEVENS.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,[9]
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;[2]
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to duſty death.[3] Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow; a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

[9] This repetition, as Dr. Farmer obſerved to me, occurs in *Barclay's Ship of Fooles*, 1570:

"*Cras, cras, cras*, to-morrow we ſhall amende." STEEVENS.

[2] *Recorded time* ſeems to ſignify the time fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life: The *record* of *futurity* is indeed no accurate expreſſion, but, as we only know tranſactions paſt or preſent, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of preſcience in which future events may be ſuppoſed to be written. JOHNSON.

Recorded is probably here uſed for *recording* or *recordable*; one participle for the other, of which there are many inſtances both in Shakſpeare and other Engliſh writers. Virgil uſes *penetrabile* frigus for *penetrans* frigus, and *penetrabile* telum for telum *penetrans*. STEEVENS.

By *recorded* time, Shakſpeare means not only the time that *has been*, but alſo that which *ſhall be* recorded. M. MASON.

[3] We ſhould read *duſky*, as appears from the figurative term *lighted*. WARBURTON.

Duſty is a very natural epithet. The ſecond folio has:

The way to ſtudy *death*.——

which Mr. Upton prefers; but it is only an errour by an accidental tranſpoſition of the types. JOHNSON.

The duſt of death is an expreſſion uſed in the 22d Pſalm. *Duſty death* alludes to the expreſſion of *duſt to duſt* in the burial ſervice, and to the ſentence pronounced againſt Adam: "*Duſt* thou art, and to *duſt* thou ſhalt return."

Shakſpeare, however, in the firſt act of this play, ſpeaks of the thane of Cawdor, as of one "—— who had been *ſtudied* in his *death*." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon juſtly obſerves that *duſty* is a very natural epithet. Our author again alludes to the *duſt* of death, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
"Where no prieſt ſhovels in *duſt*." MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue; thy ſtory quickly.

Meſ. Gracious my lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, ſay, ſir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and ſlave! [*ſtriking him.*

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not ſo:
Within this three mile may you ſee it coming;
I ſay, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: [4] if thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.—
I pull in reſolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: [5] *Fear not, till Birnam wood*

Do

[4] *Clung*, in the northern counties, ſignifies any thing that is ſhrivelled or ſhrunk up. By famine, the inteſtines are, as it were, ſtuck together.

Mr. Whalley however obſerves, that till famine *cling* thee, means—till it *dry thee up*, or *exhauſt all thy moiſture*. *Clung wood* is wood of which the ſap is entirely dried or ſpent. *Clung* and *clam*, ſays he, are terms of very different meaning. STEEVENS.

[5] Though this is the reading of all the editions, yet, as it is a phraſe without either example, elegance, or propriety, it is ſurely better to read;

I pall *in reſolution*,———

I languiſh in my conſtancy, my confidence begins to forſake me. It is ſcarcely neceſſary to obſerve how eaſily *pall* might be changed into *pull* by a negligent writer or miſtaken for it by an unſkilful printer. With this emendation Dr. Warburton and Mr. Heath concur. JOHNSON.

There is ſurely no need of change; for Shakſpeare, who made Trinculo, in *The Tempeſt*, ſay,

"I will *let looſe* my opinion,"

might have written,

I pull in my reſolution.

He had permitted his courage (like a fiery horſe) to carry him to the brink of a precipice, but, ſeeing his danger, reſolves to *check* that confidence to which he had *given the rein before*. STEEVENS.

Do come to Dunſinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunſinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the ſun,
And wiſh the eſtate o'the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At leaſt we'll die with harneſs [6] on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame. A Plain before the Caſtle.

Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c. and their army with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy ſcreens throw down,
And ſhow like thoſe you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my couſin, your right-noble ſon,
Lead our firſt battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets ſpeak; give them all breath,
Thoſe clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.

The ſame. Another part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a ſtake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I muſt fight the courſe. [7]—What's he,
That

[6] An old word for armour. HENDERSON.
[7] A phraſe taken from bear-baiting. STEEVENS.

That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'ſt thyſelf a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou lieſt, abhorred tyrant; with my ſword
I'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt.

[*They fight, and young* Siward *is ſlain.*

Macb. Thou waſt born of woman.—
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born.[8] [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noiſe is:—Tyrant, ſhow thy face:
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched kernes, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or elſe my ſword, with an unbattered edge,
I ſheathe again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be;
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited:[9] Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight;

The

[8] This ſhort ſcene is injudiouſly omitted on the ſtage. The poet deſigned Macbeth ſhould *appear* invincible, till he encountered the object deſtined for his deſtruction. STEEVENS.

[9] From *bruit*. F. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noiſe.

STEEVENS.

The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almoſt itſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That ſtrike beſide us.
Siw. Enter, ſir, the caſtle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own ſword? [2] whiles I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my ſword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou loſeſt labour:
As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed: [3]
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts;
I bear a charmed life, [4] which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd.

[2] Alluding, perhaps, to the ſuicide of *Cato Uticenſis*, which our author muſt have read of in the old tranſlation of Plutarch, as the ſame circumſtance is mentioned again in *Julius Cæſar*:

"—— I did blame *Cato* for the death
"Which he did give himſelf." STEEVENS.

[3] That is, air which cannot be cut. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Maſon wiſhes to interpret the word *intrenchant* differently, and ſays that it may ſignify *ſurrounding*; but of a participle with ſuch a meaning, I believe there is no example.—Shakſpeare's indiſcriminate uſe of active and paſſive participles has been frequently noticed. In *Timon* he has *trenchant* in an active ſenſe, and in the line before us *intrenchant* is employed as paſſive. STEEVENS.

[4] In the days of chivalry, the champions' arms being ceremoniouſly bleſſed, each took an oath that he uſed no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in alluſion to this cuſtom, tells Macduff of the ſecurity he had in the prediction of the ſpirit. UPTON.

Macd. Deſpair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be theſe juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe; [5]
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the ſhow and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole; [6] and underwrit,
Here may you ſee the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiſs the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunſinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt: Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that firſt cries. *Hold, enough.*[7]

[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flouriſh. Re-enter with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miſs, were ſafe arriv'd.

Siw. Some muſt go off: and yet, by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal.

[5] That *ſhuffle* with ambiguous expreſſions. JOHNSON.

[6] That is, on cloth ſuſpended on a pole. MALONE.

[7] See Mr. Tollet's note on the words "To cry, *hold, hold!*" p. 479, n. 9. Again in Stowe's *Chronicle*, one of the combatants was an eſquire, and knighted after the battle, which the king terminated by crying *Hoo*, i. e. hold. STEEVENS.

"To cry *hold*, is the word of yielding," ſays Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 74, i. e. when one of the combatants cries ſo. TOLLET.

Mal. Macduff is miſſing, and your noble ſon.
Roſſe. Your ſon, my lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no ſooner had his proweſs confirm'd
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Roſſe. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.[8]
Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more;
They ſay, he parted well, and paid his ſcore:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* Macbeth's *head on a pole.*[9]

Macd. Hail, king! for ſo thou art: Behold, where ſtands
The uſurper's curſed head: the time is free:
I ſee

[8] This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon by Camden in his *Remains*, from which our author probably copied it.

When Siward, the martial earl of Northumberland, underſtood that his ſon, whom he had ſent in ſervice againſt the Scotchmen, was ſlain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was anſwered, in the fore part, he replied "I am right glad; neither wiſh I any other death to me or mine." JOHNSON.

Our author might have found the ſame incident recorded by Holinſhed in his Chronicle, Vol. I. p. 192. MALONE.

9 Theſe words I have added to the ſtage-direction, from the Chronicle: "Then cutting his head from his ſhoulders, he ſet it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm." This explains the word *ſtands* in Macduff's ſpeech.

Many of the ſtage-directions appear to have been inſerted by the players; and they are often very injudicious. In this ſcene, (as Mr. Steevens has

I ſee thee compaſs'd with thy kingdom's pearl,[2]
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds;
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail! [*Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,[3]
Before we reckon with your ſeveral loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinſmen,
Henceforth be earls, the firſt that ever Scotland
In ſuch an honour nam'd.[4] What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in meaſure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

has obſerved,) according to their direction, Macbeth is ſlain on the ſtage, and Macduff immediately afterwards enters with Macbeth's head. MALONE.

Our ancient players were not even ſkilful enough to prevent abſurdity in thoſe circumſtances which fell immediately under their own management. No bad ſpecimen of their want of common ſenſe on ſuch occaſions, may be found in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611.—"*Enter* Sybilla *lying in childbed*, with her child *lying* by her," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *Thy kingdom's pearl* means *thy kingdom's wealth*, or rather ornament. John Florio, in a Sonnet prefixed to his *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, calls Lord Southampton—"bright *pearle* of peers." MALONE.

[3] To *ſpend* an *expence*, is a phraſe with which no reader will be ſatisfied. We certainly owe it to the miſtake of a tranſcriber, or the negligence of a printer. Perhaps, *extent* was the poet's word. STEEVENS.

[4] "Malcolm immediately after his coronation called a parlement at Forfair, in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had aſſiſted him againſt Macbeth.—Manie of them that were before *thanes*, were at this time made *earles*, as Fiſe, Menteth, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Ohatneſ, Roſſe, and Angus." Holinſhed's *Hiſtory of Scotland*, p. 176. MALONE.

This

This play is deſervedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and ſolemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice diſcriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular diſpoſitions, and the courſe of the action neceſſarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well deſcribed; and I know not whether it may not be ſaid, in defence of ſome parts which now ſeem improbable, that, in Shakſpeare's time, it was neceſſary to warn credulity againſt vain and illuſive predictions.

The paſſions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely deteſted; and though the courage of Macbeth preſerves ſome eſteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON.

How frequent the practice of enquiring into the events of futurity, ſimilar to thoſe of Macbeth, was in Shakſpeare's time, may be ſeen in the following inſtances: "The Marſhall of Raiz wife hath bin heard to ſay, that Queen Katherine beeing deſirous to know what ſhould become of her children, and who ſhould ſucceed them, the party which undertooke to aſſure her, let her ſee a glaſſe, repreſenting a hall, in the which either of them made ſo many turns as he ſhould raigne yeares; and that King Henry the Third, making his, the Duke of Guiſe croſt him like a flaſh of lightning; after which the Prince of Navarre preſented himſelfe, and made 22 turnes, and then vaniſhed." *P. Mathieu's Heroyk life and deplorеable death of Henry the Fourth*, tranſlated by *Ed. Grimeſton*, 4to. 1612. p. 42. Again: "It is reported that a Duke of Bourgondy had like to have died for feare at the ſight of the nine worthies which a magician ſhewed him." *Ib.* p. 116. REED.

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a liſt of no leſs than CII. dramatic ſubjects, had fixed on the ſtory of this play among the reſt. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's caſtle. "The matter of Duncan (ſays he) may be expreſſed by the appearing of his ghoſt." It ſhould ſeem from this laſt memorandum, that Milton diſliked the licence his predeceſſor had taken in comprehending a hiſtory of ſuch length within the ſhort compaſs of a play, and would have new-written the whole on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not ſurely have indulged ſo vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakſpeare in the *Tragedy of Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

Macbeth was certainly one of Shakſpeare's lateſt productions, and it might poſſibly have been ſuggeſted to him by a little performance on the ſame ſubject at Oxford, before king James, 1605, I will tranſcribe my notice of it from *Wake's Rex Platonicus*: "Fabulæ anſam dedit antiqua de regiâ proſapiâ hiſtoriola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurriſſe duobus Scotiæ proceribus, Macbetho & Banchoni, & illum prædixiſſe regem futurum, ſed regum nullum geniturum; hunc regem non futurum, ſed reges geniturum multos. Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. Banchonis enim è ſtirpe potentiſſimus Jacobus oriundus." p. 29.

Since I made the obſervation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwittingly* make Shakſpeare learned at leaſt in La in, as this muſt

have

have been the language of the performance before king James. One might perhaps have plauſibly ſaid, that he probably picked up the ſtory at *ſecond-hand*: but mere accident has thrown an old pamphlet in my way, intitled *The Oxford Triumph*, by one Anthony Nixon, 1605, which explains the whole matter: "This performance, ſays Antony, was firſt in Latine to the king, then in Engliſh to the queene and young prince:" and, as he goes on to tell us, "the conceipt thereof the kinge did very much applaude." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed king James once wrote to Shakſpeare, was on this occaſion. FARMER.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.